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Reports Firsthand on the

NEGRO IN THE NORTH

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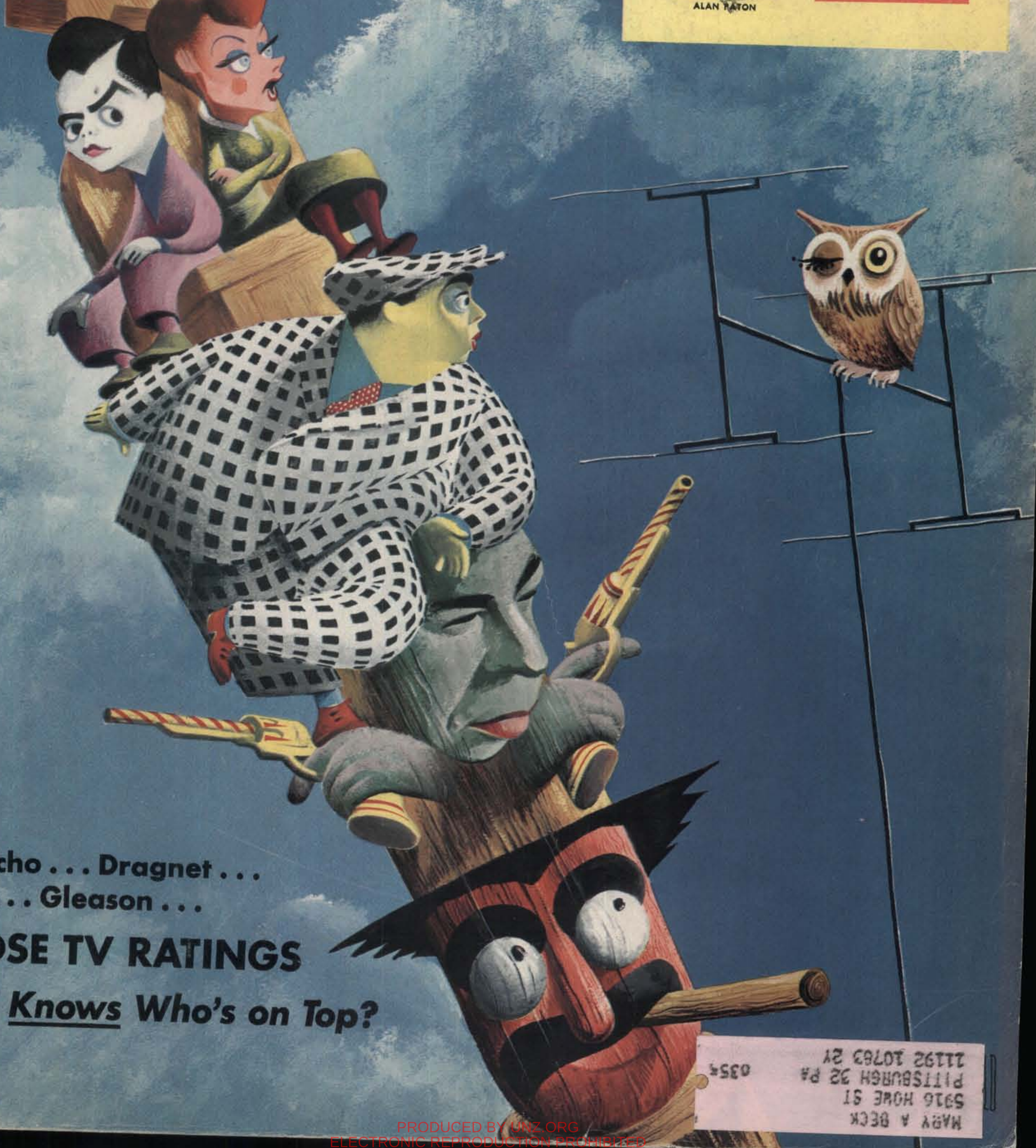

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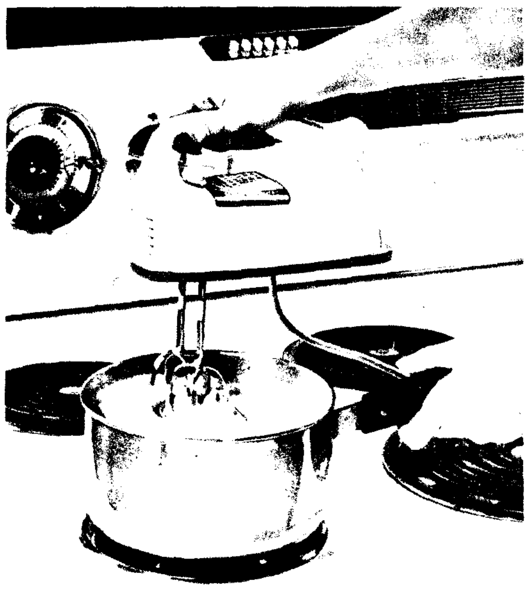

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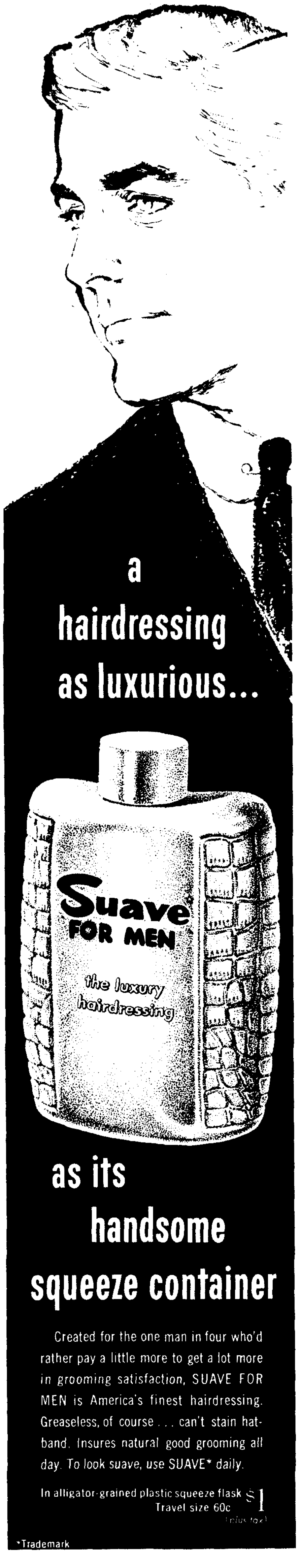

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OCTOBER 29, 1954

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THE COVER . . Al Hirschfeld

The five television performers caricatured on the cover are among the regular occupants of the top spots on the TV ratings totem pole (their names of course, are Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, of I Love Lucy; Jackie Gleason; Jack Webb, of Dragnet; and Groucho Marx. The owl is believed to be a wise old pollster who showed up to announce a new change in standings). For the full story of how the rating services work—and how accurate they are—read Bill Davidson's story starting on page 23

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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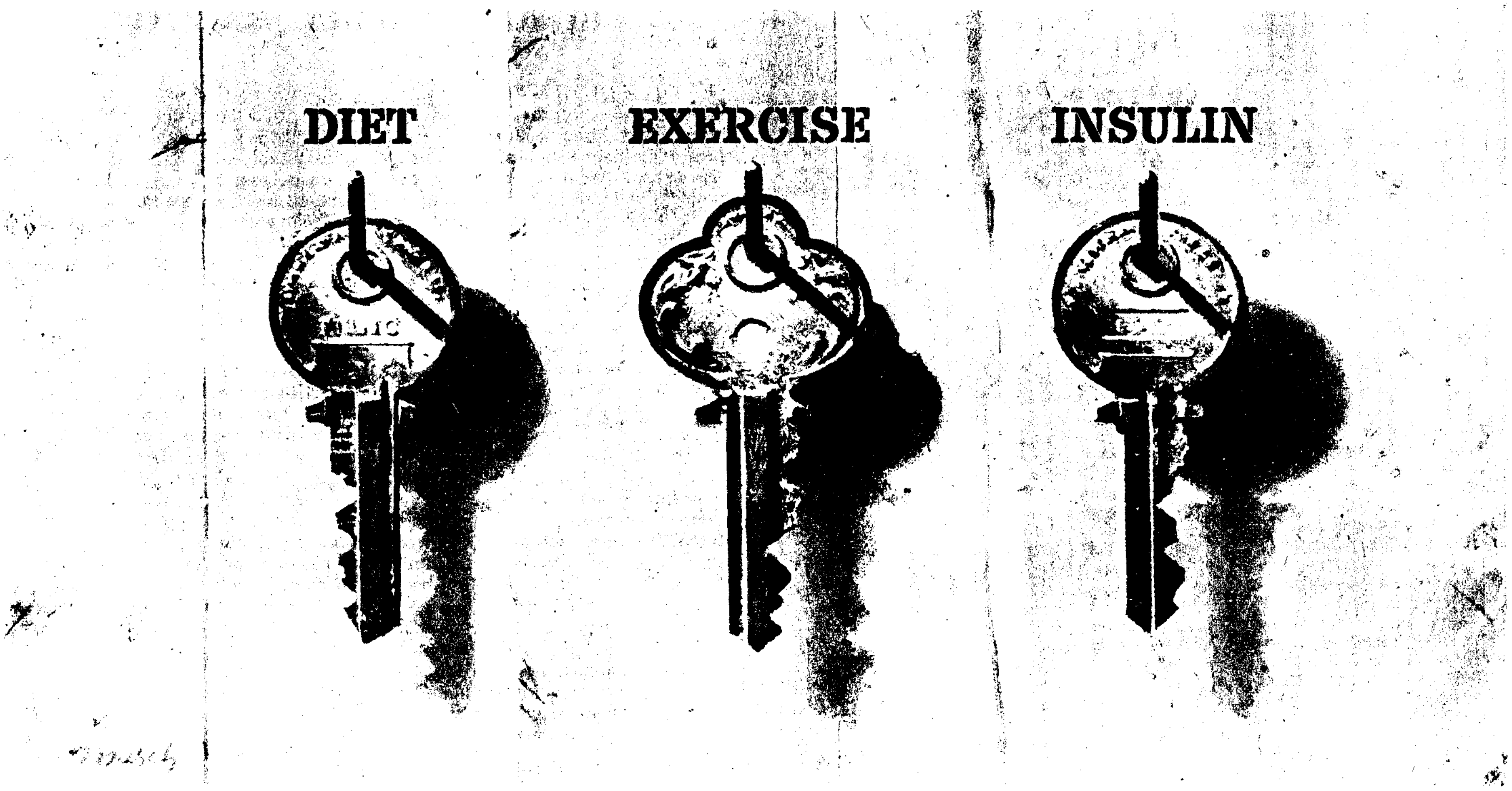
THREE KEYS TO THE CONTROL OF DIABETES



DIET . . . Many diabetics can successfully control their condition by following a carefully regulated but varied and nutritious diet. There is one basic rule, however, that all diabetics must observe—*they must restrict their intake of those foods that readily change to sugar in the body.*

EXERCISE. . . In the successful treatment of diabetes, exercise is essential because it helps keep blood sugar at a safe level. In other words, exercise helps "burn up" sugars and starches so that they do not accumulate in the system and cause distressing symptoms.

INSULIN. . . This substance is indispensable in those cases of severe diabetes that cannot be controlled by diet and exercise. Thanks to the development of increasingly effective forms of insulin . . . as well as greater knowledge of the disease resulting from continued research . . . diabetes can generally be controlled more successfully than ever before.

It is estimated that one million Americans are known to have diabetes today. By faithfully cooperating with their doctors in using the three keys to diabetes control, most diabetics . . . young and old . . . can usually live full and active lives. What a contrast between this bright outlook and the old days when so little could be done to save diabetics!

Studies indicate that millions of our people, who do not have diabetes *now*, are likely to develop it some time in the future. This is why it is so important to know the following facts:

1. *You are more likely to develop diabetes if* . . .
   - *a.* the disease has occurred in your family
   - *b.* you are middle-aged and overweight.
2. *You should suspect diabetes if* . . .
   - *a.* you notice weight loss despite constant hunger and high food consumption
   - *b.* you feel constantly fatigued, thirsty, or urinate excessively.

Early in its course, diabetes may cause no symptoms at all. In fact, it may progress silently and damage your health before you are aware of it. This points up the necessity of regular medical examinations. The earlier diabetes is discovered and treated, the better are the chances to bring it under control.

Fortunately, tests for diabetes detection are simple, speedy and painless. Everyone should have periodic health examinations . . . *including urinalysis.* If the test shows sugar, your doctor can make further examinations which tell whether you have diabetes. If you have the disease, you and your doctor can work together to help control it. With proper precautions, your chances of living long, happily and usefully are unusually good today.

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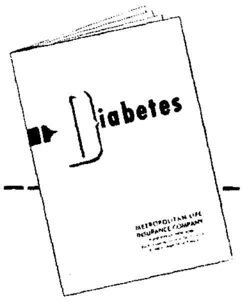

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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

UNCLE HUMPHREY is always good for a provocative statement, and I see where he's at it again. Perhaps I should explain that Humphrey Bogart is not really my uncle, but I call him that. Perhaps I shouldn't call him that. In spite of the difference in our ages he can make me feel so at home that in a few minutes the age difference seems to vanish and we are chatting away as though we were contemporaries. That's nice. He is more like a real pal, and when I go to him with my little problems and he tells me marijuana is not good for me, it isn't like hearing it from some older person. I like that.

Of course I'm not getting any younger myself, although it'll be a long time before I reach Uncle Humphrey's age. But one of these days I am going to have to think seriously of the situation that is created when a middle-aged fellow and a much younger girl discover that they like to talk about the same things, such as art, literature, money, jewelry, music, mutation mink, politics, annuities, the stock market, travel, double indemnity and so on. The things that a middle-aged fellow and a much younger girl would naturally want to talk about. Not being a glamor boy—not really, and not being loaded with the folding, you can be doggone sure—I won't know what to talk about when this juvenile dish comes my way. So that's when I'm certainly going to need help from Uncle Humph.

He says the young girls are fond of the chaps in their forties. I've been in my forties for nine years now, with ever so little trouble from those female First Voters. It just could be that I don't look my years. What's more likely is that Miss Bacall, in one of those Mr. and Mrs. scenes, told the mister that he need not think he was anything so special, and Humph turned around and announced that any guy of fifty can grab off any chick he likes.

Meanwhile, what are all those young guys doing with all those young girls? Don't they know they are wasting their time?

★ ★ ★

THURBER, of course, wrapped it up forever when he handed us Walter Mitty, a true work of art if only for the fact that every man who read about Mitty thought our Jamie had been writing about *him*. In the pre-Mitty days I used to fancy myself, in fancy, cantering out on the field of honor at Meadow Brook in response to polite murmurs of: "Why don't they put in O'Hara?" The murmurs would rise to a roar that the U.S. Polo Association could not deny. "It's the last chukker, and England has us down nine goals to five," F. Skiddy von Stade would be saying to Devereux Milburn.

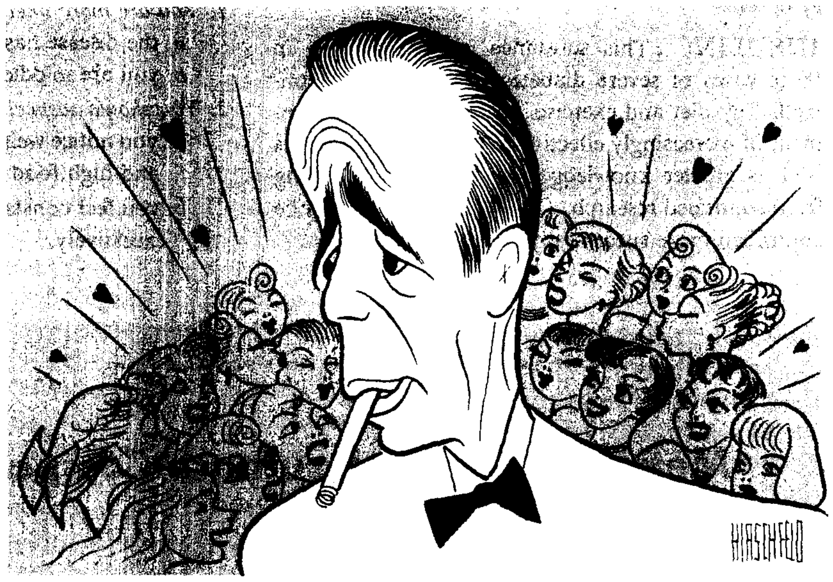
"But what about O'Hara's arm? Surely you know he fractured it at the elbow last Sunday during those 20-goal matches," Milburn would opine.

"Bother his arm!" Von Stade would say. "Don't you know O'Hara?"

And so a lad would be dispatched to me, sitting atop F. Ambrose Clark's coach. Boots and breeches would be borrowed from young Whitney (C. V. or J. H.) and I would rip off the plaster cast, toss aside the splint, select a 52 mallet and go forth to the contest.

I spare you the details. Every moment, every move causing me exquisite pain. Dirty polo by that

AL HIRSCHFELD



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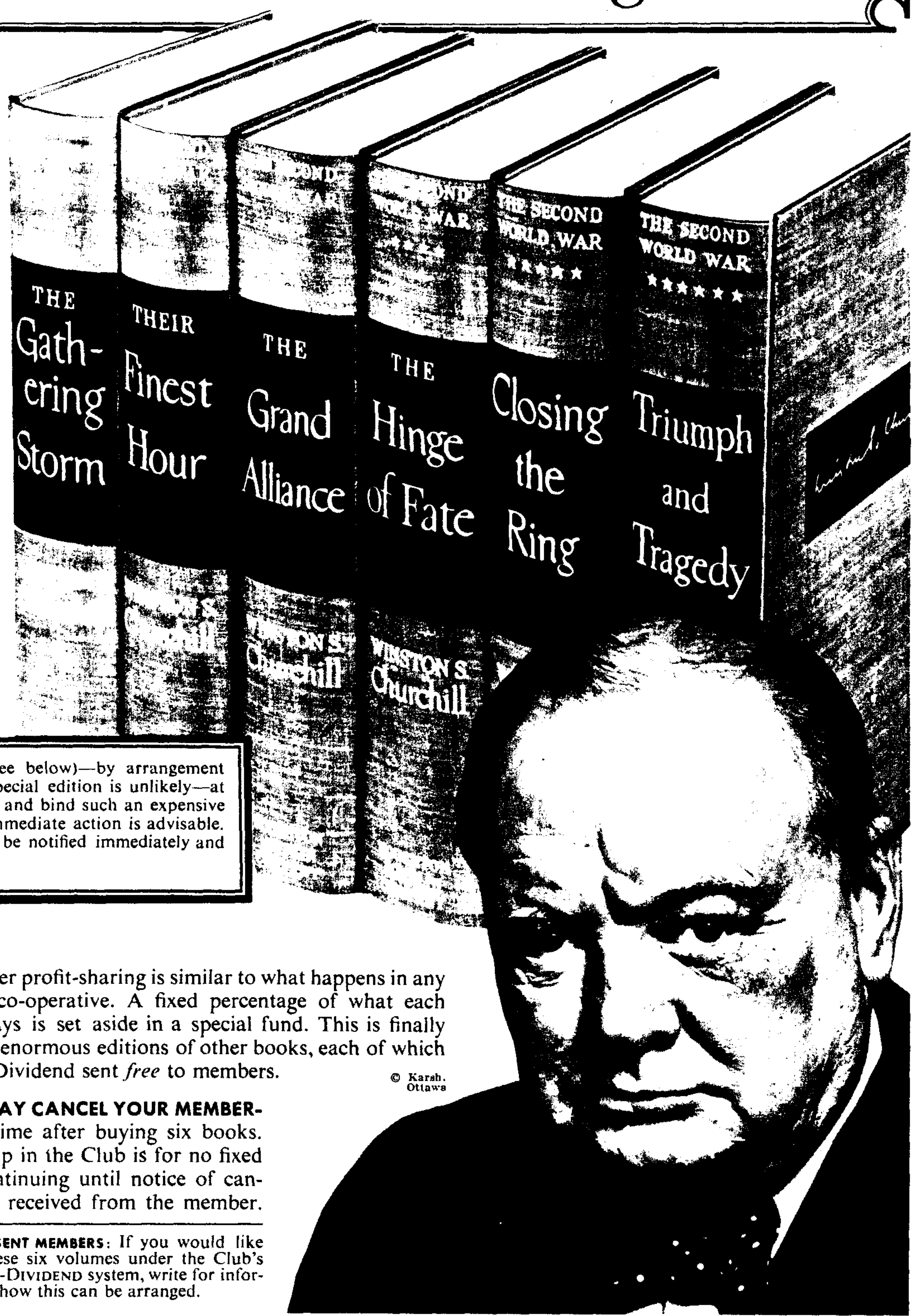

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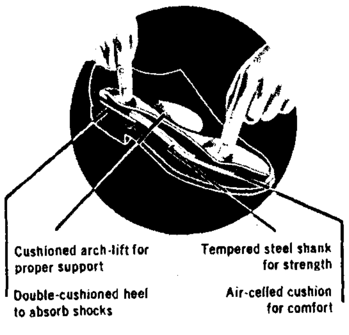
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mucker, Captain the Honorable F.A.O. Schwarz. The winning goal from 200 yards out. The trophy full of champagne. The surgeons' consultations. "We think the arm can be saved, but he'll never play polo again." And reading all about it a fortnight later in her Middleburg Chronicle—the one girl, who had chosen wealth over marriage to the dashing young Irish-American from Pottsville, Pennsylvania.

A circuitous route, the above, to another unfulfilled ambition of mine. This other one is also on the frivolous side, as distinguished, that is, from the laudable ambitions some men have. This second project is not impossible of attainment, but so unlikely to occur that when I pull the file on it the label is marked Dreams, Silly.

I have always wanted to book passage in one of the big liners and remain a passenger for at least three consecutive round trips. At Southampton I might go up to London and check my liquor supply at the "400" Club, or at Le Havre I might run down to Paris for a fast hamburger at Maxim's, but I would continue to be a passenger, leaving my gear in my stateroom and not in any sense availing myself of stopover privileges. Back in New York I might go ashore for a few hours, but I would be aboard again in time for the next sailing. I love ships and I never have been able to force myself to do the tourist routines. In four or five days you have figured out (correctly or incorrectly) the life histories of the fellow passengers who interest you, then you get a brand-new batch on the return passage. The stewards and waiters get to know you, and you become acquainted with the ship itself. There would be no danger of boredom, because I'm never bored in a ship and anyway you get ashore for a few hours at the end of each crossing.

There might be complications. The immigration and customs people probably would take it tough, since they go by the book and I'm sure the book doesn't cover the activities of wealthy eccentrics who go abroad three times in four weeks and never spend a night ashore. And I can easily imagine the chief purser's warning to important passengers: "By the by, don't play cards with that fellow in the gray flannel suit. We haven't got anything on him yet, but mind you we're keeping an eye on him. Very curious, very curious indeed."

Well, that's about it. I believe in the good that an occasional extravagance does the soul, but this one my soul will have to do without. However, some of you Texas readers could swing it, and it may give the steamship lines an idea.

★ ★ ★

ALL MY LIFE I have heard—and said—that writing is a lonely occupation, and maybe it's the loneliness that drives us slightly crazy. I don't know how else to explain a title I thought up yesterday. I have no idea what it would be the title of. Possibly a ballet. Anyway, the title is Napoleon's Cigarette Lighter.

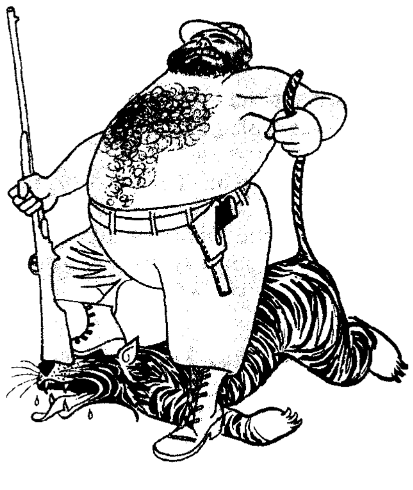
Write something around it, kids, and bring it in Monday.

ONE OF THE MANY experiences that so aptly qualify me for this delightful job was the time I was taken to see Paul J. Rainey's African Hunt. Paul J. Rainey's African Hunt was a motion picture of Paul J. Rainey's African hunt, and it was quite a treat to be taken to see it, as well as to go to Imschweiler's after the performance and have a burnt almond and orange ice and a soft pretzel and search under the marble-topped tables for hardened chewing gum to throw at the other boys.

I don't imagine there are any prints left of P.J.R.'s A.H., and if there are, please don't get them out on my account. The only reason I mention the picture at all is to furnish evidence that I, too, was once an innocent boy (with enough spirit to hit Walter Hay with a wad of Beeman's), and in giving this background material I want to make a point or two about a new African Hunt movie.

You read, probably, that Ernest Hemingway is going to write and act in a film about a safari. I read it, with some alarm. There are some things Ernest Hemingway can do better than I can, but he never has written a movie and he never has acted in a movie, and I have done both. Not to be vulgar about it, but I have been paid $3,000 a week for my writing and $400 a week for my acting. In my opinion it should have been the other way around, and I have a low opinion of my acting. In any event, I have had experience in both fields, and as a well-wisher of Hemingway's I well wish that he would employ his undeniable talents elsewhere than in movie acting and movie writing. If it should turn out that he doesn't like his acting, he will have nobody to shoot but himself. If he *does* like his acting, God help American literature! If he doesn't like his scenario, whom can he blame it on? If he does like his scenario—well, Paul J. Rainey did it forty years ago, and Hemingway is a man of some originality.

Perhaps I ought to add here that there is a cloud over my record in matters of this kind. As a movie press agent I saw a rough cut of Bring 'Em Back Alive and I offered, based on my best judgment, the prediction that the picture wouldn't make a nickel. All it did, of course, was save RKO from going to the cleaners. ▲▲▲



I see Hemingway will write and act in an African movie

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A pale golden gin of rare mellowness and superb bouquet made by an original and unique method, the first pale golden gin of its kind ever made in America.
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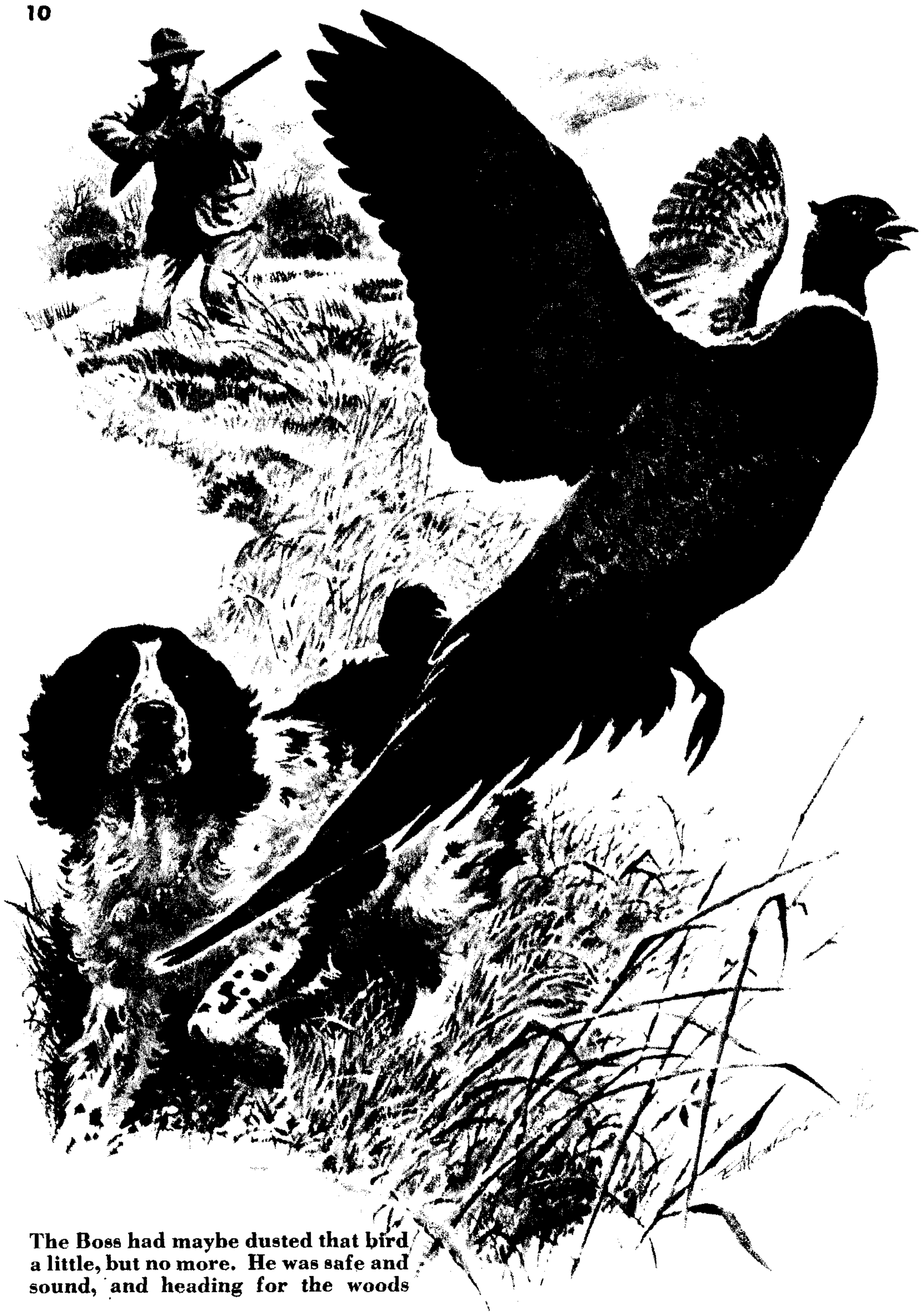


The Boss had maybe dusted that bird a little, but no more. He was safe and sound, and heading for the woods

Test of a CHAMPION

BY RODERICK LULL

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

WELL, there The Boss is, happy as a pheasant in a game preserve. The Boss is how I think of him, but he's nice—probably the best master in all the world. He's so proud of that silly little cup you'd think he and I had won a world championship. Actually it's easy for a dog to please a man, and it pays, too. You should've seen the dinner I had tonight. And lying here in the nice, warm clubhouse isn't causing me any pain either.

Bull—that's Bullet of Arnim, the dog with the reputation—is out in the kennel. It's gloomy there, and the food isn't so hot. A young dog like Bull gets ideas sometimes; it doesn't do him any harm to face up to the facts of life. Anyhow, Bull's out there, and I'm in here. Bull's master is the sad-faced one.

There wasn't really much to what I did. It was just a matter of keeping my eyes open and not wearing myself out foolishly. I'm going on nine years old and I've got a system of living. A dog has to have his sleep—fifteen hours a day. He's got to eat—fifteen minutes. Then an hour for pleasing The Boss. And another hour for mild exercise. That leaves six hours and forty-five minutes—just for loafing.

The Boss is still admiring that cup as though it was the Crown of England. And if he's read the inscription on it once, he's read it a hundred times.

South State English Springer Spaniel Club.
Winner Shooting-Dog Stake 1954.
Carfax's Danny Owned and Handled by Fletcher Carfax.

I'm Danny, of course, and Fletcher Carfax is The Boss. The "owned and handled" line always amuses me. But masters have to have their illusions. . . .

In a shooting-dog stake some pheasant are let loose out in a big field and you go out and find them and root them into the air. Then your master comes along behind you with a shotgun and he shoots them. If your master misses, which is what usually happens, you aren't supposed to do anything. But if a bird accidentally gets in the way of the shot, you're supposed to go and retrieve him—and look eager about it. That's about all there is to it, although there are a lot of technicalities about style and control that have been put into the rules to make the judges seem important.

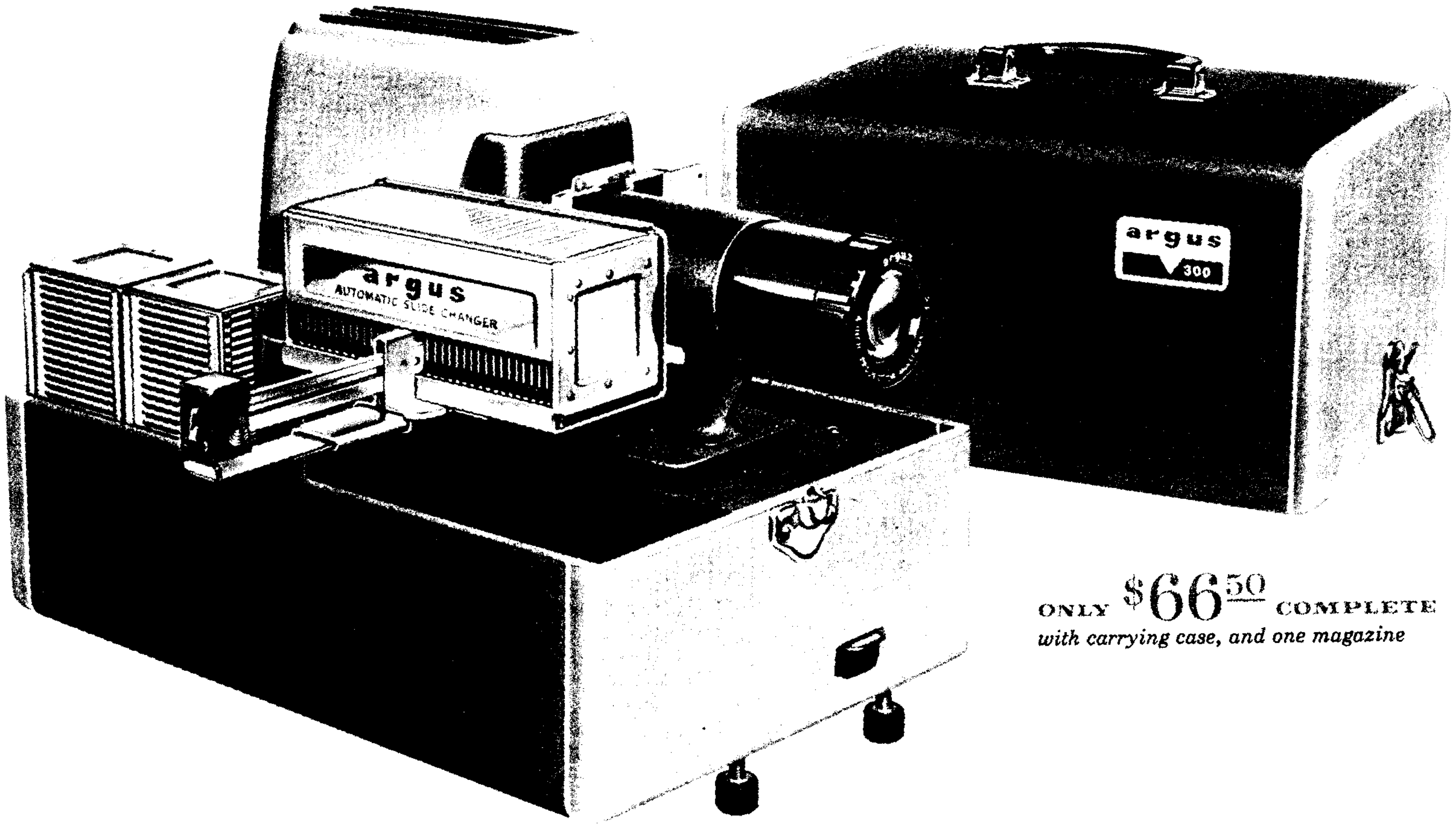
Anyhow, The Boss wanted to win this cup because he would give an arm any time to beat Charles Johnson at anything. Johnson is Bull's sad-faced master. He and The Boss have been very fine enemies for a long time. It began with an argument over where Bull's master put the fence dividing their property from our property. It never made sense to me, because I either jump over fences or dig under them.

For two straight years after the fence incident, Bull won the cup. Bull had cost a lot of money, and he'd been trained by the best trainer in the state, and he'd run fairly good in some big field trials. In fact, Bull's master had talked Bull up so much that all of the rest of the club members were fit to spit black—The Boss particularly.

A week before this shooting-dog stake, The Boss took my head between his hands and said, "Danny, my boy, if you can win this stake you'll make me the happiest man on earth. You've got what it takes, Danny, if you'll only put it out. And I'd give you—well, T-bones from now on in."

He talked a long time. I wanted to do The Boss a favor, of course, because I like him. But this little stake didn't seem worth all the uproar. And too, Bull is a lot younger than I am, and he spends energy like it was water.

Well, finally the day of the stake arrived. It was so hot in the field that a shot bird was practically cooked before it hit the ground. It was a day when any sensible dog or man should have dug himself a little hollow down to the moisture level and relaxed. But men, they don't know what sensible is, and



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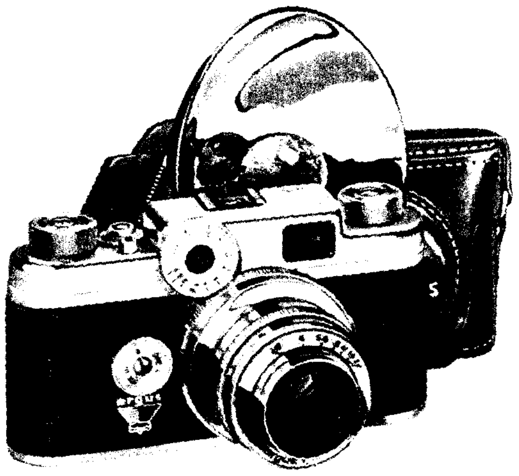
This new Argus projector almost runs itself. Just slip a magazine of 36 slides into the automatic changer—then push-pull—your slides leap to life in perfect order! Each slide is protected in its own metal frame—always ready to show. No more fumbling in the dark!

And this blower-cooled projector is silent as sunshine and almost as bright. Its big 300 Watt lamp flashes all your colors bright and vivid on the screen through an optically-ground, four-inch f:3.5 lens.

The new Argus Automatic 300 Watt Projector includes the automatic changer, a magazine, and carrying case. (The automatic slide changer is available separately at $14.95—easily attached to any standard Argus Projector)

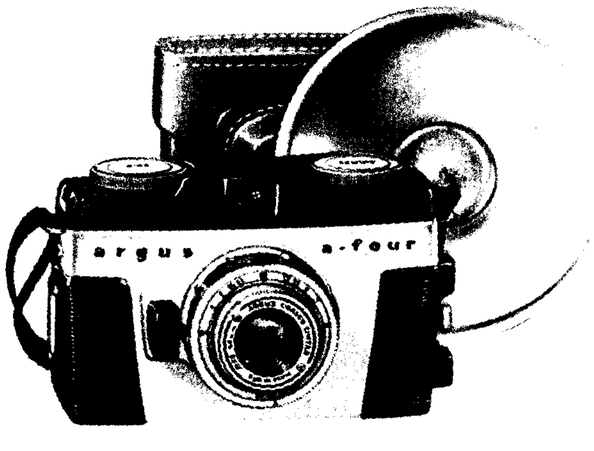
These **argus** *35mm cameras make it easy to take perfect color slides!*



argus C4 $\$84^{50}$

Case: $7.50 Flash: $8.95

A masterpiece of precision! Has a super-fast f:2.8 Cintar lens, a lens-coupled viewfinder-rangefinder, *Color-matic* settings, a superaccurate shutter with speeds up to 1/300 second, double exposure preventer, film counter, lock-on flash gun.



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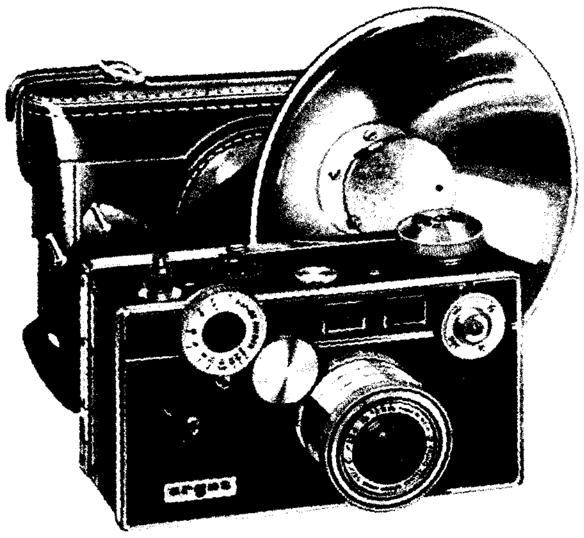

argus C3 $\$66^{50}$

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World's most popular 35mm camera. Perfect for color slides, black-and-white pictures—action shots. Has an f:3.5 Cintar lens; lens-coupled rangefinder; gear-controlled shutter with speeds up to 1/300 second; built-in synchronization, *Color-matic* settings!

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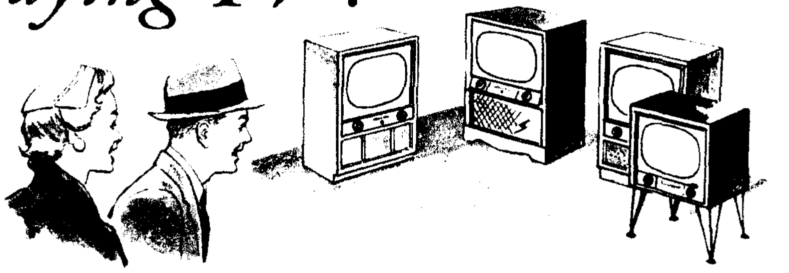

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they keep dogs from being sensible too.

There were eight dogs in this stake, but I knew them all and had a hunch that six wouldn't do any good. I figured Bull would take it. After all, Bull is still practically a pup; and when a dog is eight and three quarters, like me, he hasn't got quite as much of the old push as he once did. Also, The Boss has a habit of pulling the trigger at the wrong time. Bull's master is the kind who wouldn't give you a bone if he owned a dinosaur skeleton, but he's a reliable gunner.

I couldn't get very enthusiastic. Waiting at the starting line, in that sun, I was hungry and thirsty. I just wanted to get it over with.

BULL and I and our masters were the last to go. We would work side by side, in a brace—as they call it, with four pheasant planted for each of us.

Finally the other dogs and their masters finished. They hadn't brought back nearly as many pheasant as had been planted, so I knew no new records had been set. And now it was our turn. Bull's master and Bull got up. The Boss got up and jerked a little on my lead to get me up.

Bull's master said, "Well, Carfax, this seems to be it. Do you want to concede now or go along for the ride? You know, if I were you, old man, I'd kind of watch out for myself. Particularly in this heat. None of my business, of course—I'm just trying to be helpful."

The Boss growled just like a dog. He was boiling mad. I was mad too. But it was what Bull said that cut me. He said it, 'way back in his throat, so low that nobody but another dog could hear it. He said that I sure was getting the short end of the stick, not being in retirement with mush and milk to chew on.

What I replied didn't have much dare in it. Considering the difference in Bull's age and mine, and how terrible The Boss usually shot, I didn't have much confidence.

A few more remarks were exchanged. This increased the heat of the day. Then the judges gave us the sign and we were off.

As I've said, Bull and I had four birds apiece. We ran down the first three by scent, got them flying, and then waited for our masters to shoot. For my part, I'd have been amazed if The Boss had got two out of the three. The miracle was that he got all three. I retrieved them all in nice style, if I say so myself, and we had our par with one bird to go.

Bull and his master matched us. We were even up, but I knew in my heart that Bull was ahead. He always goes after each bird as if it is the last one on earth and his life depends on it. That kind of stuff impresses judges.

We moved on for the last bird. We were almost to the end of the field now, and just beyond, there was a steep place where the ground dropped sharply away. At the foot of that cliff there were willows and a small, year-round stream. I couldn't see them from where I was and neither could anybody else, because of the drop. But I sure thought about them: Water! Trees! Shade!

Well, I got my bird up. This time The Boss was a fifty-to-one bet to miss; if he ever dropped four in a row it should be given headlines. The pheasant towered. I heard the shot. Then that bird dived down and out of sight, behind the cliff.

"Got him!" The Boss yelled. "Fetch, Danny! Fetch, boy!"

So I took off like dynamite—well, anyhow, I took off. I hadn't liked the way that pheasant flew after the shot. I've seen a lot of hunting, and that bird . . .

Well, I scrambled down the cliff and it was just as I had figured. I caught a glimpse of the pheasant's tail feathers a couple of hundred yards away, and he was flying as true as any airplane I'd ever barked at. The Boss had maybe dusted him a little, but no more. He was safe and sound, and heading for the woods.

I don't think anyone could honestly blame me for what I did next. The Boss had missed his bird. We'd been had for sure. And there was that water, and that shade, and that soft, moist, cool, lovely earth!

I rolled in it. I stuck my forelegs out flat in front and my hind legs out flat behind and just scrounged around. It felt so good I still can practically taste it.

Then there was another shot. I didn't look up. They could shoot until Christmas for all of me; and if they all collapsed from sunstroke, they'd asked for it. Then I heard something land with a thud nearby. It was a big cock pheasant, and he was dead as a bone.

It was perfectly clear what had happened. Bull had got his bird up, and Bull's master had dropped it clean. Well, they'd added insult to injury, and so what? Then, like a flash, I saw my chance. Don't think I'm crooked. It's just that—well, why argue it around?

Bull wasn't in sight; probably he hadn't marked the bird's fall, which sometimes happens to the best of dogs. So I got up and gathered that pheasant in, holding him neat and soft, just like the rules say. I started up the cliff, taking it easy. When I was about two thirds up, Bull came over the edge. He gave me a dirty look and kept on going.

WHEN The Boss saw me coming, I put on my best act and gave him that bird with all the style there is. He practically kissed me. Then he said in a voice you could have heard four counties away, "Just look at that dog of mine! Look how muddy and wet he is! He had to put up a real fight to get that bird. But he's the kind that never gives up. No, sir! He's a champion through and through."

I hung my head just a trifle, looking modest. The way to get along in the world is to take the breaks as they come. And this time, we had us that cup.

There was a lot of waiting around while Bull's master yelled at Bull to find his bird, but nobody ever was going to find it. But what was the use? We already had us that cup.

Well, The Boss is still talking it up. Wonder how many hundred times he's told about that wonderful last shot he made? It's all right with me. I wouldn't be surprised if I got me another nice big steak in a little while. All I have to do is give him the look that tells him how wonderful he is.

The Boss is calling me now. Look at that grin and that loving look in his eye! I don't want to get sentimental, but I'll bet The Boss is as good as they come.

Hi there, Boss! Some day, what?

—RODERICK LULL

How to date another man with cheers from your husband

It's no trick at all for a smart gal. Get the other wives in your gang to do it and you'll rate ace-high with every husband in town.

Here's the plot. You know Ben works like a beaver all week. He treasures his weekends—*his* time to relax with you and the kids. But he can't do that spending Saturday morning getting the car lubricated. So, he puts it off.

You know that neglecting the car is bound to mean expensive repairs—repairs that rule out that divine fur scarf you've set your heart on.

Suddenly, you've got the answer! *"I'll* see that the car's cared for. On a *midweek* day when Ben's at work!"

You tell your husband and you both select the man to take care of the family car. Every 30 days you keep your date. While you're shopping or running errands, the car is lubricated and inspected. It's ready when you are. No rush, no waiting. It's a *midweek* day . . . a Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday.

Milady, how about *you* having the car cared for? Set a regular midweek date for every 30 days. You'll get cheers from your husband *and* the "other man". . . the Alemite-equipped dealer. What's more, your dealer will give you every courtesy and consideration.

MEN! ENROLL YOUR WIFE in the Alemite Car Care Program

It's a life saver, money saver for your family and car. It's easy. Just:

1. Patronize the service dealer who uses Alemite equipment. You'll get the best lubrication money can buy.

2. Pick a midweek day every month—a Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday. Then arrange for your wife to take the car in for Alemite lubrication.

3. Ask for complete Alemite lubrication, plus free inspection and warning services.

4. Ask your wife to bring you the itemized Alemite Report Card she receives upon completion of Alemite services. You'll save money if you do.

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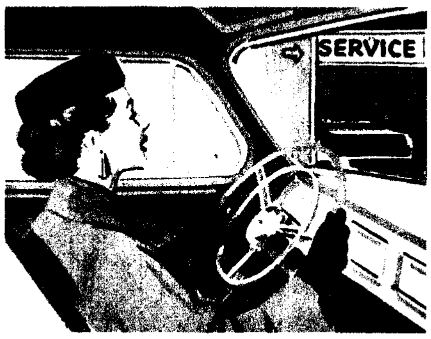
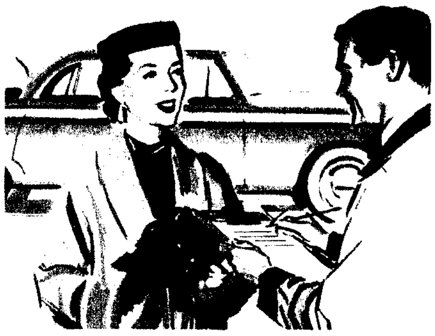
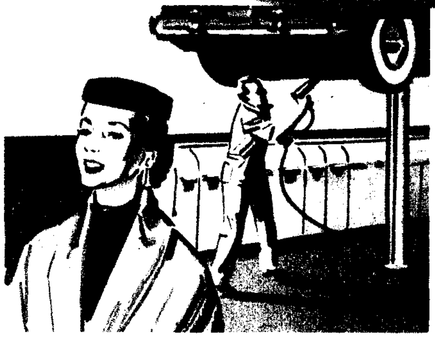


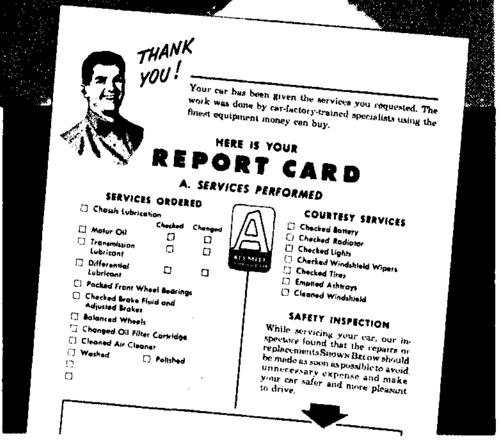
Drive in regularly every 30 days to keep your weekday date with your Alemite-equipped dealer. He has spent up to $10,000 for Alemite equipment to correctly lubricate your car.



He'll lubricate and check your car while you're shopping. His Alemite equipment is designed to scientifically lubricate the Alemite system that comes on your car.



As he lubricates every friction point on your car he can spot trouble that, if neglected, can affect your pocketbook and your safety. This valuable extra care is free.



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Your car has been given the services you requested. The work was done by car-factory-trained specialists using the finest equipment money can buy.

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☐ Packed Front Wheel Bearings
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☐ Changed Oil Filter Cartridge
☐ Cleaned Air Cleaner
☐ Washed ☐ Polished
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48 STATES

By WALTER DAVENPORT

While the world is busy with plans to annihilate itself, Mr. Henry Harris is bent on making our editorial lives sweeter. He is working feverishly in West Point, Mississippi, to perfect a pencil with a built-in aspirin holder.

* * *

A post-carder whose name would seem to be A Friend informs us from Norman, Oklahoma, that he merely asked the filling-station man which fetched the state more revenue, cotton or tourists. The filling-station man gave the question a brief mulling over and replied: "Can't rightly say, mister, but tourists are easier picking."

* * *

Another gentleman, named Constant-Reader-of-Your-Column (we had a hunch he was around somewhere), announces from Toledo, Ohio, that he is glad his son has gone back to college. Now, he explains, "I no longer have to make application for the use of my car three or four days in advance."

* * *

In Washington, D.C., a quasi-important bureau boss was holding personal examinations for a new secretary. Came in one doll who looked like an escapee from the Miss Universe contest. When he got himself under control, he requested her to take a trial communication: "Concordant presupplementary memo re reaction to multiple assumption of co-operative nonfunction of yours of even date." After several equally lucid moments like that, he paused. "Now tell me what that means," he said. Sweetly she threw notebook and pencil into the wastebasket and replied: "That means I don't get the job."

* * *

If it weren't for assists from such alert watchmen as Mr. Alan Phillips, old 48 would miss a lot of important national happenings. For example, there's that ad in the Pico (California) Post: "Puppies six weeks. All male. Mixed boxer. Mother, boxer show dog. Father, leash-law violator."

* * *

Election Day will be just another tranquil Tuesday in Hubbard, Nebraska. Haven't had a town election in Hubbard for almost twenty years. Should one of the town's officials get tired, he merely waggles a finger at somebody who isn't serving and says: "Hey, Joe, you take over for a spell." And Joe takes over. The Hubbard system saves time, money and a lot of wind. Works fine.

* * *

Political situation in Kentucky was recently so precarious, the Louisville office of our own Decentralized Intelligence Agency reports, that one candidate refused to kiss any baby from the age of eighteen down until she had security clearance.

* * *

To the defense of the lazy man (and none too soon, either) comes Dr. Harvey A. Lewis, a Chicago psychoanalyst. Space forbids the whole heartening story, but the short of it is that sluggards aren't allergic to work at all. They're merely afraid of being a success and having to make a lot of decisions that will need sticking to. With as lusty a yawn as we've enjoyed all year, we thank you, Doctor.

* * *

Nobody could have tried harder than old 48 to get a tiding or two out of Lebanon, Indiana, this week. But the best we could do is to come up with the discovery that there's a traffic cop there named Park Quick. And we needed the help of Mrs. Margaret M. Lucas, of Crane, Missouri, to get even that.

* * *

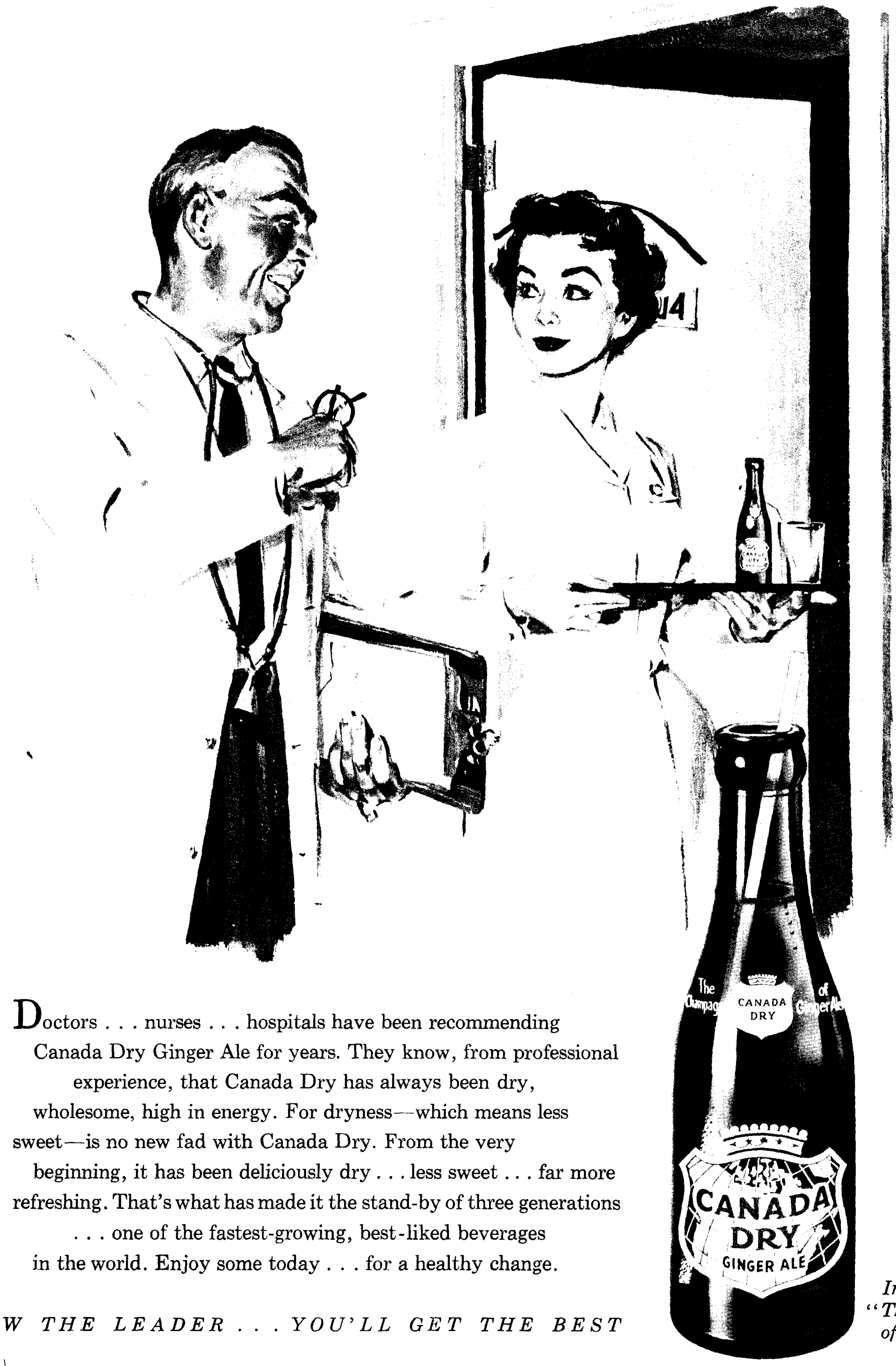
It is the fixed opinion of Miss Sally O'Brien who works "in cosmetics" in a St. Louis, Missouri, department store that the Army doesn't know the meaning of real chemical warfare. If our officials at the Pentagon want the lowdown, she assures us, they should listen in on what the girl customers at the perfume counter say.

IRWIN CAPLAN

* * *

Quite an interesting shred of conversation between two gentlemen in Salem, Oregon, was picked up and forwarded by Mr. Harry Seeds. First gentleman: "I'm quitting work for good. Gonna do nothing from now on but loaf and sleep." Second gentleman: "Yeah? But what are you gonna do when you feel like knocking off and resting for a while?" ▲▲▲

"... and she can have all the Canada Dry she wants"



Doctors . . . nurses . . . hospitals have been recommending Canada Dry Ginger Ale for years. They know, from professional experience, that Canada Dry has always been dry, wholesome, high in energy. For dryness—which means less sweet—is no new fad with Canada Dry. From the very beginning, it has been deliciously dry . . . less sweet . . . far more refreshing. That's what has made it the stand-by of three generations . . . one of the fastest-growing, best-liked beverages in the world. Enjoy some today . . . for a healthy change.

FOLLOW THE LEADER . . . YOU'LL GET THE BEST

Insist on
"The Champagne
of Ginger Ales"

A New Day Is Car Owners

THIS NEW TIRE WILL BE STANDARD EQUIPMENT ON 1955
AND CONSTRUCTION SINCE FIRESTONE INTRODUCED THE
OF SAFETY, RIDING COMFORT, MILEAGE AND SILENCE—YOU

THE new 1955 cars will headline many new features, but none of them will be more important to your safety, your comfort or your pocketbook than tubeless tires as standard equipment at NO EXTRA COST!

Tubeless tires have been selling at premium prices. But Firestone has succeeded in building the new Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tire to sell at the same price you would pay for a conventional tire and tube.

Automotive Engineers Acclaim New, Silent Safti-Grip Tread

When the new Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tire was first offered to car manufacturers, they subjected it to their most severe and exhaustive tests. And this new tire passed every test with performance far beyond all expectations.

They found that the exclusive new SILENT SAFTI-GRIP TREAD runs quietly and refuses to squeal on even the sharpest turns. It gives greater protection against skidding and greater traction than any tire ever before offered as standard equipment. And they found that its revolutionary new design makes it a real champion for long, trouble-free mileage.

Takes the Danger Out of Blowouts. Seals Punctures Against Loss of Air

The new SAFTI-DIPPED CORD BODY, the new SAFTI-LINER and TUBELESS CONSTRUCTION make this tire extra strong and take the danger out of blowouts. Damage which might cause an ordinary tire to blow out becomes as harmless as a slow leak. And if a nail or other sharp object should penetrate the extra-tough tread and cord body, th SAFTI-LINER prevents loss of air, mini mizing the danger and annoyance o punctures.

Never Before Such Riding Comfor Never Before Such Steering Ease

The car engineers were extravagant i their acclaim for its sensational ridin comfort and steering ease. They foun that it absorbs bumps and road shock and provides a super-soft cushion of ru ber and air which smooths out even th roughest roads. And they liked the extra tough CURB GUARD which protects whit sidewalls.

Yes, Firestone, the Pioneer and Pac maker, has done it again! The ne Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubele Tire, at the price of a conventional ti

Come In and See the NEW

Firestone DeLuxe

TUBELESS TIRES

Standard Equipmen
You Can Put Then

Enjoy the Voice of Firestone on radio or television every Monday evening over ABC

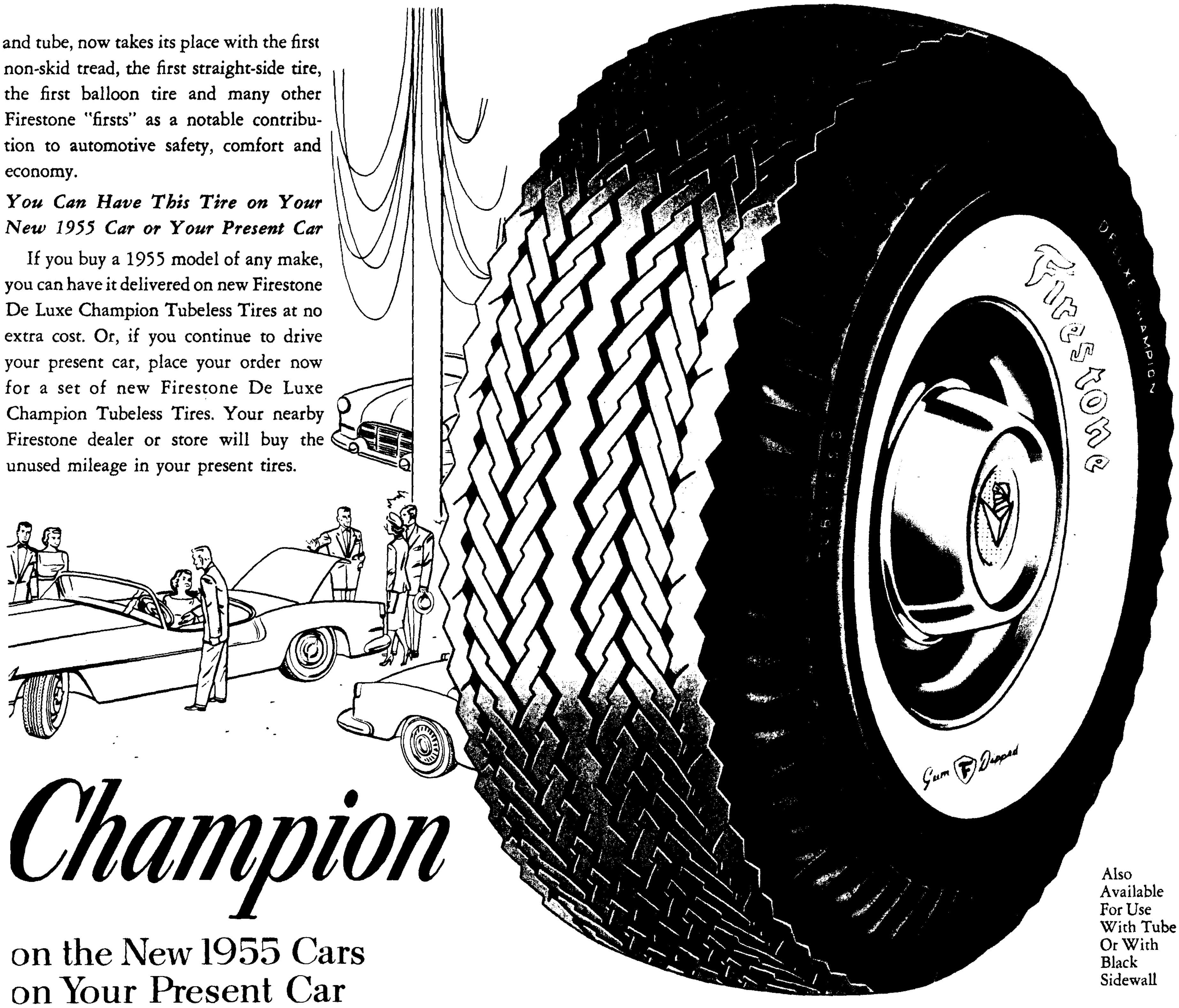
Dawning for the of America!

CARS—IT IS THE FIRST TIRE COMPLETELY NEW IN DESIGN
BALLOON TIRE IN 1922—SETS ENTIRELY NEW STANDARDS
CAN PUT A SET ON YOUR PRESENT CAR AT NO EXTRA COST!

and tube, now takes its place with the first non-skid tread, the first straight-side tire, the first balloon tire and many other Firestone "firsts" as a notable contribution to automotive safety, comfort and economy.

You Can Have This Tire on Your New 1955 Car or Your Present Car

If you buy a 1955 model of any make, you can have it delivered on new Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tires at no extra cost. Or, if you continue to drive your present car, place your order now for a set of new Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tires. Your nearby Firestone dealer or store will buy the unused mileage in your present tires.



Champion

on the New 1955 Cars
on Your Present Car

Also
Available
For Use
With Tube
Or With
Black
Sidewall

Copyright, 1954, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

Baby Ruth
Saf-T-Pops
Butterfinger
CANDY...enriched with dextrose
NEAT TRICK FOR QUICK TREAT
CURTISS
Buy 'em by the Box!
CURTISS Butterfinger TRICKS or 40 TREATS 40-2¢ BARS
Baby Ruth TRICKS or 40 TREATS 40-2¢ BARS
CURTISS SAF-T-POPS TRICKS or 80 TREATS PLAY SAFE 80-1¢

Individually wrapped, each Curtiss Trick or Treat Candy provides complete sanitary protection, convenience in handling, cleanliness. Take your choice — they all please. 1c, 2c, and 5c varieties.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY Otto Schnering, Founder

makers of Butterfinger. Coconut Grove. Caramel Nougat. Dip *candy bars*. Saf-T-Pops. Fruit Drops *and* Mints

COLLIER'S CREDITS..

HOWELL CONANT

Author Stevens reads better, according to ophthalmograph

EVEN before this issue went to press one person had already benefited from the story, Did You Stop Reading in the Third Grade? He's Len Stevens, who wrote it. He took tests at The Reading Laboratory in New York when he started on the piece, and again when he finished it, and found that just writing this article was enough to make him a better reader.

This is the ninth story he has had in Collier's. The first, appearing two and a half years ago, required him to ride a truck to Alaska in the winter.

Born in Lisbon, New Hampshire, thirty-five years ago, he studied fine arts at Iowa State University until the war interrupted things. After a stint in the Air Force he returned to Iowa State to get his B.A. in 1947 and then his master's in journalism. He then spent two and a half years with the Citizens Committee for the Hoover Report, making more than 300 speeches all over the East on the need for government reorganization under the Hoover Commission recommendations. This activity ended in 1950 when he decided to become a free-lance writer, starting his career with the Alaska trip.

In summers and spare time, beginning with high-school days, Stevens has run the Lisbon movie-theater projection machine, sold fireworks, painted picket fences, traveled with a circus, repaired radios, announced on radio, strung power lines in the White Mountains, and sold 150 political cartoons to Iowa newspapers.

* * *

WHEN Ben Lucien Burman sailed about the Gulf of Mexico to gather material for our story about shrimp, he was as usual within floating distance of the Mississippi, "his" river.

Beginning 25 years ago with the book Steamboat Round the Bend, which became Will Rogers' most successful motion picture, Burman has chronicled the comings and goings of the steamboats and shantymen of Ol' Man River like a modern Mark Twain. His latest and best-selling novel, The Four Lives of Mundy Tolliver, is also set along the river, and ties in with the shrimp business, too. The hero, Mundy Tolliver, spends one of his "lives" working on shrimp platforms in the Gulf.

When we told Burman we were going to print some internationally known shrimp recipes along with his story, he proved his versatility by whipping up an unknown dish of his own and naming it Shrimp Tolliver. It turned out so well that it's on the regular Friday dinner menu of New York's Algonquin Hotel. If you want to try the recipe yourself, we'll send it to you.

A COUPLE of Texans have had a lot to do with this issue of Collier's. The first is Dillon Anderson, a highly successful forty-eight-year-old Houston attorney who wrote The Locked Jewel Case. He was graduated from Yale Law School in 1929, went right back to Texas and spent the first 20 years of his adult life writing legal pleadings, contracts, leases, deeds and briefs.

"I gained somehow a desire to write other types of things," he tells us, "but never got around to it until 1948, when, on a dare, I wrote and sold a fiction story. The reason I continue to do it is that in the practice of law I seem to spend most of my working time keeping other people out of trouble. Writing fiction in my spare time helps to keep *me* out of trouble."

About 150 miles north and west of the scene of attorney Dillon Anderson's double life is Marlin, home of the Brazos Valley Times and of its editor Bonner McMillion, whose very exciting serial is in its second installment in this issue. For the following news we are indebted to his pretty wife, Virginia, who reports that Bonner has been writing since he was seven. (He's now thirty-two.)

He has an unpublished novel in the trunk and a published one in the bookstores, The Lot of Her Neighbors, which Lippincott brought out last year.

The McMillions were married in Dallas in 1947 and went back to get rich on his father's dairy farm in Falls County. It didn't work out that way and in 1950 they bought a weekly newspaper in Elgin, Texas.

"The Elgin Courier was a sweet little paper, sixty years old and able virtually to run itself. Still, we didn't get rich and Bonner found too little time to write. After a year and a half we did something Bonner had dreamed of from boyhood. We established a new weekly paper here in his native Falls County, the Brazos Valley Times. Riches still escape us and Bonner's spare time has become a joke. We are still searching for a way of life that will enable him to write full time."

What with Dillon Anderson's spare time and Bonner McMillion's lack of it, we figure the readers of Collier's can't lose. —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

Mark McMillion and dad show how to cut a Christmas tree in Texas

OLD FORESTER
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
Distilled and Bottled by
BROWN FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

© 1954—B. F. DIST. CORP.

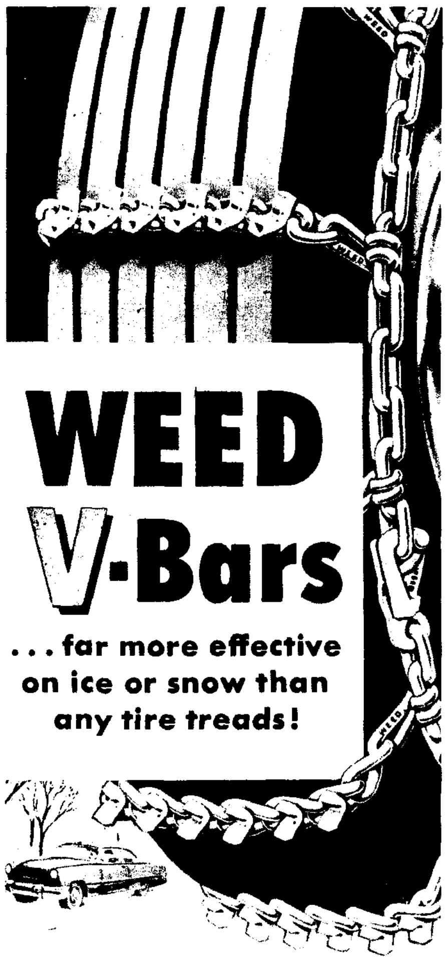
This is the Supreme Test of a Fine Bourbon

Old Forester in a snifter? Yes, indeed, strange as it may sound. Because more and more discriminating drinkers are now enjoying this great bourbon as an *after-dinner* drink, as well as in their favorite highballs and cocktails. And it's the finest compliment they've ever given Old Forester...

It's a compliment because a snifter is uniquely designed to demand the utmost of any liquor it contains. Yet here is a *bourbon*—traditionally rich in hearty, full-bodied flavor—that also gives you the delicate aroma and rare excellence so vital in an after-dinner drink.

You need only try Old Forester once to see how remarkable this bourbon is. In a snifter, on the rocks, or in your favorite drink, you'll immediately know why it is constantly said of Old Forester, "There is nothing better in the market."

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • BOTTLED IN BOND • 100 PROOF • BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY



WEED V-Bars

. . . far more effective on ice or snow than any tire treads!

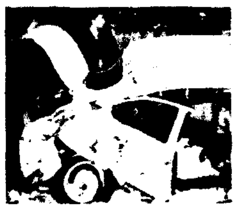
TRACTION YOU CAN TRUST

Tests prove Weed V-Bar Tire Chains stop you shorter, straighter, safer

With bare tires—*any* bare tires—ice and hard-packed snow become treacherous traps.

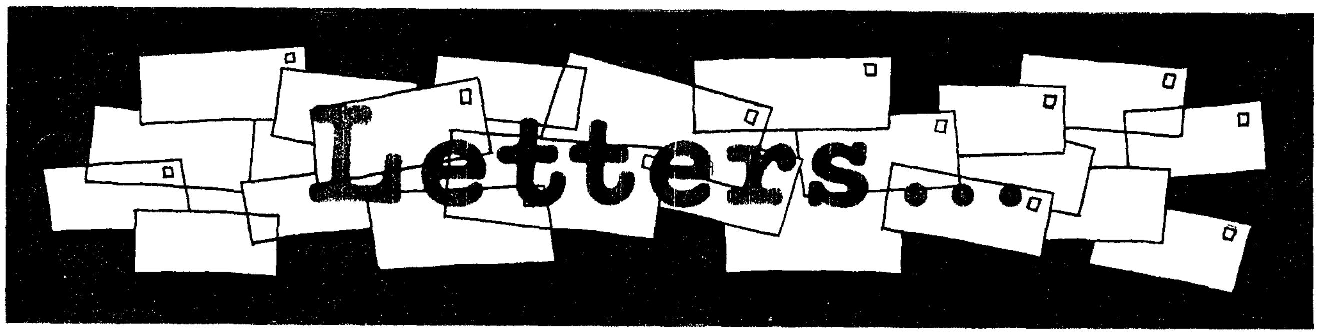
WEED V-Bar Tire Chains protect you against these hazards. V-Bars are slanted left and right for balanced traction. 288 or more steel gripping points give you *traction you can trust* . . . when you need it. Ask your dealer for WEED V-Bar Tire Chains!

QUIT YOUR SKIDDING! Tests show WEED V-Bars stop you over twice as fast as any tires on glare ice. Get yours early!



ACCO American Chain & Cable Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn. In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.

WEED TIRE CHAINS
1904-1954
Intentionally Better for 50 Years!



Letters...

Dream House

Editor: A carpenter I knew declared that he never built a house where the lady didn't wish she had "just one more room." Viewing your article Mr. Eisenhower Builds His Dream House, and the cover (Sept. 17th), I wonder if our Ike wasn't asked by the first lady for "just one more room." Surely no government crisis could elicit his look of not-too-quiet desperation!
Dora S. Lee, Prescott, Ariz.

Report Cards

Editor: You are to be complimented for presenting an extremely vivid commentary on our modern school grading system (Report Cards: EGFU, SNUX or ABC?, Sept. 17th). It clearly attests that the trend is away from the development of individual thinking and is headed toward mass conformity and mediocrity—the goal of those who advocate "adjusting to the group."
Raymond A. LaJoie, Worcester, Mass.

. . . I was shocked to realize how quickly and silently the Socialist way of life, as evidenced by the modern report-card system, has infiltrated our public schools. However, it is encouraging to note how many good citizens have recognized the danger in the lack of competition. I only hope that many more will not only become alert to this threat but act against it.
Adele M. Dooley, Robbinsdale, Minn.

. . . I was surprised that no educators favored returning to a numerical grading. Standards have been lowered considerably. Some years ago, 75 was passing in our schools; today, 70 is passing . . .
Eugene E. Vaught, Belleville, Ill.

. . . I wholeheartedly agree that the ABC system is best for elementary schools, but the Montreal Protestant Central School Board has a still better grading method for high school. Every pupil is given a numerical grade up to 100 per cent. In addition, he gets a mark from 1 to 4. This second grade shows in which quarter of the class the mark falls. For example, if one pupil in a class of 36 gets 75 per cent in history and 10 of his classmates get higher grades, he would be marked 75-2 to show that the mark placed him in the second quarter of the class.

Thus parents can see how their children are doing individually, and in relationship to other members of the class.
David H. Auerbach, Montreal, Canada

Save Italy?

Editor: I was pleased to read the article by Gabriel Vogliotti, Can Italy Be Saved? (Sept. 17th). It is the first time anyone has put a finger on the real issue over which the Communists are making their drive for political control—hunger and poverty. Until our diplomats begin to understand that, Italy will never be saved.
George R. Evans, St. Petersburg, Fla.

. . . You show Vogliotti talking to a "sheepherder" (below). Those are the oddest-looking sheep I ever saw.
Y. Carden, Redondo Beach, Cal.

We look pretty sheepish ourselves. Those are cows the cowherder is leading—Italian-type cows.

Football Preview

EDITOR: JUST READ FRANCIS WALLACE'S 15TH FOOTBALL PREVIEW (SEPT. 17TH) AND I CERTAINLY WISH HE HAD PICKED MISSISSIPPI STATE AS NATIONAL CHAMPIONS INSTEAD OF OLE MISS. AS A RABID MISSISSIPPI ROOTER AND A FORMER STUDENT—CLASS OF '30—I HOPE IT DOES NOT JINX US FOR THE SEASON.
Frank Potts, Jackson, Miss.

. . . My faith in Mr. Wallace's Previews has been shaken by his selection of Ole Miss as the No. 1 team for the coming season. Granted, Mississippi may finish with a 10-0 record, but they don't play any of Mr. Wallace's top twenty teams, and don't even meet the top three teams in their conference. How can a team with such a schedule prove itself No. 1 in the country?
Frank Hunt, Fayetteville, N.C.

Francis Wallace pointed out in the article that his selections were not necessarily always either the men or the teams he personally thought best. "My job," he said, "is merely to guess how the experts are going to guess at the season's end." And the experts, it seems, are always impressed by an undefeated record. Few sports writers who voted Maryland, undefeated during the regular season, No. 1 last year would have been willing to root for the Terps over Notre Dame, rated No. 2. Swami Wallace specifically acknowledged Ole Miss's "unique schedule break," and still backs them to end up as national champs for 1954.

Benson: Tide-Turner

Editor: Congratulations on your laudatory editorial about Secretary Benson, Benson Turns a Tide (Sept. 17th). It is refreshing to read praise for a job well done, particularly when that praise is sounded for someone who deserves it.
David R. Crowle, Glen Olden, Pa.

. . . I've been a family farmer for 35 years. I farmed for 10 or 15 years during Coolidge and Hoover and I figure that time was donated to Republican farm mismanagement. The Eisenhower-Benson brand is the same old stuff under a different label. I voted for Ike but I'm going down the line against him next election.
Roy E. Karp, Smith Center, Kans.

Power of Love

Editor: We wish the critics of Liberace (Liberace: The Power of Love, Sept. 17th) had the opportunity to visit a hospital after he's appeared there. The patients just glow. God bless our genius!
Melody Duncan and Dorothy Jo Ditewig, Bensenville, Ill.

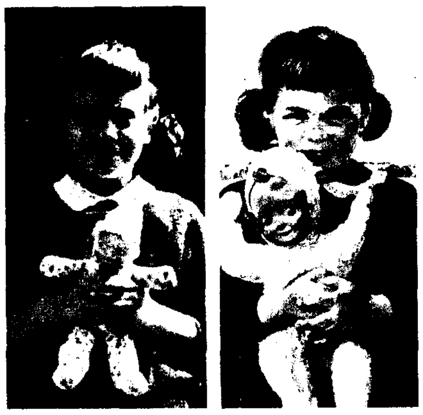
. . . The maestro says critics won't let the majority rule. If the majority gives an answer to a mathematical problem and Einstein gives another, which solution would you believe right? However, when Liberace and Paderewski were mentioned in the same breath, that was unadulterated blasphemy.
Frank L. Nicolosi, Brooklyn, N.Y.

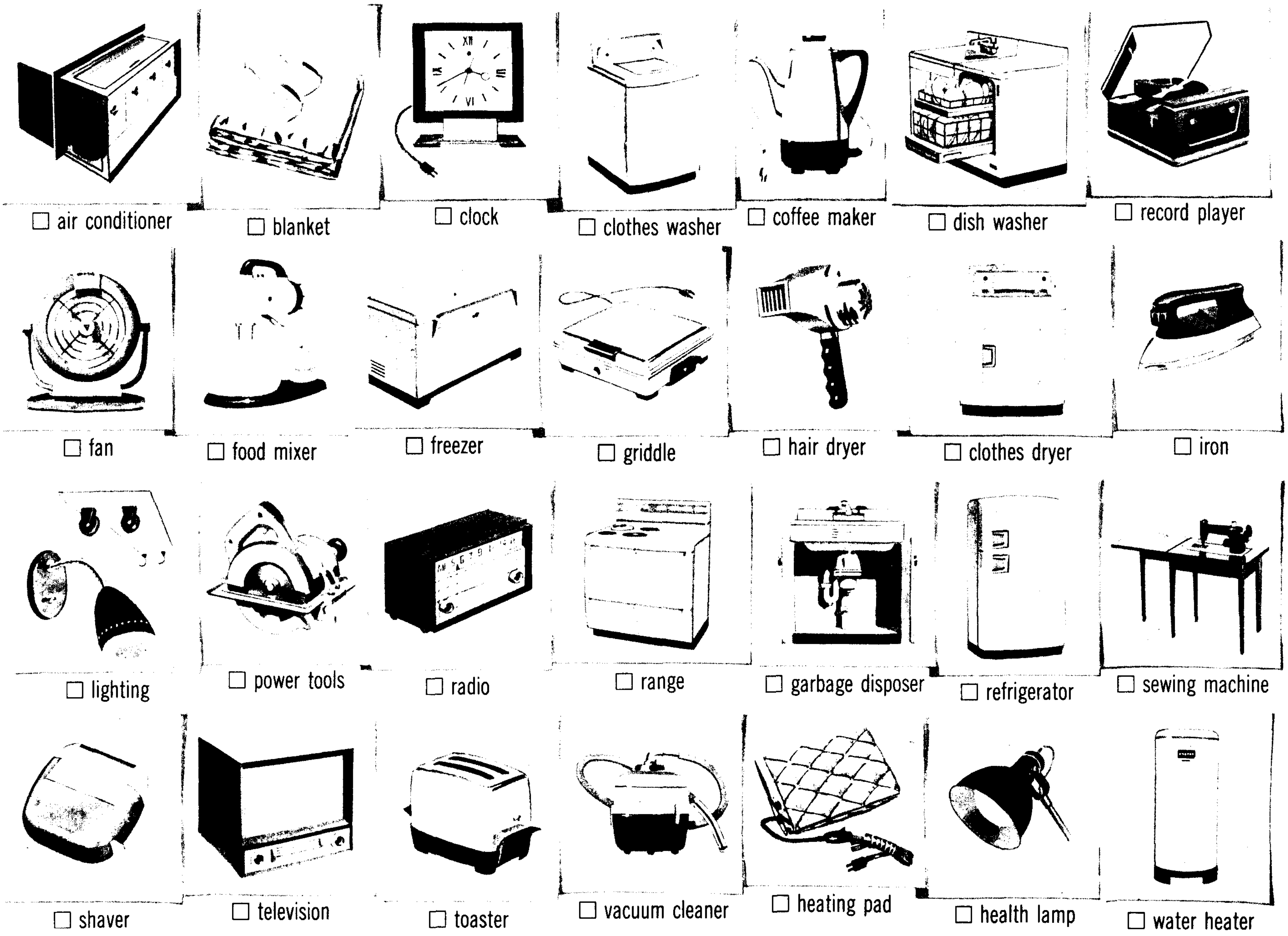
. . . If American men would like to stop the Liberace madness in their women, they should try a little of the love-and-tenderness routine themselves. Sure, the guy is corny and a little dumb, but who isn't at times? He's just what television needs, and I hope he gets lots of competition.
Mrs. E. C. Carslake, Willows, Cal.

. . . The women all love Liber*ace,*
The tunes that he plays are *cace.*
But as he admits,
He's no Horowitz,
And his Beethoven's usually *scrace.*
David R. Moreira, Arlington, Mass.

Cover Girls

Editor: I thought you might be interested in the striking resemblance between my daughter Pamela *(left)*, and Joan (Cupie) Mitchell, whose portrait *(right)* appeared on your August 6th cover illustrating the story Children on Alcatraz.
Charles Drouhard, Massillon, Ohio





☐ air conditioner
☐ blanket
☐ clock
☐ clothes washer
☐ coffee maker
☐ dish washer
☐ record player
☐ fan
☐ food mixer
☐ freezer
☐ griddle
☐ hair dryer
☐ clothes dryer
☐ iron
☐ lighting
☐ power tools
☐ radio
☐ range
☐ garbage disposer
☐ refrigerator
☐ sewing machine
☐ shaver
☐ television
☐ toaster
☐ vacuum cleaner
☐ heating pad
☐ health lamp
☐ water heater

Check how many of these electric appliances you have.

How far ahead of Edison are you?

Just 75 years ago, Thomas A. Edison created the first practical electric light bulb.

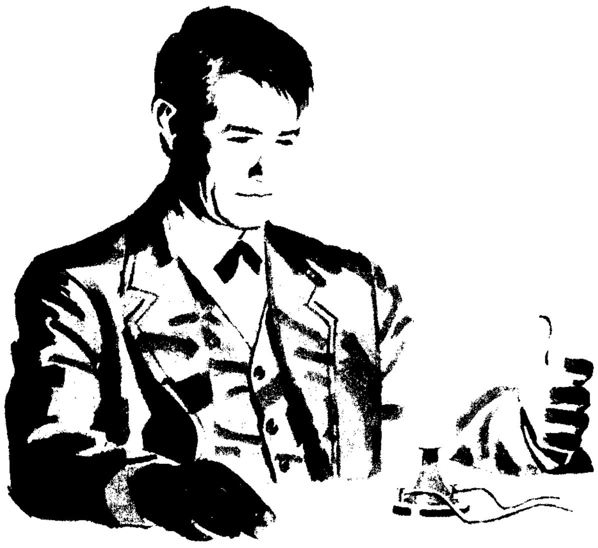
It was a feeble thing and a luxury at first. Who could have guessed then how many ways *you'd* be using electricity today—to save time and effort, to make living more pleasant.

You're putting more new electrical "servants" to work year after year. That means you're going to need still more electricity.

The nation's electric light and power companies are building for that additional electric power you'll want. By 1965, consumers will be using twice as much as they do today.

No matter how far ahead of Edison *you* are—today or tomorrow—you'll have all the low-price electricity you want. America's electric light and power companies will continue to provide plenty for home, farm and industry. That's why there's no need for the federal government to increase the public debt by building more unnecessary power projects.

Names of the Electric Light and Power Companies publishing this advertisement available on request from this magazine.



Young Tom Edison and his history-making light bulb, 1879. To bring it into use he had to invent a whole system for distributing electricity.

Save Sunday Night, October 24

for a television treat—a *four-network*, two-hour LIGHT'S DIAMOND JUBILEE program, presented by the nation's electric industry. Produced by David O. Selznick, it will be the biggest TV show of '54! The date—October 24. The time—9 to 11 P. M. (E.S.T.) on your favorite CBS, ABC, NBC or Dumont station. And don't forget your regular electric companies' show, "You Are There"—CBS television.

LIGHT'S DIAMOND JUBILEE 1879 1954

LIGHT FOR FREEDOM POWER FOR PROGRESS
COMMEMORATING THOMAS A. EDISON'S INVENTION OF THE FIRST PRACTICAL INCANDESCENT LAMP OCTOBER 21, 1879

Daring flying dive onto bed of jagged glass *fails* to damage ALL-NEW TUBELESS SUPER-CUSHION!

Here's a real hair-raiser! The top photo insert shows a Jimmie Lynch Death Dodger taking a high-speed dive off a ramp. Then down he comes with a smashing crash onto a bed of broken bottles. (The lower photo insert shows you, close up, how rough that landing area really was.) What happened? Nothing. That jagged glass couldn't cut through the tough 3-T Cord body of the All-New Tubeless Super-Cushion. There was no puncture—no blowout. The Death Dodger rode safely away. That's the kind of protection *you* need out on the highway!

GOODYEAR'S new kind of tubeless tire can take smashing impacts like this because it's made with 3-T Cord—the most advanced tire cord of them all.

Thanks to Goodyear's new way of treating tire cord—the exclusive and patented 3-T process—tough cord sinews are triple-tempered and integrated with improved rubber compounds under Tension, Temperature and Time to produce a mighty tubeless tire body that's completely unified—completely airtight.

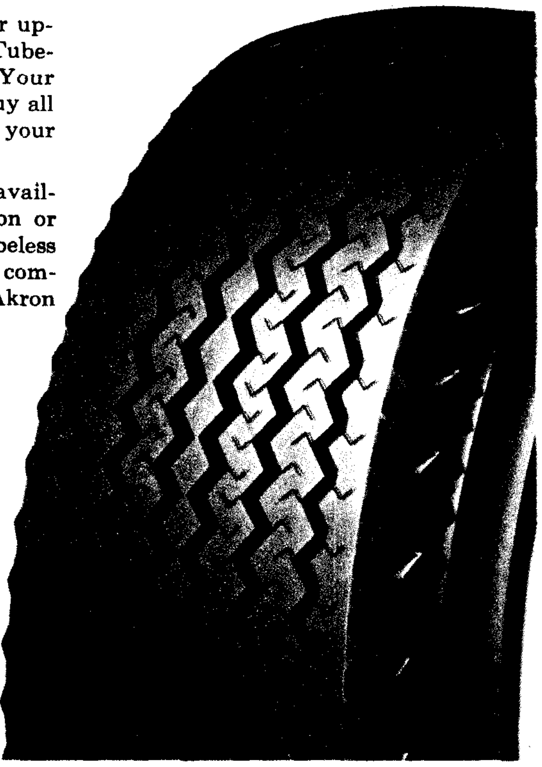
The new Tubeless Super-Cushion gives:

1. **Puncture Protection**—of a kind never offered before in either standard or tubeless tires.
2. **Blowout Protection**—providing a greatly increased margin of safety.
3. **Better Performance**—a quieter, smoother, easier ride—plus even greater mileage than today's great standard tires.
4. **And it combines** all these advantages at a reasonable price—a price no higher than the cost of a standard tire and tube.

Perhaps the best proof of this is the action of the automobile industry. The new Tubeless Super-Cushion will be standard equipment on many of the new '55 cars.

Why not bring *your* car up-to-date with All-New Tubeless Super-Cushions? Your Goodyear dealer will buy all the unused mileage in your present tires.

This great new tire is available in either 3-T Rayon or Nylon Cord—as a tubeless tire or in a tire and tube combination. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

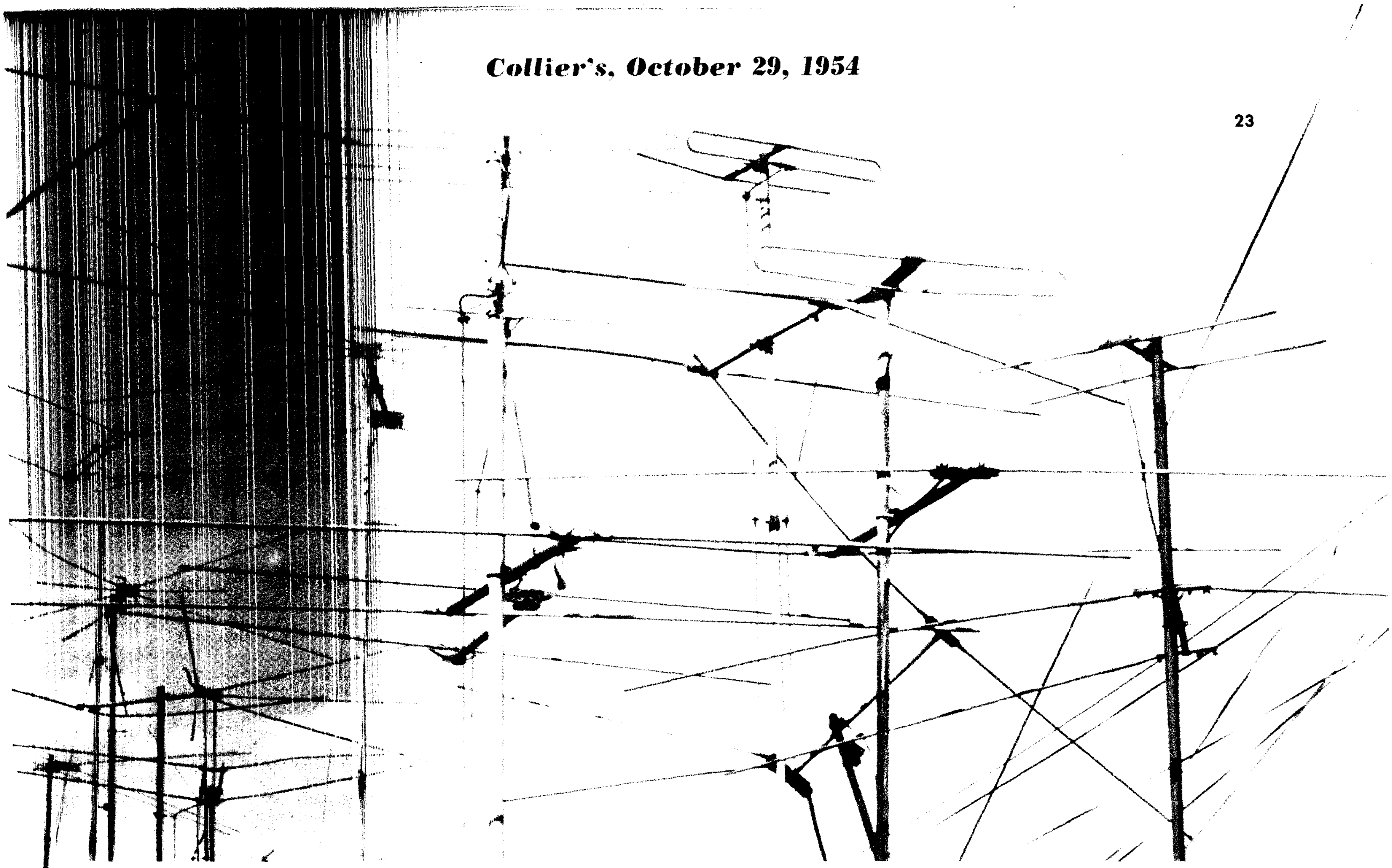


MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

ALL-NEW TUBELESS SUPER-CUSHION

by GOODYEAR

Super-Cushion, T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



TV and radio broadcasters spend millions trying to learn which programs are the most popular—and never really find out. Now, aroused, they're asking pointed questions. Why do poll takers disagree? How do they work? And, most important:

Who Knows Who's on Top?

By BILL DAVIDSON

As THE sun rose high over New York's East River, Mr. Red Buttons, the eminent TV comedian, bestirred himself in his plush Sutton Place apartment. He surveyed the splendor to which he had risen in two short years in television, then reached thoughtfully for the phone and dialed the number of a CBS official. "I want to know how I'm doing this week," he said. "Send over the latest TV ratings."

The CBS man hesitated. "Red," he said, "you won't learn anything from the ratings. One rating service has you No. 3, just behind I Love Lucy and Dragnet; but another, which is supposed to be measuring the same audience, has you No. 24."

Mr. Buttons, to say the least, was confused—and his confusion was compounded a few weeks later when CBS dropped him because of his insufficiently high ratings. At about the same time, NBC dropped Dave Garroway from his Friday-night spot because of *his* insufficiently high ratings. So whom did NBC hire to replace Garroway this fall? Why, none other than the by-now flabbergasted Mr. Buttons.

But Buttons is not the only one who is baffled by what has come to be called "TV's Numbers Game." The whole industry is in an uproar over the ratings, which are commercial public-opinion polls that attempt to estimate, from a cross section of the population, just how many people are listening to each radio and TV program. The information is sold to sponsors, networks, individual stations, advertising agencies and others interested in the relative standings of the performers.

The results of the polls are expressed in percentages; thus, when Groucho Marx gets a 48.7 rating, he is presumably being watched on 48.7 per cent of the sets that can be reached by stations transmitting his show. For several seasons, the highest ratings have gone to the I Love Lucy program on CBS, with Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. Jack Webb's NBC program, Dragnet, usually places second. After them, in varying order

WERNER WOLFF

GARY WAGNER

George Jessel is bitter about ratings: he's lost two ABC programs because of low grades

All broadcasters agree ratings are essential—

from week to week and from one rating service to another, come Groucho Marx and Milton Berle, both on NBC, Jackie Gleason and Ed Sullivan, on CBS, and others.

As Red Buttons discovered, however, the darling of one rating service may be the dud of another. There are a number of rating services engaged in the lucrative business of measuring the popularity of radio and TV shows. Six of the best-known are the A. C. Nielsen Company, Videodex, Inc., Trendex, Inc., the American Research Bureau, C. E. Hooper, Inc., and The Pulse, Inc.

No two of the services use identical methods of collecting information. The result is as if the major leagues were to put out widely varying sets of batting averages, all based on different criteria.

Statistics Make or Break a Program

Nevertheless, the rating services have wielded tremendous influence. As comedian Sid Caesar puts it, "We live or die by the ratings." In short, the public is usually permitted to enjoy only those programs that safely run the poll takers' gantlet. If your favorite program has a low rating it's probably doomed, no matter how much you—and others who share your taste—may cherish it. Naturally, that isn't the responsibility of the rating services; they just pass along statistics. It's the advertising agencies, sponsors and networks which give the numbers undue emphasis.

Under the circumstances, however, the precision of the surveys is of prime importance—and until recently, the only challenge to their accuracy had come from performers, writers and others directly affected.

On the wall outside Arthur Godfrey's office is a derisive sign inscribed, "Hooper-Schmooper." Goodman Ace, once known as a top radio wit and now the principal writer on the current Milton Berle TV show, is mischievously contemptuous. He told me, "Television has eliminated readin' and writin' from the three R's and is concerned only with 'rithmetic."

Most vehement of all is comedian George Jessel, who had two ABC shows shot out from under him by the ratings last year.

"It's just like you go to Lindy's Restaurant and see three people eating sour cream," Jessel said bitterly; "and then you say, 'Everyone in the United States eats sour cream.' "

Executives of the rating services are used to the attacks of performers and writers. They usually smile understandingly and quote the classic remark of comedian Abe Burrows: "A rating is a figure which tells you the size of your audience, and which is completely inaccurate if it is too low." But they do not smile when they are attacked by executives and other influential figures in the broadcasting industry—and lately there has been a sharp increase in such high-level criticism.

The mounting complaints of the broadcasting executives pose the greatest challenge the rating services have ever had to face: the outcome may affect what you see and hear on TV and radio for some time to come.

Some months ago, the rating people were vigorously assailed by a distinguished committee of the National Association of Broadcasters for producing "what appears to be conflicting testimony" on the standing of shows. Last December, they were attacked by Sponsor, a trade publication for radio and TV advertisers, in a report headed What's Wrong with the Rating Services? Among other criticisms, the Sponsor article voiced suspicion regarding relations between some rating services and certain of their customers. Said the report: "Stations, agencies, all bring pressure to bear to keep ratings high. Sponsor has seen letters from stations to rating services promising to buy the service 'when you can show us on top.' " Currently, a second important group of broadcasters is investigating the whole ratings industry.

NBC PHOTO

Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca broke up their team after the Show of Shows rating faltered

I spoke with many of the leading research executives in the networks and advertising agencies. All agreed that ratings are a necessary yardstick for the industry, and that some concerns do a reasonably accurate job in some areas. All the experts, however, had serious reservations. Oscar Katz, research director of CBS-TV, told me, "It would take more money than the entire broadcasting industry earns to pay for a really accurate rating service." A high-ranking NBC official said, "The trouble is that some of the rating services have no really top-flight scientific research people. In fact, some of them are run by promoters who simply came up with an idea to make money."

Discontent with the ratings also is apparent in many of the advertising agencies, which frequently produce radio and TV shows, from start to finish, for their clients.

Dr. E. L. Deckinger, research director for Biow Company, Inc., told me, "Some methods just can't eliminate all errors in reporting." G. Maxwell Ule, research director of Kenyon & Eckhardt, remarked, "I'm afraid the rating services generate more heat than light." Most blunt of all was George MacGovern, director of research for William Esty Company, Inc. "Anyone with a few hundred dollars and a telephone switchboard can set himself up in the ratings business," he said. "And as long as there's someone around who can give you a lot of information that makes you look good at a cheap price, there are going to be customers for it."

Yet, despite the widespread criticism and suspicion of many of the ratings, they continue to wield tremendous power in the broadcasting industry. "And the damage they can do," says George Rosen, TV and radio editor of the trade paper Variety, "is amazing." Sometimes the fault lies in the ratings themselves, sometimes it's in how they're used. In either case, the audience is likely to be the loser.

Rosen, for example, cites the experience of Ted Mack, master of ceremonies of NBC's Original Amateur Hour. "Mack is a great salesman," says Rosen. "His faithful listeners always follow his advice and buy the product that sponsors him; he rushes about addressing dealer meetings and conventions for his sponsors. In short, he never fails to move a lot of goods for the advertiser. But what happens? He can't get a high rating—especially since he is put opposite such stars as Jackie Gleason. So time after time his show is canceled. Satisfied though his sponsors might be, they can't stand losing face by paying for a show that's low-rated."

The Tribulations of Mr. Red Buttons

Another example is Red Buttons. He was an obscure young night-club comedian a couple of years ago when he was discovered by a CBS vice-president who gave him a chance to do his own program on TV. At the end of his first year, Buttons had a comfortable position among the first five in the Nielsen ratings. But in his second year Buttons' ratings began to slip. They didn't slip far—but Red's show followed I Love Lucy, and his sponsors couldn't understand why Lucy's 60 rating fell off to Buttons' 40. Buttons says, "Imagine anyone complaining about a 40 rating? That's better than some of the most successful shows on the air." At one point, he called to the sponsor's attention that though he had slipped to 19th place in the Nielsen ratings, he still was listed third by another rating service.

His protest was to no avail, and the format-changers got to work. Instead of Buttons' free-wheeling style of comedy, they pinned him down to situation comedy—over his objection that there were too many situation comedies on the air already. His rating continued to drop.

Finally, in desperation, Buttons went back to his original format. By that time, it was too late. The sponsor canceled the show, and CBS, which could have renewed Buttons' contract for another year, decided to let him go. Almost immediately, the young comedian was signed by NBC, which had scientifically analyzed the composition of Buttons' audience and decided that he'd have great appeal for children in an early evening show.

"The pay-off," says Variety's George Rosen, "is that CBS learned at the end of last season that after reverting to his original format Buttons had climbed into a tie for the No. 7 spot in the Nielsen ratings with CBS' Ed Sullivan."

Even Your Show of Shows, the Sid Caesar–Imogene Coca extravaganza that received as much critical acclaim as any other program in the history of TV, was an indirect victim of the overemphasis on ratings. One featured performer on the show told me that when the rating began to slip because of increasing competition on Saturday night, the people connected with the program became afraid to experiment with the new ideas which had been the show's lifeblood. Instead they feverishly began to repeat the old ideas that had attracted their highest ratings in the past. "And that finished us," he said. "When we lost our capacity to experiment, we died." This year, as a consequence, Sid Caesar, Imogene Coca and producer Max Liebman all have separate shows.

The ratings craze does its damage in many subtle

so long as they're accurate and properly used

ZINN ARTHUR

Red Buttons' standing wasn't high enough for one network, but another thought it was fine

ways. Ed Sullivan told me, "It's very unfair to a new show. You can't possibly spot a trend for at least thirteen weeks, but some sponsors are so ratings-happy that they'll yank a show off the air almost immediately if the numbers don't look good." That's almost what happened to comedian Danny Thomas, who came up with a disappointing 9.2 Trendex rating the day after his first Make Room for Daddy show on ABC last season. A fainthearted sponsor would have pulled out, but the two companies sponsoring Thomas agreed to sit back and wait; "and sure enough," says ABC's director of research, Don Coyle, "when the Nielsen rating came out for that very same first show, Danny was given a 15.4 rating." Eventually Thomas rose to a solid 26.

To Sid Caesar, the slavish adherence to ratings is thoroughly unrealistic. He says, "A rating may have nothing to do with the quality or actual popularity of a show. All sorts of external considerations enter the picture.

"Just to indulge in fantasy, suppose, for example, you had Beethoven playing his Moonlight Sonata on one TV network, Handel conducting his Hallelujah Chorus at the same hour on a second network, and Mozart conducting his Marriage of Figaro on a third. Because they're competing with one another, they're splitting the audience three ways, and cutting their ratings. Furthermore, Beethoven and Handel may be seen on many more stations, including several which are in cities where there is no other TV channel and the people have nothing else to look at, so poor Mozart automatically gets a comparatively low rating. He'd be thrown off the air."

Another hazard of the overreliance on ratings is pointed out by ad executive George MacGovern. "Too many of my colleagues use the ratings as an excuse for not thinking. Instead of concentrating on fresh ideas, they look at the ratings, then come up with shows that are imitations of the leaders." George Rosen of Variety adds, "That's why TV was cluttered for so long with giveaway shows which were a blight on the industry, and that's why so many programs today are outrageous copies of I Love Lucy or Dragnet. NBC has one medical-drama series so much like Dragnet that everyone in the industry refers to it as Drugnet."

GRAYBILL

Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball. Their I Love Lucy is consistently rated No. 1 by all pollsters

The general failure to understand the proper function of the ratings can be almost catastrophic—as it was in the near demolition of the radio industry.

For years, C. E. Hooper was the kingpin of the radio ratings field. His so-called Hooperatings were based on samplings of listeners in 36 key American cities. Though Hooper never claimed he was producing accurate national ratings, most broadcasting bigwigs took it for granted that the 36 Hooper cities gave an exact picture of listening behavior all over the country.

What the Advertising Brass Forgot

But then, in the late 1940s, came the mushrooming of television. As it turned out, nearly all of the new stations sprang up in Hooper's 36 cities, causing an inevitable decline in the radio ratings there. The advertising brass took one look at the plummeting ratings and rushed to get out of radio programing. The radio industry was dealt a blow from which it has never fully recovered. It just didn't occur to anyone that Hooper's city ratings bore no relation to what was going on in huge areas of the nation where television had not yet arrived.

In sum, there can be little doubt that most of the damage done by the ratings, from the viewpoint of the audience, at least, results from misuse rather than from defects in the ratings themselves. Yet in some respects, the rating services do fail—just as in others they provide a useful tool for the industry.

There are four major polling techniques: the roster-recall method, the telephone-coincidental method, the diary method, and the mechanical recorder.

Under the roster-recall method, used by The Pulse, Inc., among others, interviewers go from home to home, show the householder a list of programs, and ask what shows were listened to in the preceding few hours. This method is fast and inexpensive, and it can include more people in the sample than any other technique (Pulse interviews 67,000 families, compared with less than 1,000 for some other methods).

But the roster-recall has disadvantages, too. The person interviewed generally is the housewife, and she often has no idea what programs attracted her husband and children. Also, the memory—or the interviewer—can play strange tricks. Not long ago a rating service using the roster-recall method inexplicably came up with a complete set of ratings for the evening programs of a San Antonio radio station. The catch was that the station goes off the air daily at sunset.

Jack Benny says, "The way they arrive at those

Some high-rated shows don't sell the sponsor's product. "A battin

ARRY WINOGRAND

"How can you tell what 100,000,000 people are doing by asking 700?" inquires Jimmy Durante

ratings reminds me of when I was a kid and would earn pin money by distributing circulars for a neighborhood store. After a while, you'd get tired and start leaving four or five at one house. Then, after a while, you'd take half of your bundle and toss it down a sewer. All the kids did that. I even did it when I was distributing circulars for my father's store."

The second method is the telephone-coincidental. Among its users are Trendex and, in part, Hooper (who cross-checks with the third, or diary, method). They pick names in a set rotation from the telephone book and phone people to ask what program their set is tuned to at that moment. There is no memory loss, and the service is extremely fast. Trendex, with interviewers in 10 key cities, can furnish information on a TV show the morning after it has appeared. Furthermore, since it is set up only in cities where there are three or more competing stations, Trendex can provide comparative, or share-of-audience, figures overnight.

Hazards of Phoning Viewers at Home

But the telephone-coincidental method, too, has its disadvantages. Homes without telephones cannot be reached, nor can people with unlisted phones. In addition, Trendex' Robert B. Rogers readily acknowledges that a man who has been watching a children's program, say, may be ashamed to report it. Rogers also says that his interviewers can't phone people in the morning or late at night because of the danger of irritating slumberers; as a result, unless specifically asked he produces no ratings whatever for off-hour programs. However, the biggest weakness of the system is the questionable reliability of the interviewers—who usually are untrained housewives, shut-ins or schoolteachers hired on a part-time, piece-work basis. (The average interviewer makes about $50 a month in her spare time.)

Variety's George Rosen once checked up on a suspicious-looking rating in Atlanta, Georgia. He tracked down the single interviewer who had provided all the information on which the rating was based—and got her to confess that she had made one phone call, and no more.

The third system of producing ratings is the diary method, used mainly by Videodex and the American Research Bureau (known to the industry as ARB), and also—along with the telephone—by Hooper. Sample households are given a diary and asked to note down all the programs they see and hear over a seven-day period. On the whole, the method is cheap and permits a comparatively large sample (9,000 diaries for Videodex, 2,200 for ARB). The diaries reach all kinds of homes—rich and poor, telephone and nontelephone, urban and rural; and the method allows more detailed information to be gathered, if desired, by asking the householder to jot down such extras as the ages of the people in the audience, their attentiveness to commercials, and so on.

But the placing of diaries can be a haphazard method scientifically, since many people refuse to accept them, which could throw an entire sample out of kilter. Also, there is a tendency to neglect filling out the diary until the last day of the week. Here, too, memory is unreliable and people will put down anything that comes into their heads—including, occasionally, shows which haven't been on the air for years, like the old Ken Murray program. As comedian Herb Shriner put it, "If you stop a woman leaving a supermarket and ask her to tell you everything she just bought, she won't be able to. So how can she be expected to remember what she listened to a week ago?"

The fourth and most widely admired method of producing ratings is the mechanical recording device. Because it's so costly, the only outfit using the mechanical method today is the multimillion-dollar A. C. Nielsen Company, which has been a leader for years in other forms of research. The Nielsen device, called the Audimeter, is a small black box about the size of a portable-typewriter case. It is attached by wire to all radios and television receivers in a household, and it records on film every station to which the set is tuned during a two-week period. The householder then mails the film to the Nielsen Company in Chicago, where electronic computers add up and analyze the data.

The Audimeter eliminates human error, records day and night, and can produce vital information unobtainable otherwise, such as a minute-by-minute account of how a show is faring. A program could have a satisfactory over-all rating of 25, but if it starts with a 40 and drops off to a 16, it obviously is boring people. Research director Don Coyle of ABC told me how his network once used the Nielsen minute-by-minute figures to spot a weak five-minute period in ABC's radio programing that was losing audience and lowering the ratings of the entire Monday-through-Friday morning schedule. The weak five minutes were yanked out and ABC now is running ahead of its strong NBC and CBS competitors in the morning field.

The Mountaineer and the Black Box

But the Audimeter method is not infallible. There are mechanical breakdowns, and many people simply don't want the black box in their homes. A West Virginia mountaineer who came home one night to find a newly installed Audimeter in the house took down his shotgun and blasted the box full of holes. He turned it over to the local police, who sent it to the FBI, who delivered the remains to the Nielsen Company.

Usually the resistance is not that violent, but industry experts point out that too many refusals could throw off the whole sample.

Another major complaint is that the Audimeter—unlike other systems—measures tuning, but not listening or viewing. A children's program may be watched by 15 youngsters gathered around a set, yet the black box records only one viewer. Also, a housewife who had the TV or radio turned on might actually be in some other room doing her housework.

There also are many complaints about the expense of the Nielsen service, which may cost a client as much as $200,000 a year, and several experts contend that it's too slow (most Nielsen reports don't come out until three or four weeks after a show has been on the air). A few TV people object, as well, to the fact that Nielsen keeps Audimeters in homes permanently and does not change the sample.

Max Liebman, producer of NBC's "spectaculars," feels that if an abnormal number of people in the sample are prejudiced against something or other, their prejudice may influence the ratings for the entire season.

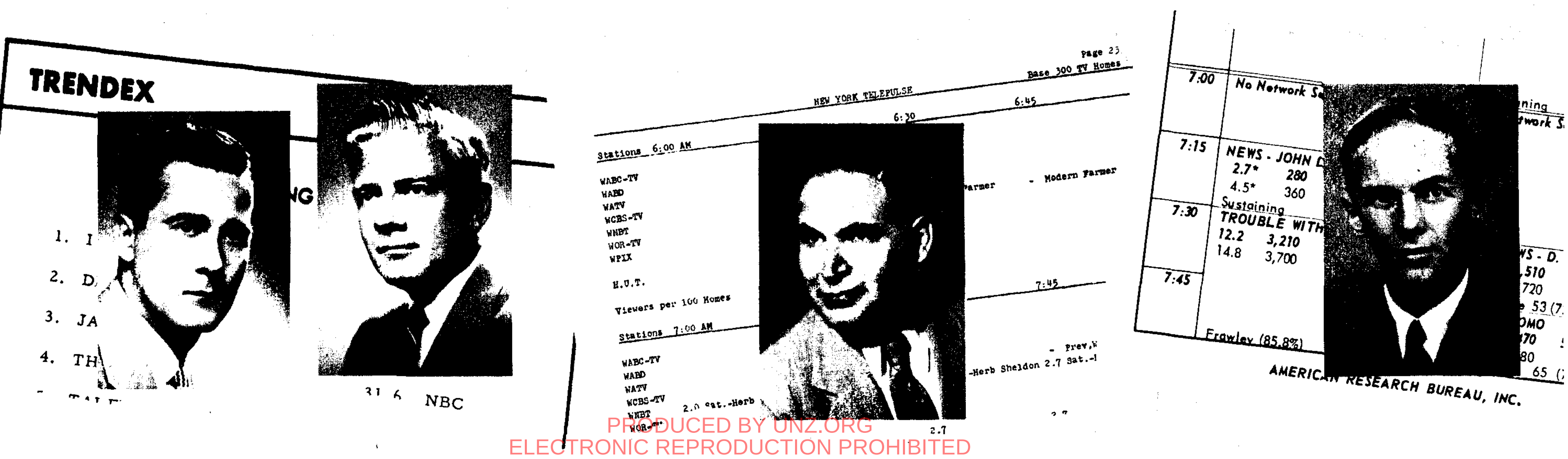
"There is no court in the United States," he says, "where there is a permanent set of jurors."

I found great difference of opinion about the size of the Nielsen sample—approximately 700 homes for TV and 1,200 homes for radio. Jimmy Durante asks, "How can you tell what 100,000,000 people are doing by asking 700?" To this, Nielsen replies that a large sample doesn't ensure accuracy—as was demonstrated in 1936 by the Literary Digest, which had a sample of 2,000,000 people when it predicted that Alf Landon would defeat Franklin D. Roosevelt in the Presidential election of that year. Nevertheless, Nielsen's small sample is a continuing source of criticism.

All in all, however, despite certain reservations, there is wide agreement that Nielsen provides a useful service. In the words of Hugh Beville, director of research at NBC, "The best service available to us is Nielsen—supplemented by the other rating services."

But is the best good enough? Almost all broad-

Some of the top pollsters who provide ratings for the radio-television industry: left to right, Robert B. Rogers and Edward G. Hynes, Jr.



average is no good," says Arthur Godfrey, "unless you drive in runs"

casting executives feel that some kind of audience-measurement method is necessary, but various aspects of the present systems trouble them deeply. They are aware, for example, of a deep-rooted fear of the rating services throughout the industry, based on a suspicion that harm can come to those who criticize the system. Whether the reason makes sense or not, the fear, I found, is real. Many people who learned I was inquiring about rating services refused to talk to me. One TV writer, formerly a vehement critic of the ratings, said, "I've got a good rating now, and I don't want to do anything to spoil it." He actually felt that the ratings could be rigged to take vengeance on him.

ZINN ARTHUR

Ed Sullivan (left) and Jack Benny (center) are critical of ratings although they do well personally—as does Groucho Marx (right)

Another concern of broadcasting executives is that the ratings are often at wide variance with sales figures—which is an indication that something must be wrong somewhere. For example, one sponsor who has had a top-rated show for years has, nevertheless, suffered from steadily declining sales since 1951. Conversely, Ray Bolger, with a consistently low rating, sold copious quantities of his sponsors' products last year. Arthur Godfrey points out that his lowest-rated show sells more of the sponsor's product than any of his other programs. "A rating is like a batting average," says Godfrey. "It doesn't mean a thing unless you score or drive in a lot of runs."

A third element that troubles the broadcasters is the fact that ratings can be affected tremendously by outside considerations having little to do with the program itself. Ed Sullivan, for example, makes it a practice to pay frequent visits to his sponsor's dealers in various towns, drumming up interest in his Toast of the Town TV program; and his ratings always climb sharply in those cities immediately afterward.

In addition, networks have found that they can virtually ensure a good rating for a show by scheduling it next to a show with proven popularity. Burns and Allen had fairly low ratings when they were on Thursday nights. Then CBS moved the show to Monday night, just ahead of Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts and I Love Lucy. The rating shot up to the high 30's, putting the program among the top shows. The reason: most TV viewers, it has been discovered, turn the dial to the channel on which they plan to see their favorite program, and leave it there most of the evening.

Ratings can be just as easily wrecked by programing. The Arthur Godfrey and His Friends show on CBS was among the top 10 in the Nielsen ratings until NBC decided to throw some potent situation-comedy competition against Godfrey, instead of giving him the audience by default. NBC, which already had I Married Joan at 8 P.M., added My Little Margie at 8:30—and in a few months, Godfrey plummeted to No. 32.

Another consideration that began to disturb executives a few years ago was the quality of certain of the people entering the ratings field. One of the most influential rating services, for example, doesn't have a single mathematician or statistical scientist on its staff.

Yet, despite the widespread misgivings about the professional qualifications of the ratings makers, their rough figures are often used as if they were exact measurements. "The men who control the purse strings in our industry," explains television producer Jim Beach, "seem to be incapable of thinking in intangibles—but numbers are something they think they understand." Soon there were enough rating services to provide numbers to please everyone. As one rating-service executive told me, "We make people happy. If a sponsor looks at Nielsen and sees his show is down to 25, he feels depressed. Then he looks at us and sees the rating is 35. 'Ah,' he says, 'that's more like it.' And he feels better."

Soon whole networks were engaged in this numbers game. NBC has always fared better in the Nielsen ratings, principally because CBS can't get into as many cities (NBC still has no competition in dozens of one-station metropolises). But then Trendex came along. Trendex was set up in 10 cities where CBS was strong. Trendex' Robert B. Rogers frankly told me, "CBS does better with us; NBC does better with Nielsen. So CBS plugs Trendex and NBC plugs Nielsen." Variety's George Rosen derives great amusement out of the numbers game. "Every Monday morning," he says, "CBS calls me to point out that Toast of the Town is in the first ten in Trendex and that it murdered NBC's Comedy Hour the night before. Then, a few weeks later, the Nielsen ratings come out, covering the same night, and NBC is on the phone to inform me how the Comedy Hour is in the first ten in Nielsen and really murdered Toast of the Town."

On at least one occasion, two services provided ratings for the same program on the same day that were no less than 3800 per cent apart.

It was such discrepancies that finally induced the industry to act. In 1950, radio station KJBS in San Francisco became so incensed over contradictory testimony by Hooper and Pulse that it ran a full-page advertisement in the trade magazine Broadcasting-Telecasting, headed, "Two Umpires Behind the Plate Isn't Any Good in Broadcasting, Either." This ad led to a series of events which soon may clean up the entire ratings mess—and remove artificial controls over what you see on TV.

A committee that was formed in New York to investigate the radio station's charges quickly expanded the scope of its inquiry to take in the entire ratings field. Its report, filed for the National Association of Broadcasters, criticized the rating services so sharply that when the Advertising Research Foundation polled its members in 1952, asking them what they most wanted the foundation to do, there was an overwhelming vote in favor of "ending confusion in radio and TV audience ratings."

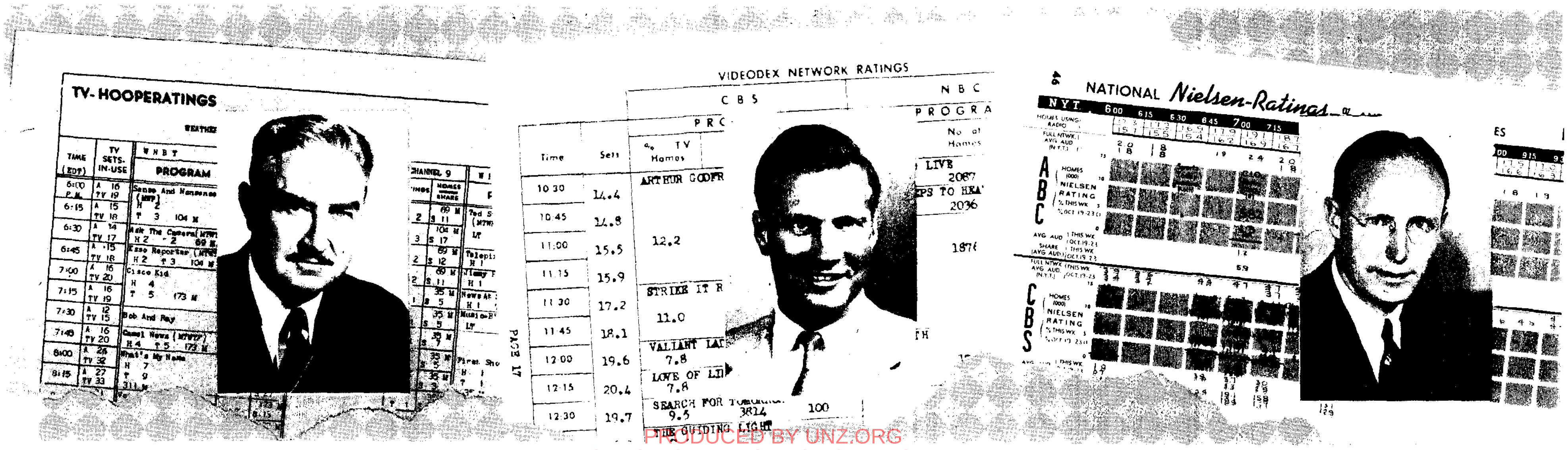
So the foundation appointed another committee, with all branches of the industry represented. The committee worked nights and weekends, and took hundreds of pages of testimony. Now, after two years, its report is just about ready to be published. The Biow agency's Dr. E. L. Deckinger, chairman of the committee, says, "We have a feeling that this study will be the Kinsey Report of the TV industry."

The content of the report is a secret, but I have learned that in it the investigators first offer 10 criteria for an ideal rating service—then show that none of the existing services can meet all 10. Closest is Nielsen, whose Audimeter fails on only two counts—that it can't measure out-of-home listening, and that its very presence might psychologically affect a family so that they watch TV more or less than they ordinarily would. The mechanical device also gets only a conditional okay on two other counts: possibility of mechanical failure and the limitation on the number of homes in which the machines are placed. The report will insist on a minimum sample of 1,200 homes for accuracy. But that figure is based on selection methods so tightly controlled that the present Nielsen sample might have to be expanded to as many as 1,800 homes to meet the report's standards.

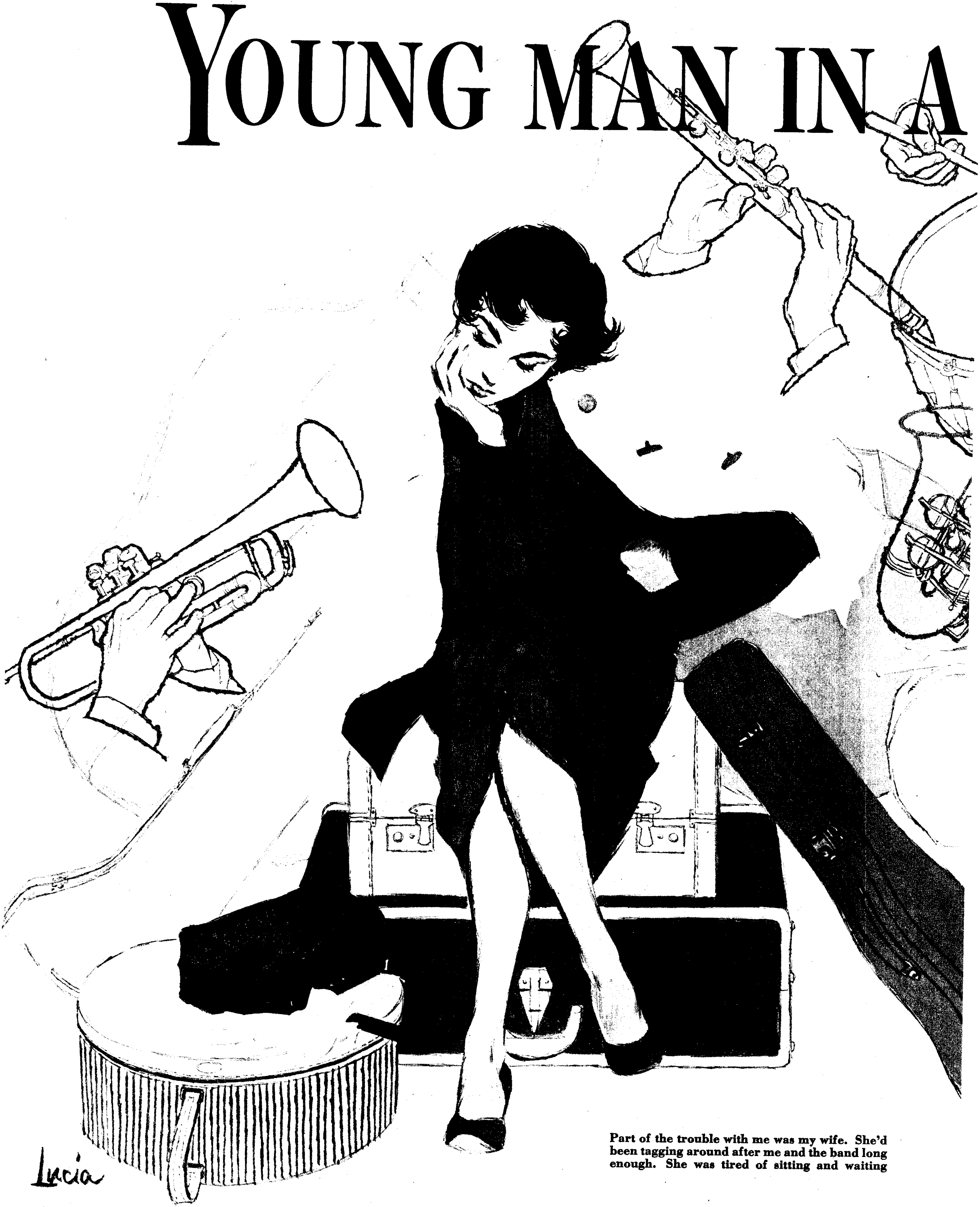
The committee hopes that once it makes its standards known to the industry, the broadcasters, sponsors and agencies will patronize only those ratings which are most capable of doing a fair job. But still the problem will rest squarely in the hands of the industry. Broadcasting executives will have to use the improved rating services fairly and sensibly. They will have to put aside personal prejudice and stop looking for numbers that do nothing but bolster their own points of view. Until that happens, there will be many answers—or no answer at all—to the big question of today's broadcasting: "Who's *really* on top in TV?"

▲▲▲

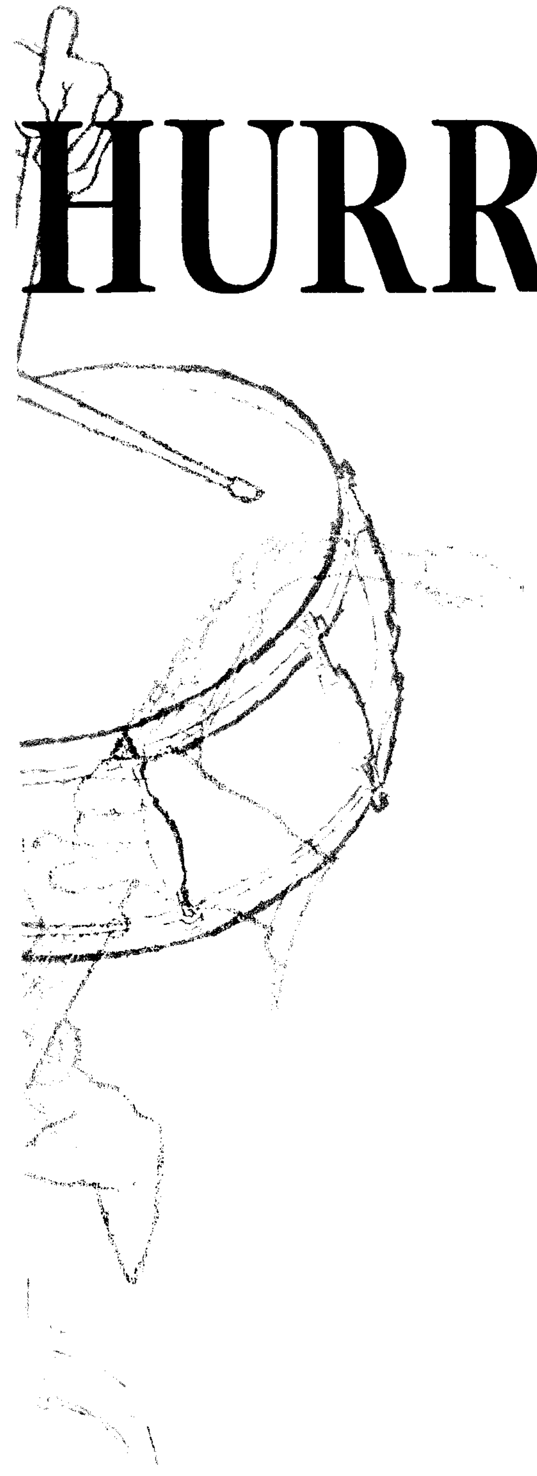
Trendex; Dr. Sydney Roslow of Pulse; James W. Seiler of the American Research Bureau; C. E. Hooper; Allan V. Jay of Videodex, and A. C. Nielsen



YOUNG MAN IN A



Part of the trouble with me was my wife. She'd been tagging around after me and the band long enough. She was tired of sitting and waiting



HURRY

I was out to make money, and nobody was going to stand in my way—not even the best friend I had in the world

By ROBERT PAUL SMITH

I GUESS maybe there are a hundred people left in the world who remember Forty Turner. Out of that hundred, about seventy-five probably remember him as a broken-down piano player who could have made the big time if he hadn't been so lazy. The others are people Forty owed money to, and girls who wasted their lives waiting for him to straighten up and fly right.

I remember Forty: he saved my life. He's been dead three years now, and yet he saved my life this afternoon.

I'm Paddy Tate. I'm a singer, what they call a pop singer. If you're old enough to have a daughter sixteen, you hate me—that's the kind of singer I am. I'm doing pretty good now. These days, the only way a singer really makes a buck is with records, and I've just had two big hits in a row, which is plenty all right when it comes to jack. I'm a pretty fair singer. I haven't got the greatest voice in the world, but I know what a beat is, and I know what tempo is, and when it comes to phrasing I'll slug it out with the best of them.

So, I'm a pretty fair singer. I'm not as young as I look—I've been around a little. I was out on the road with bands for a long time and I learned; I listened a lot and I learned. One of the guys I listened to was a piano player—Forty Turner, the guy this story is about. I'll tell you more about him later, but first you have to see what the pitch is with me.

You've been singing with bands for a while, then one day you hit a spot. You look at yourself in the mirror, or you have one more drink, or you wake up in the bus with everybody else asleep, and it comes at you. You say it to yourself: This is it, Jack; you get out or stay in, make it or break it. You do it right now—you either go and try it as a single, or you figure on being the boy with the band forever.

Well, of course, the first time you say it you don't do anything about it, or maybe even the second or the third time. But let me tell you, once you say it you'd better do something about it. You don't have to look far for horrible examples of guys who've been postponing decisions too long—like Forty.

Part of the trouble with me back then was Melba, my wife. She'd been tagging around after me and the band for long enough, I thought. I didn't get married to play games with a real girl like Melba. I figured she'd had enough of being a band wife. You see them in the lobbies of second-cut hotels in Broken Elbow, Wyoming, waiting, or in third-rate hotels in New York, waiting. When you see them a little older, they're pitiful. I had no eyes for Melba pitiful.

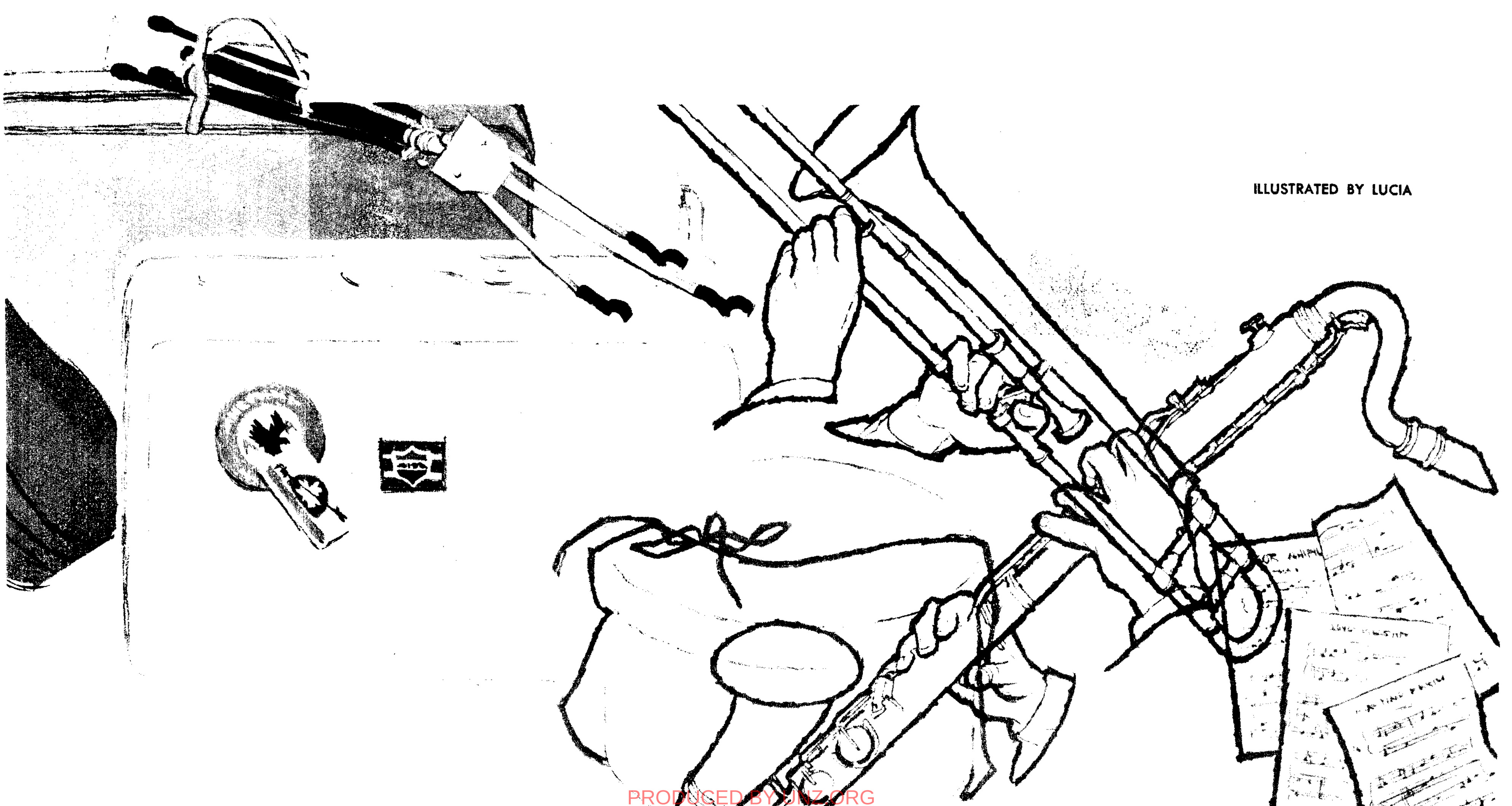
But still, going out as a single is awfully rough. Singing with a band, you let somebody else worry about the dates and the money. And stepping out of a band to do a single? Well, there isn't a singer in this whole country who hasn't either done it, or wished he'd done it, or is planning to do it someday.

ABOUT seven years ago, when I was trying to make up my mind to go as a single, there was still a band business. It's all shot now, but in those days, if you were willing to play one-night stands, there was a lot of change to pick up. I was with Jerry Packer's band; he wasn't one of the top three bands, but he came in fifth or sixth and we worked steady.

Melba and I had been married for two years then, and we were trying to save money. The way it worked, she didn't travel along with me. The band leader pays transportation for the band, but he sure don't pay for the band's wives. It was only when we were in a big town for a couple of weeks steady that we'd figure we had the money for Melba to come on out. The rest of the time, she'd be back in the hotel we lived in in New York. Melba's family lived in New York, and she used to spend a lot of time over at her mother's house. There was always a new, or pretty new, baby at Melba's house, and her mother could use all the help she could get.

(Continued on page 104)

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIA



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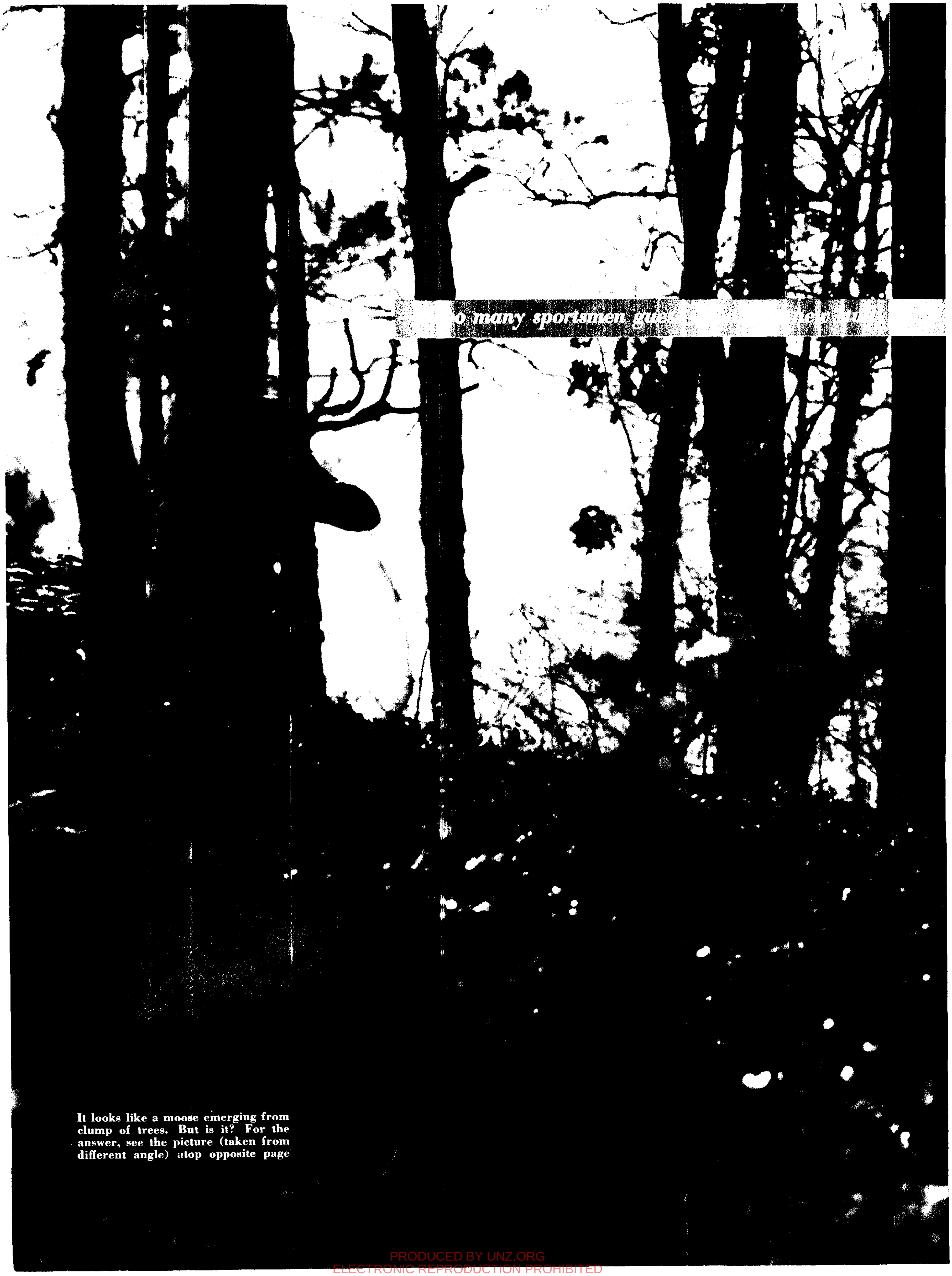


It looks like a moose emerging from clump of trees. But is it? For the answer, see the picture (taken from different angle) atop opposite page

Moose or Man?

By ALFRED M. LANSING

up some revealing facts about hunters involved in accidents

WALKING abreast, 30 to 40 yards apart, five hunters moved through the woods in quest of deer. The fall day was clear and crisp, made to order for hunting. Suddenly one of the men spotted a movement in a clearing to the left; it looked like—yes, the shape was certainly that of a deer. He snapped his rifle to his shoulder, squeezed the trigger, and the target dropped. Elated, the hunter ran forward—and found a member of his own party on the ground, seriously wounded.

This tragedy, with minor variations, will be re-enacted scores of times in the next few weeks as 20,000,000 Americans take to the woods and fields in search of game. Records of other years indicate that, when the season is over, some 500 of the hunters will be dead—shot by other hunters or by themselves. Four thousand others will be wounded. And one of the top causes of these accidents will be the fact that the victims were mistaken for animals.

Mistaking men for game is an especially tragic cause of accidents, since they are probably the most preventable of all. Indeed, it's hard for a nonhunter to understand how they can happen at all. More than half the victims are shot at ranges of less than 40 yards, and the shooter is usually a friend and hunting companion who knew his victim was somewhere nearby. Yet the facts are clear. In almost every survey ever made of hunting accidents, the number of hunters who said they thought they were firing at game has been high. They shot at a noise in the underbrush, at an indistinct shape partly hidden by rocks and trees, at a silhouette above the crest of a hummock.

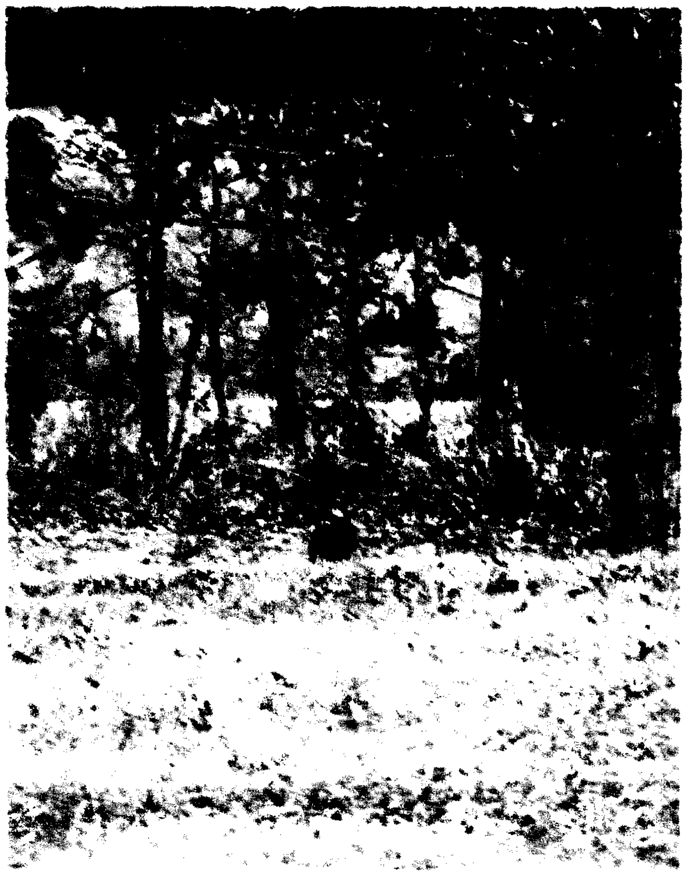
In the latest National Rifle Association survey of hunting accidents—a 1953 study based on 1,166 reports from the United States and Canada—mistaking-man-for-animal ranked third among all causes of non-self-inflicted wounds. The association has commented: "Sometimes the circumstances seemed incredible, a man is so different from a turkey or a rabbit . . ."

But the most damning indictment yet of the mistaken-identity shooter is contained in a study of all types of hunting accidents now being made public by the safety committee of the Minnesota Conservation Federation, comprising more than 100 sportsman's clubs.

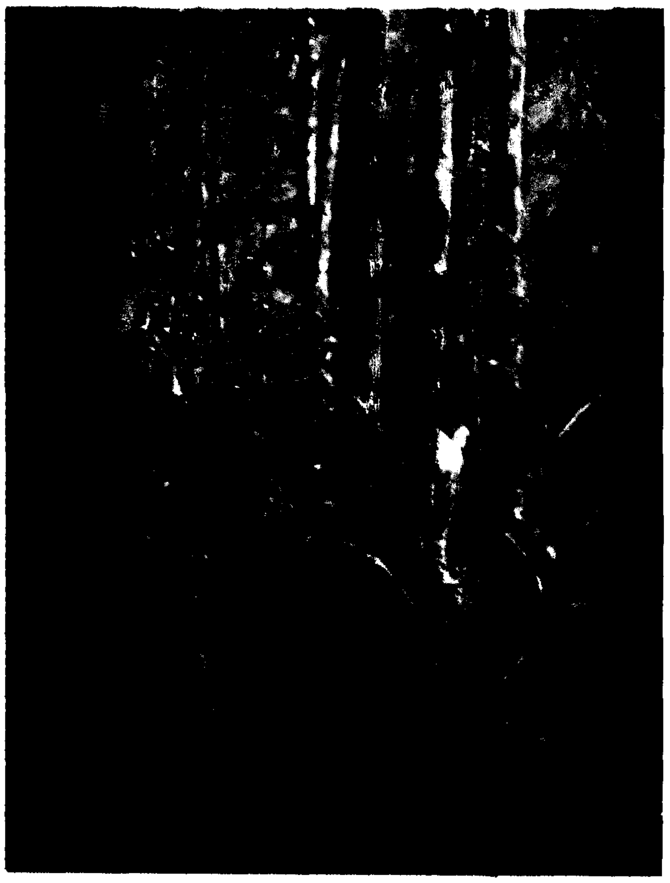
Other surveys have explored the circumstances surrounding hunting mishaps: how they happened, the types of weapons used, the kind of game being hunted, weather conditions and so on. The Minnesota investigators went further. They took a searching look at the man who pulled the trigger. They learned how good his vision is, and

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILLIAM VANDIVERT

Bear . . . ?

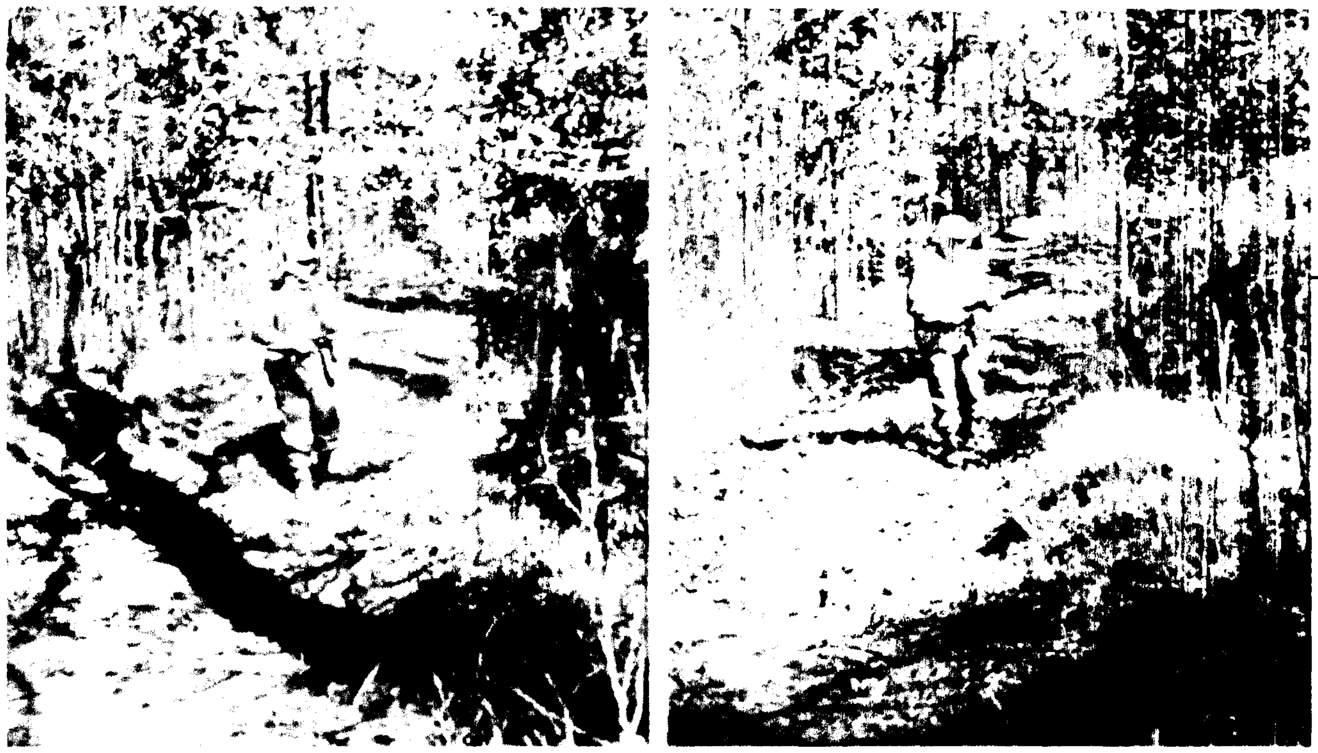


Woodchuck . . . ?



White-tailed deer . . . ?

Would you shoot at these targets? Turn page to see what they really are ▶



Safety in colors. The same hunter in the same position is vastly more visible in new fluorescent garments. Colors rate up to four times brighter than ordinary clothing dyes

Minnesota findings point

if he is color-blind. They discovered a great deal about his basic woodland savvy, his knowledge of guns and how to handle them. They pieced together clues to his personality, his emotions.

Once again, they reported, the mistaking of man for game came third among all causes of non-self-inflicted wounds. More than that, they painted a picture of the type of man who usually commits this most inexcusable of all hunting accidents—and it wasn't pretty.

On the credit side, the Minnesota investigators collected so much information about hunting accidents of all kinds and the make-up of people who are prone to them that for the first time safety officials can begin to plan a basic program to reduce deaths and injuries in our forests each autumn.

The study was directed by H. Lee Kuluvar, chairman of the safety committee. He enlisted the co-operation of specialists in vision, firearms, psychology and statistics (the last group in order to make sense out of whatever figures the survey gathered). The University of Minnesota, the Minnesota Optometric Association, the Minnesota Academy of Ophthalmology, the Minnesota Safety Council, the Minnesota Conservation Commission and Governor C. Elmer Anderson all lent their support. Money was needed, and Kuluvar, who is outdoor representative of the Jacob Schmidt Brewing Company of St. Paul, talked his firm into underwriting the entire survey (probable final cost: about $20,000).

The plan was to test and interview every shooter involved in a hunting accident in Minnesota during the 1953 hunting season. By last winter, Kuluvar had collected preliminary reports on 132 hunting accidents, in which 33 persons had been killed and 99 wounded.

"In the next six months I covered more than 30,000 miles seeking out and interviewing the people involved," Kuluvar said. "You'd think it would have been simple, wouldn't you? In most cases I had the name of the victim and the name of the shooter. But frequently I had to turn detective and track them down. Some adult shooters would hide on me, and their relatives and friends would cover up for them. Parents of juveniles would refuse to let me talk to the youngsters until I pestered them so long they'd give in from sheer exhaustion."

A typical interview went something like this:

"I'd introduce myself and tell them I was making a state-wide survey of hunting accidents," Kuluvar said. "The emotions I encountered when I mentioned the accident ran from near hysteria to absolute disinterest.

"I found it was best to begin with the visual test. It sort of made them relax. They liked the idea of finding out how well they could see and looking into the Bausch & Lomb Ortho-Rater I used for testing them." (The Ortho-Rater is a complex optical device that looks something like an undersized, penny-arcade peep-show machine. It measures the subject's visual acuity, his depth perception, muscular eye balance and color recognition.)

"Then I'd move on to the questionnaire about the accident itself," Kuluvar went on. "It's three pages long and covers every significant circumstance of what happened—who, where, when, why and how. Next came what I called the 'Hunters' IQ' examination, a 40-question test compiled by some outstanding experts on firearms and woodcraft. It gave me a pretty good idea just how much the subject knew about what he was doing when he had a gun in his hands."

The interview closed with what is known as the Minnesota Multi-Phasic Personality Inventory—560 questions designed to reveal the subject's emotional stability.

In early July, Kuluvar returned to the Twin Cities. He had interviewed 93 of the persons who had shot others—or themselves—during the previous hunting season. The statistics presented this rough composite picture of the typical shooter who hit another hunter, and the circumstances under which the accident occurred:

At the time he pulled the trigger, the shooter was seventeen years old. He had five years' hunting experience—all of it without an accident. He had received his first gun when he was only nine years old, and he had been instructed in its use.

The accident happened at three o'clock on a clear November afternoon. The hunting had been good. The shooter was armed with a gun he had used before and he was with a party of companions he knew and trusted. They were out for deer (though it might have been pheasant, which ran a close second as the game being hunted when most accidents happened). It was either the first day of their hunting trip, or very close to the end. The victim was a friend of the shooter, and he was shot at a range of 30 yards.

Not a bear . . .

. . . but Dennis Showalter, of Jackson, Miss., kneeling down to pick up cigarette package

Not a woodchuck . . .

. . . but Showalter again, his hat off, sitting behind ridge and watching for game to appear

Not a white-tailed deer . . .

. . . but a white handkerchief hanging out of Showalter's pocket as he leans over in woods

How did it happen? The largest single explanation given—by almost 17 per cent of those interviewed—was that the victim was out of sight of the shooter. Close behind (15.2 per cent) was the explanation that the victim "moved" into the line of fire, though it obviously would take some spry legwork for a man to move into the line of fire of a rifle bullet traveling perhaps 2,200 feet per second. The number three explanation—given by 12.1 per cent of the hunters—was that the victim was "mistaken for game."

Twenty other explanations, ranging from "clubbing cover or game" to "shooting at victim to scare," were listed, but the only remaining major classification was "accidental discharge."

Here, then, was the basic breakdown of how the accidents happened—not much different from the sort of information that had been compiled dozens of times before. Now the experts delved into the largely unexplored field of the physical and emotional make-up of hunters involved in accidents.

Eye Tests for Men Who Don't Hunt

What about vision? To obtain a basis for comparison, two ophthalmologists, Drs. W. J. Bushard and T. R. Fritsche, and an optometrist, Dr. Roger O. Lindquist, selected 100 men "consisting of both inside and outside male workers of ages commensurate with the hunters' group," and gave them the same tests that the hunters had taken.

In the presumably normal control group, the number of "visual deviates" was 48 per cent; in the hunting accident group, it was 77 per cent. In other words, only 23 per cent of the hunters' group had normal vision compared with 52 per cent of the control group. Furthermore, the hunting accident group came out second best in every single area of vision tested—acuity, color recognition, muscular balance and depth perception.

"Most of the hunters showing visual defects did not know they had them," the experts' report said. "No. 64 said he thought he needed no visual help, but his record showed muscular imbalance, poor visual acuity, defects in depth perception and color recognition. His victim 'happened' to be in the line of fire. . . . No. 78 'thought' everything was okay although he did wear glasses. His depth perception and color recognition were off. He mistook a man for a deer."

What about the hunters' knowledge of guns and woodcraft? Once again the hunters involved in accidents were deficient. For this phase of the study, all accident shooters were divided into four categories: blameless, negligent, seriously negligent and grossly negligent. "Blameless" shooters, those clearly not at fault in the accident, came off with the highest grades on the Hunters' IQ test. Next was the "negligent" group, followed by the "seriously negligent." The "grossly negligent" shooters got the lowest grades of all; some scored as low as 60 per cent. (Eighty-seven was considered a passing grade.)

What about the personalities of the hunters, their emotional stability? Those in the "blameless" category had personalities "essentially indistinguishable from the average normal personality." On the other hand, the "negligent" to "grossly negligent" shooters showed "several areas of significant difference from the normal," including a pronounced lack of inhibitions. "Such people," the report said, "are often in trouble with the law or are problems in their homes."

Psychologists expressed surprise at the clear-cut pattern presented by the findings. "Let's face it," said Dr. Starke R. Hathaway, director of the Division of Clinical Psychology at the University of Minnesota Medical School. "These shooters—young or old—are basically careless and insensitive as a group. They tend to act first and think later, if they think at all. Furthermore, many are stubborn individuals who are unlikely to change their irresponsible, headstrong ways."

Correlating all these findings, what kind of man emerges as a hunter who shoots another hunter? Let's look at the conclusions as they apply to hunters who mistook a man for game. Overwhelmingly, the shooters involved in this type of accident were found to be evasive, impulsive, possessed of poor judgment and unable to learn by experience. Sixty-seven per cent, moreover, had faulty vision. "It is indicated very distinctly," Hathaway commented, "that they will be prone to other accidents."

Answers given by these hunters in the accident questionnaire backed up Dr. Hathaway. One in every 33 had had a previous gun mishap; the chances of an average hunter having his first gun accident are only one in 3,300.

All this information is academic, however, unless it can be applied directly to the problem of reducing hunting accidents. What can be done? Let's take up the possible remedies one at a time and evaluate them:

Testing—Can authorities weed out the shooters who are likely to have an accident before they go afield with a gun? Could states require them to pass an examination?

Using a valid personality test like that employed in the Minnesota survey, authorities could determine which hunters would be most likely to have an accident—but it would be impossible to put the finger in advance on an individual who actually would shoot another hunter.

"It would be like testing a group of people to see who would commit murder," says Hathaway. "The prone individuals would show up in the test. But only one in a thousand would actually take somebody else's life. Exactly which one it would be, nobody could say. Obviously such tests would be impractical and unfair."

Vision, however, is a different matter. Eye experts felt that further study might lead to development of an eye examination specifically for hunters. Licenses could be denied the near blind and withheld from persons with visual defects until they corrected them.

Training—Instruction definitely can be helpful. Since 1949, New York State has required all persons under the age of seventeen applying for their first hunting license to take a four-hour course in firearms handling. (The age limit since has been raised to twenty-one.) The results have been impressive; hunting accidents have been drastically reduced. California, New Jersey and Massachusetts have similar laws. In New Hampshire, public schools offer courses in "safe and proper use of firearms."

Legislation—Do we need more laws governing the use of firearms? At present, only 10 states have statutes dealing directly with hunting situations. Besides those which provide safety courses for young hunters, some states require that hunting accidents—like automobile accidents—be reported. Some revoke or suspend hunting permits if hunters use firearms negligently.

The Minnesota Conservation Federation, on the basis of its safety survey, will propose to its state legislature this year a new law which provides:

- That youngsters under sixteen prove themselves competent to handle firearms before they are allowed in the field to hunt. The Conservation Department would provide the instruction needed to make them competent.
- That the State Conservation Department institute an outdoor safety program.
- That after any hunting accident involving firearms, the license of the shooter be immediately suspended and the accident reported to the local game warden. Following an investigation, the warden could reinstate the license or refer the case to a state board of review for further investigation along the lines indicated by the Minnesota study.

What can you do right now—this hunting season—to lessen the chance that you will become involved in a hunting accident as either shooter or victim?

Ridiculous? By no means. Each year, trigger-happy hunters take a large toll in livestock. Indignant farmer, wary because of bad luck in past, has put positive identification on cow

First, of course, check your equipment. Squeeze off a few practice rounds with your rifle to get the feel of the gun and make sure the sights are accurate. If you plan to go gunning for birds, spend an afternoon knocking off clay pigeons with your shotgun.

Then choose your hunting companions with care. Be wary of people you know to be careless, evasive, impulsive; these traits will be reflected in their hunting habits.

Vivid Clothing Prevents Fatalities

How about clothing? What are the safest clothes to wear? The safety value of bright clothing is widely accepted. Some states have what is known as a "red hat law," requiring every hunter to wear at least a scarlet cap. Prudence may dictate that you do even more. There's a new-type clothing available whose color doesn't resemble that of any animal that ever lived and is so vivid that it can be seen and distinguished beyond the effective range of most guns. Certainly if you wear this clothing, there's far less chance that another hunter will mistake you for game, or will accidentally shoot you because he didn't see you.

The new clothing is made from fabrics dyed with so-called "Day-Glo" daylight fluorescent colors. Tests by the government and private industry show that Day-Glo fabrics appear up to four times brighter than ordinary cloth, particularly on dark days. It's true that at midday in clear weather hunters dressed in regular red, green or yellow clothing stand out from their surroundings. But in the poor light of dawn or dusk, in rainy weather or in shade, these colors lose their brilliance and tend to become gray or even black.

The advantages of Day-Glo clothing for safety-minded hunters are obvious. Roger M. Latham, chief of wildlife research for the Pennsylvania Game Commission, says:

"There is every reason to believe that a man garbed in a daylight fluorescent cap or jacket is comparatively safe in the field. He stands out like a sore thumb, no matter where he is—in a field of standing corn, in brush, or in deep forest. He cannot be mistaken for a woodchuck when he has on a brilliant cap or hat covering his hair. And no deer could resemble a splash of setting sun the way a hunter does when he is dressed in a Day-Glo jacket.

"Any hunter who would shoot at a man dressed in daylight fluorescent clothing," the statement concluded, "would probably take a pot shot at a neon barroom sign thinking it was a pheasant on the wing."

The LOCKED JEWEL CASE

By DILLON ANDERSON

I aimed to find that $20,000 pin, and I didn't care how hard Claudie had to work

COME on, Claudie," I said, "this is Mr. Gissel's office right here." We were on the fourth floor of the building, and on the glass of the door it said in big black letters: *RUDOLPH GISSEL, PRIVATE DETECTIVE.*

But the door was locked, and Claudie said, "See, Clint? They ain't nobody there. Let's go."

"All that a locked office means to certain people is 'nobody there,' " I stated, "but to me it simply means that Mr. Gissel has not come in yet."

"But . . ." Claudie said; then he just stood there, big and dumb and contrary.

"Claudie," I said, "when are you going to learn that it don't do you a bit of good to argue with me?"

"I guess I . . ." he started, but his thoughts seemed to peter out here, so I went ahead.

"Now and then, Claudie," I said, "I must have a little help from you. Not often, I'll admit, but sometimes. Now when Mr. Gissel comes, I'll do all the talking, but I want him to size you up and see that I've got something to offer besides just brains. That way we are more apt to get this job."

"What job's that?" Claudie asked, and I was so disgusted with him I didn't even bother to answer.

As a matter of fact it wasn't any particular job anyway. It was only an idea I'd had the day before when I learned all about Mr. Gissel from his brother-in-law—fellow by the name of Crawfish Wartoff, who had his trailer house parked next to ours out on the Old Spanish Trail. Crawfish had told me and Claudie about this brother-in-law of his named Gissel and how he was working himself to death in the private-detective business. This didn't mean a thing to Claudie, but it came to me in a flash that I and Claudie could step right in and help him out. I'm no hand to boast or brag, myself, but I'll admit that sometimes I have ideas that are so terrific they dazzle me.

"You're in the man's way," Claudie said, cutting in on my thoughts; and sure enough, there he was, the one that turned out to be Mr. Gissel. He was a short, bald little man in his shirt sleeves, and he had a cigar in his mouth that he was not smoking since it had gone out.

As I moved away from the door, Mr. Gissel reached into his hip pocket and

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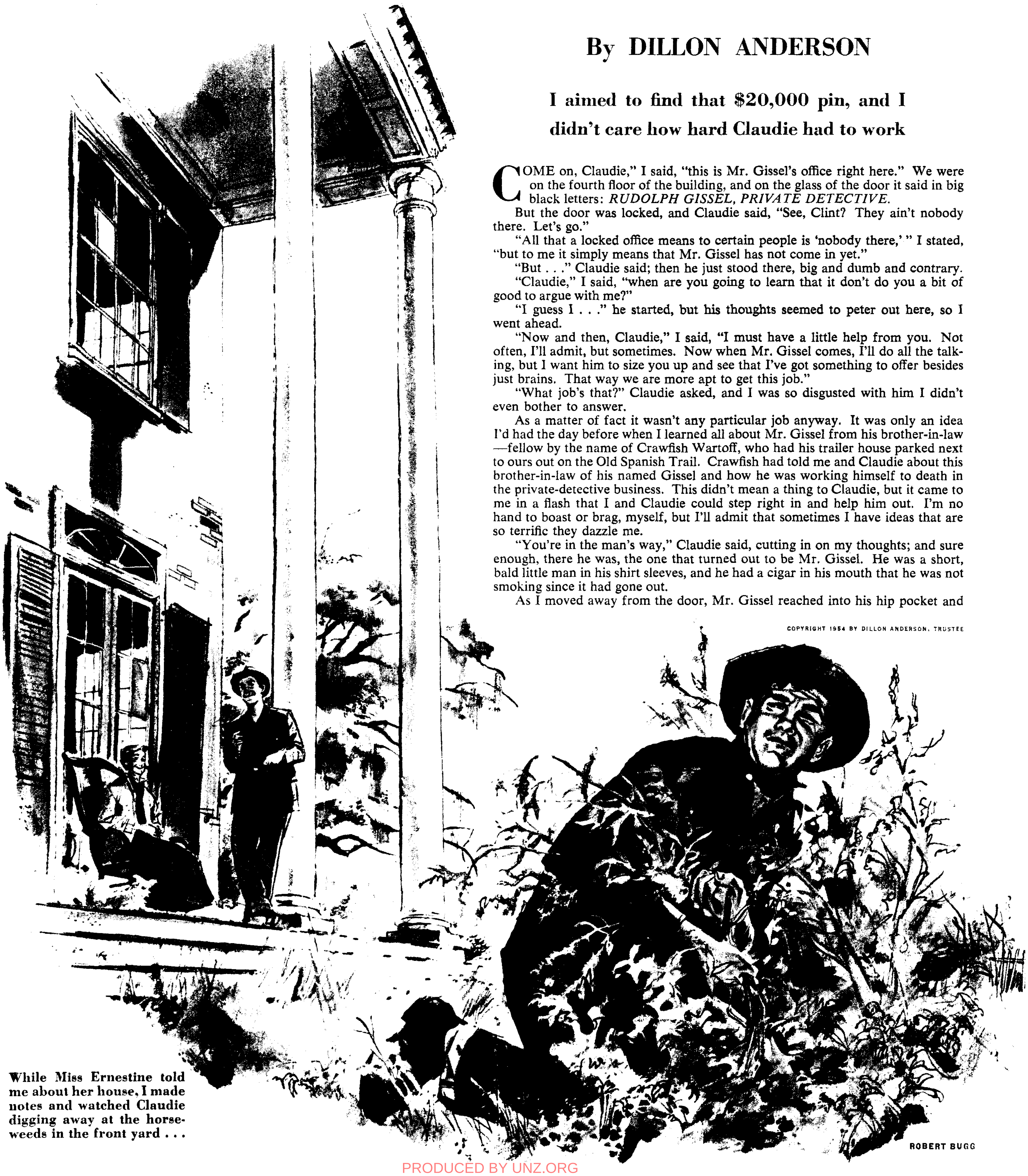

While Miss Ernestine told me about her house, I made notes and watched Claudie digging away at the horseweeds in the front yard . . .

ROBERT BUGG

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WITH TOMATO SAUCE
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2. Campbell's own tomato sauce (made from the famous Campbell Tomato . . . seasoned to perfection)

3. The leanest bacon pork money can buy (slow-cooked along with the beans and the sauce)

3 SIZES TO CHOOSE FROM: REGULAR, LARGE, AND THE BIG *NEW* FAMILY SIZE.

pulled out a key ring that must have had forty keys on it.

"Hightower is the name," I said, as Mr. Gissel found the right key and got it in the lock of the door with his name on it. "And this is my associate here, Claudie. We are friends of your brother-in-law, Crawfish Wartoff."

"Come in, fellows," Mr. Gissel said in a husky voice, and in we went.

"Nice day," I said, taking my own time to look him over and the office too. It was not as big an office as detectives have in moving-picture shows, and until Mr. Gissel raised the window, I noticed the air in there was pretty close. Mr. Gissel sat down in a swivel chair behind a desk that was covered with papers, paper cups, paper clips, and over on one side the peelings from several oranges. There were no chairs for me and Claudie, so we stood.

"Okay, fellows, what is it?" Mr. Gissel said, and his eyes narrowed in a kind of droopy way that you'd expect in a detective that was used to figuring out hard cases every day of his life. Probably murder cases, too.

"Crawfish Wartoff thinks a lot of you, Mr. Gissel," I said, "and he's worried about you, too. Says you're working yourself half to death."

"Crawfish, he's been listening to that fool wife of mine. She's Crawfish's older sister. But I'm all right."

"Don't you have some cases you could use a little help on?" I asked. "Some help from me and my associate, Claudie, I mean. Also, we'd prefer murder cases."

"No," Mr. Gissel said and started shuffling papers from one side of the desk to the other. Then he looked up and said, "You fellers haven't left?"

"I thought you were looking over your desk for a case we could handle—maybe a murder case," I stated.

"No. Go away now; I'm a awful busy man," Mr. Gissel said.

BUT as I and Claudie started toward the door Mr. Gissel called us back. "There is an old file here," he said, "and the time is nearly run out on it. It's a contingent case."

"A what case?" Claudie asked.

"Don't mind him," I said.

"A contingent case is one where you don't get no pay if you don't deliver the goods," Mr. Gissel explained.

"Of course," I said, "next to murder cases we like contingent cases best."

"This one can be solved, all right," Mr. Gissel went on, "if you've got enough brains and guts."

"In us you've got exactly that combination, Mr. Gissel," I said. "I—"

"All right, all right," he cut in. "Here's the dope. Old lady ten or twelve miles out on the Angleton Road claims she lost a valuable sunburst she'd had insured."

"A sunburst?" Claudie asked.

"Yes, a sunburst," Mr. Gissel said. "Brooch full of diamonds. Case looked suspicious from the first, but the adjuster for the insurance company didn't get to first base. He's pretty dumb, though. Well, he's a lodge brother of mine, so he offered the case to me. I went out to see the old lady, but before I could get started I got bit by a mean dog. I've been so busy since then I haven't been back. But I'm sure it's a fake loss."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"The adjuster told me," Mr. Gissel answered. "Well? Do you want the job or not?"

"That's why we're here," I said.

"All right. The insurance company paid off twenty thousand dollars on the loss. If you can find the sunburst or prove the loss was a fake, the company will get its money back. I'll get five hundred dollars for the job and you can have half of it."

"As nice a case as we've been on lately, Claudie," I said real loud.

Mr. Gissel told us the old lady's name and how to get to where she lived. Right pretty name she had, too: Miss Ernestine Myrtleblossom. He didn't want to stake us anything for expense money, but I and Claudie stayed there until he let us have ten dollars. It took most of the ten dollars to pay what we owed at the trailer camp. And then I bought a dime tablet and some pencils so I could take plenty of notes, the way the best detectives do.

IT WAS two, maybe three o'clock that afternoon when we turned off of the Angleton Road and followed a long shady lane to the front of Miss Ernestine Myrtleblossom's house. Claudie drove, of course, so I could ride back in the trailer house and think.

I could tell the red-brick house had been mighty handsome and full of rich people at one time or another, because it was so big and had so much pretty carving on the wood that was left around the eaves and all. There were three tall columns in front, which must have been painted white once, but a long time ago, and then there were places where two other columns had been, giving the old house a sort of snaggled look. One of these columns lay there in the front yard, while the other one was plumb gone. A grove of big live-oak trees stood all around the house, with gray Spanish moss hanging from their long crooked limbs like whiskers, making the place look older still. The yard was overgrown with tall scraggly weeds.

The broken picket fence in front was patched up with chicken wire to hold in a little white spitz dog. He was barking shrill, mad barks, and as I stepped out of the trailer the hair on the back of his neck stood up like the hair on the head of some fellow that's been off to college somewhere.

"Claudie," I said, "you stay in the car. And remember, you are only the chauffeur."

"I ain't gettin' out nohow until you do something with that nasty little dog," Claudie said.

I stood at the gate and called "hello" several times; then the screen door onto the front porch swung open, and a little old lady with white hair came out. First she spoke to the dog: "Come back, Ginger. Come on back, you naughty girl." Then she called out to me, "It's all right; she won't bite." But I stayed on the outside of the gate until the old lady had put Ginger inside.

I took off my hat as soon as I went through the front gate, and I left it off all the way as I walked up to the porch. As you can see, I have a good set of manners; and here I was, already further along with the case than Mr. Gissel, that only got dog-bit.

"Good morning, ma'am," I said. "It's a nice warm day, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, in a little bitty voice that sounded a whole lot younger than this old lady could have been. She wasn't over five feet tall; she was thin as a rail, and I figured she wouldn't weigh seventy-five pounds wringing wet. Her white hair was thin and wispy. She had pale-blue eyes and skin so thin I could see the blue veins in her temples and on her hands.

"Hightower is the name," I stated. "I had my chauffeur stop when I saw what an elegant place you have here."

"This was a pretty place when I lived here as a child," she said, looking at the old column lying there in the yard, "but it's badly run-down now. Is there something I can do for you?"

"Nothing a-tall, ma'am, nothing a-tall." I looked down at the tablet and pencil I was carrying before I went on. "I like to study old places, and I thought I might write up an essay someday about this one of yours."

She smiled, and her eyes were bright when she said, "Why, that would be very nice. Won't you come in?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said. "I'd love to come inside." Then, when I looked out toward the front where Claudie was still sitting in the car, the old lady said, "Oh, your chauffeur; wouldn't you like to ask him in, too? Maybe I could give you men some lemonade and cookies."

Claudie came, grinning, when I called him, and Miss Myrtleblossom took us into the parlor. It had nothing in it but old dark stiff furniture and a lot of pictures on the walls—oil pictures of Miss Myrtleblossom's folks, she told us, that had long since gone on to their reward. And while she was gone to get us the lemonade and cookies, I studied these pictures on the walls—about as fierce-looking a bunch of ancestors, I figured, as such a sweet old lady could possibly have. The men all had dark beards, big noses and eyes like hawks' eyes, but the women in the pictures were little and slender and pale, just like Miss Ernestine.

Then we looked at all the carved wood in the room—on the doors, the windows, and more so around the big old mantel over the fireplace.

After Claudie had eaten up the last cooky on the plate Miss Ernestine brought, she took us both around to look at the rest of the place. She told us how it had had a name once, but hardly anybody called it that any more. It had been called Five Pillars.

IT WAS plumb sad to see how nice the house must have been when it was new, or when it wasn't very old. But the only part of the house that was still being used was the parlor and the bedroom on the first floor. The old lady did her cooking on a coal-oil stove in the corner of her bedroom. All the other rooms were barny-looking and bare, but they had a clean, musty smell like churches on weekdays. Then Miss Ernestine took us out in the back and showed us what had been the old stable, and it was plain to me that the horses in the old days hadn't had a bad life themselves.

Back in the house, we sat in the parlor again, and I made some notes in my tablet. Then the old lady said something that really almost got me—but not quite. What she said was, "If you men would like to stay here for a few days, until you can complete your notes on the place, you'd be most welcome to do it. There is a room where the grooms used to live above the stable, and I've kept it in fair order. You could stay there."

"Not unless you'll let me furnish you some help around this place here, ma'am," I told her, figuring I didn't want the case to be too easy, like shooting fish in a barrel. "There is plenty of work for a man to do. I can see it everywhere."

"My goodness, gracious, yes; there certainly is," she said, "but I wouldn't think of letting you do it and take time away from your essay."

"That wasn't exactly what I had in mind, ma'am," I told her. "My chauffeur here, when he is not chauffeuring, is not busy at all; and I'm sure he would be happier at work than he would be at ease. Wouldn't you, Claudie?"

I kept my eye right on Claudie until he grinned and said to Miss Myrtleblossom, "Yes'm. I shore would."

It was pitiful the way Claudie's face fell as he looked at all the horseweeds out front, but it was beautiful to see how happy I'd made Miss Ernestine.

THAT afternoon I made notes while the old lady told me the story of the place. It was built a long time ago, she pointed out, in the days when times were pretty good—before the Civil War that is, when cotton and slaves made all these plantation owners so rich they could hardly think of enough ways to spend their money. Later on though, when Miss Ernestine was a little girl, there'd been hard times. She told me about how her mother died nearly twenty years before and left her all alone in this world, but she willed Five Pillars to Miss Ernestine.

"Was that all she left you?" I asked, keen as a blade.

"No," she admitted. Then she sat and looked out the window for a while before she went on. She told me her mother left one other thing, a very valuable piece of jewelry—one her grandmother had hidden from the Yankee raiders when they came through, taking everything that hadn't been buried or nailed down.

This, Clint, I said to myself, is it. This has to be the sunburst. I felt like an old pointer looks when he's smack on a covey. Not a twitch, even in the flanks.

Well, of course, I was right. It was the sunburst, which had been given to Miss Ernestine's grandmother when Miss Ernestine's mother was born. The one promise Miss Ernestine had made her own mother was that she would never part with this sunburst. So, she went on to tell me, for years and years—twenty or more—while the house near about fell down and the yard grew up in weeds, while she lived off of a little patch of garden and butter and eggs, Miss Ernestine had hung onto the sunburst.

Why, she'd even sold every stick of fine furniture in the house, she said, except something to sit on in the living room and something to sleep on in the bedroom—all so she could live and keep the sunburst, like her mama said, and pay the insurance premiums every year. But finally there wasn't anything else to sell.

Then she described the sunburst to me. It was an antique piece of jewelry, she said, mounted on a gold base. On the front of it there were forty-odd diamonds, with the biggest one in the middle—several carats—and others all around the center. Her lips trembled and tears came into her eyes when she talked about the sunburst, and if you want to know the truth, the whole story started getting next to me—inside of myself—while I stood there on the porch and made notes and watched Claudie digging away at the horseweeds in the front yard.

I almost forgot I was a detective, I was so taken with her sad story; but when I took ahold of myself, I asked her the kind of question that I knew would have made Mr. Gissel proud if he could have heard me.

What I asked was: "And where did you keep this sunburst, Miss Myrtleblossom?"

At this, I thought, her faded blue eyes looked more like the men's eyes

Picture of a man thinking two months ahead

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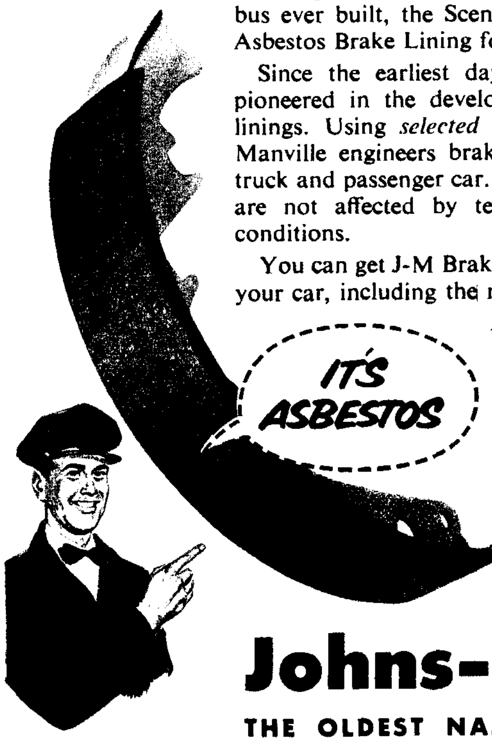
You can get J-M Brake Linings especially designed to fit your car, including the newly developed P B sets that are *power-built* for power brakes. For safety's sake, ask your service man to check your brakes. If they need relining, tell him you want Johns-Manville.



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JOHNS-MANVILLE JM PRODUCTS

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THE OLDEST NAME IN BRAKE LINING

among the ancestors on the parlor wall than those of the frail, pale little women. "Where *did* I keep it?" she asked it right back at me. "Why do you say *did?*"

For a man that seldom makes one, I found I had made a bad mistake. You see, I wasn't supposed to know she didn't have this sunburst any more. So I said, "Excuse me, ma'am. You looked bothered there a minute. I hope nothing's happened to the sunburst."

"Well, it certainly has," she said. "It was lost last spring."

"How?" I asked. If a man is going to be a detective he might as well be a good one.

"It was like this," she went on. "I kept it in a little lavender jewel case which I always hid at a certain place right here in Five Pillars. I have never told, and I never would tell, where that place is. And no stranger could ever find my jewel case, it's so well hidden. But sometimes I'd take the sunburst out and wear it when I was alone here in the house. It was a precious link with the past, Mr. Hightower, and it seemed to give me a sense of strength and security. Then one day—it was on a Sunday—"

Claudie came up to the porch then. He said the sun was about down and he was hungry.

"There's another half hour of daylight, Claudie," I stated. "Couldn't you work a little longer?"

"He'll do nothing of the sort," Miss Ernestine spoke up. "You men sit right down here and relax while I go and fix you a bite of supper."

THE next several days went awful slow—for me, at least. Miss Ernestine wanted me to know all I should know for the essay, and everything she'd tell me reminded her of several other matters, but since she could only tell me one story at a time, she wound up each day with more untold than she'd started with. She told me all about her family, the whole history of both sides of the house; the Indian fights her ancestors fought; the wars her folks went off to; the dances, the feuds, the weddings and the funerals—everything except any more about this sunburst. I finally used up my tablet and had to send Claudie to town to get a new one.

In a day or so Claudie had the front yard looking neat and spick with not a weed in sight. So I moved him around to the rear of Five Pillars, where I could see he had the better part of a week's work cut out for him—if it took me that long to solve the case, that is.

The food Miss Ernestine served us was fair to middling, although not exactly the kind of vittles Claudie needed for the heavy work he was doing. It was more the kind of food that women serve women—nothing that would really stick to a workingman's ribs.

Finally, late one afternoon, and after we'd been there nearly a week, I got a word in. "I've just decided, Miss Ernestine," I said, "there's too much good stuff you've told me to waste it on any essay. I guess I'd better do a whole book on this place."

"I'd hoped you would," she said with a little show of pink in her cheeks. "I've always believed someone would write a book about Five Pillars."

"But I need to know the rest of the story about the sunburst. That may be the best part of all."

"Oh, yes, the sunburst. Now where was I on that?"

"You kept it in a jewel case, which you hid somewhere in the house here. But sometimes you took it out and wore it."

"Of course." Miss Ernestine smiled. "How forgetful of me. In the last few years, it seems, I've been getting more forgetful than ever before. Well, I usually wore the sunburst to church, too. And that's how I lost it. It was on a Sunday morning in the spring. The day was rainy and blustery, and the Lacys came by to take me. I was dressed and waiting for them at the gate. The Lacys are wonderful neighbors, Mr. Hightower. Mrs. Lacy's people all had money, and only a couple of years ago, what do you suppose? An aunt of hers she'd never seen died and left her a legacy. Mr. Lacy invested it for her in stocks and bonds, and they live very well from it. The income, you know."

HERE she was, off the subject again, and the sun getting lower and lower, but there wasn't any mannerly way for me to butt in. I noticed Claudie through the window, and while he hadn't quit for the day, I could tell he might as well have. He was all tuckered out. So I cut in on Miss Ernestine—strictly against my regular set of manners, too: "And did you lose the sunburst at church, Miss Myrtleblossom?" I was acting for all the world like a man about to cave in with a broken heart.

"I really can't say where I lost it," she went on, gazing far away and looking like an old lady thinking about something else. "But it was when I got home from church that I first noticed I didn't have it on. I took off my coat and—my sunburst was gone! I ran all the way to the Lacys' in the drizzling rain. We looked everywhere, and then Mr. Lacy went with me to the church. Mr. Lacy was so thoughtful, you'd have supposed it was something that had happened to a member of his own family. But that's the way Mr. Lacy has always been. Why—"

"Did you go then and look in the jewel case?" I asked, just as any sharp detective would.

"Oh, heavens no," she answered. "It's bad luck to open an empty jewel case. Everybody knows that. I haven't opened it since that Sunday. Now, as I was saying—"

Here the whole case struck me like forked lightning: this nice, forgetful old lady had simply gone off to church without her sunburst, and then she forgot she hadn't worn it.

I looked outside and saw Claudie start toward the house—about as wrong a time as he could have picked. I ran to the back door and yelled at him. "Hurry, Claudie," I said, "go to town and get me another tablet. I've had an awful busy day; and this one's all used up."

He said he didn't have any money, but I knew the iron was hot and I couldn't strike with Claudie wandering in and out of the room. "Charge it," I yelled, and went back inside to close in on the case. But Miss Ernestine was pretty firm; she said she didn't want even me to know where the secret hiding place was; also, she could hardly bring herself to let me open up the jewel case.

I told her I wasn't at all superstitious about opening locked jewel cases. After all, I explained, if I was going to write her and Five Pillars up, maybe into a whole book, I had to know about the sunburst. But young women and old women are a lot alike in one way, I always say. They can be balky. It fairly put me into a fever to be so near to the end of the case and still so far. But that's the way matters stood when Claudie came back without any tablet.

"We haven't got no credit in Alvin," he said as he walked in.

After supper I and Claudie and Miss Ernestine sat on the front porch and talked a while. There was a nice cool breeze from the south, and I brought up the sunburst again—even with Claudie sitting there and all.

"The very next day after I missed it," she went on, "I walked out to the highway and caught the bus into the city. I went up to the insurance office, where I'd been paying premiums for so many years, and I told the men there about it. They made me fill out Heaven knows how many forms, affidavits and certificates galore; then a little man named Gissel started coming here asking me all sorts of pesky questions. He's a detective. I found that out from the telephone book. But he quit coming when Ginger, my little spitz, chewed his pants almost off." At this Miss Ernestine let out a little giggle that was almost gay, and Ginger, who had been dozing under the rocking chair, barked when her name was mentioned.

Nature's Neophyte

I've robbed the autumn hillside
Of scraps from its sunset cloak—
These leaves of lovely scarlet!
(. . . . Huh? Poison oak?)

—ETHEL JACOBSON

"After a few weeks the check came," Miss Ernestine continued. "It was for twenty thousand dollars. I went straight to Mr. Lacy with the money, and he invested it in the same kind of stocks and bonds the Lacys have. Now I get almost a hundred dollars a month in dividends, and I've had enough to live on for the first time since Mama died. I've gained over five pounds this past year. I sleep better nights, and my neuralgia is about gone. Really, my whole life has changed since I lost the sunburst."

"You don't say," Claudie blurted.

Before I turned in that night, I told Claudie I'd solved the case, and how I had. "The sunburst is right here in the house," I explained. "All I've got to do is find it."

But Claudie seemed to be too sleepy to appreciate what I'd done. "Uh-huh," was all he said.

THE next day, Claudie came into the parlor at noon with his hands and face washed, looking hungrier than usual. Miss Ernestine hopped up from telling me about a branch of her father's family and went into the next room to fix us some sandwiches. Claudie, I could see, had lost some weight on this work and light fare, and he complained of being dizzy. He leaned against the mantel and seemed almost to be hanging onto the carved wood there to keep from falling down. Poor Claudie, I thought, he may not hold up long enough on this diet for me to solve the case.

"Wup!" Claudie grunted, and I noticed a piece of the carved wood had come off in his hand.

But I also saw that a little panel had slid back near the place Claudie's hand was, and I went over to look. I reached in the opening there, and I found what I had already figured was there—a little square box covered with purple plush. There was a gold fastener on the outside, latched tight.

"Look, Claudie," I whispered. "This is the jewel case that's got the sunburst in it. I'll show you."

And I was about to unlatch it when Claudie put his big ham-type hand on mine and said, "I wouldn't right now."

"Why?" I said, while Claudie held on and kept me from opening the jewel case. Big as he was, though, I darn' near jerked it free so I could open it up.

"Just because," he said.

"Listen, Claudie," I told him, "I and you've had a pretty lean year. There's two hundred and fifty dollars for us in this deal, and all we've got to do is to open up the jewel case and take out the sunburst. Miss Ernestine has just forgot she left it in here, that's all. Miss Ernestine—"

I LOOKED Claudie right in the eye as I spoke, but he didn't look down the way he usually does. I saw something in his face I wasn't used to at all. Then I let loose of the little lavender-covered case and said, "Okay, Claudie, you win. Put it back where it was."

What happened at this point took place so fast I've never been at all sure just how it all came about. But no hawk ever swooped down on little turkey poults quicker than Miss Ernestine swooped down on us—all seventy-five pounds of her, and her eyes flashing pale-blue fire. And then she had the jewel case.

First she was breathing hard; then as she saw she had everything well in hand—and she did—she was suddenly very calm.

"It has been almost nice having you men around," she said. "Ginger is getting old, and she isn't as much company as she once was. So I've let you stay because a lonesome old woman can't be too particular—especially one who despises weeds as I do. Now the weeds are all cut and the time has come for you to leave."

I and Claudie only stood there.

She held up the jewel case in front of us. In fact, she almost held it right under our noses as she spoke—sweetly now, I thought. "You don't know whether the sunburst is in here or not. You couldn't. I have the key put away, and the fact is, I don't know myself whether the box is empty. I can't be sure, for you see I'm a very forgetful old lady. But I think you ought to know one more fact: about a year ago I made out my will. I did it the very day that I got my twenty-thousand-dollar check. I willed the box and whatever is in it to the insurance company. Now you go tell that to Mr. Gissel if you like."

"Mr. Gissel?" I asked, looking at Claudie so that he wouldn't give any secrets away.

"Yes, Mr. Gissel," she answered. "I've known from the first day what you were up to. Now go tell him if you want to."

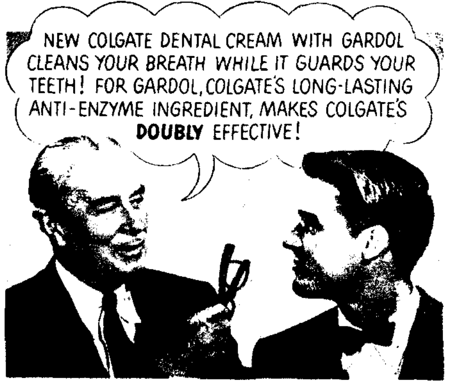
"Oh, no, ma'am," I said, as I picked up my tablet and pencil, and I and Claudie started for the door. "I'm sure we'll not be seeing Mr. Gissel any more."

And, of course, we never did see Mr. Gissel any more, but, if you want to know the truth, it's been on my conscience some about that ten dollars expense money he let us have.

—DILLON ANDERSON

I'm The One She Kicks Around!

BREAK DOWN AND TELL ME WHY WE'RE SNARLING, DARLING! NAME IT—AND I'LL TAME IT!
IT'S—IT'S BAD BREATH, PETE! BONE UP ON NEW COLGATE'S, WON'T YOU? PLEASE!


NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM WITH GARDOL CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT GUARDS YOUR TEETH! FOR GARDOL, COLGATE'S LONG-LASTING ANTI-ENZYME INGREDIENT, MAKES COLGATE'S DOUBLY EFFECTIVE!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

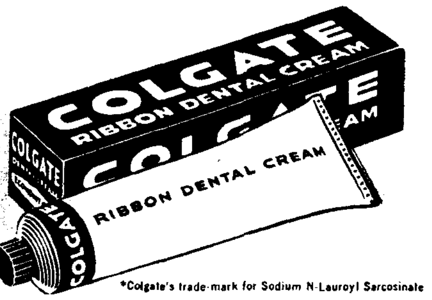
ONE BRUSHING leaves your mouth cleaner, fresher for 12 hours or more! Stops bad breath instantly in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth!

ONE BRUSHING helps guard against tooth decay 12 hours or more! Morning and night use guards your teeth all day—all night!

AS YOU CAN SEE, IT SURE DOES PAY TO USE NEW COLGATE'S TWICE EACH DAY!

New COLGATE DENTAL CREAM with GARDOL* Cleans Your Breath while it Guards Your Teeth!

Gardol forms a protective shield around your teeth that remains active 12 hours or more! This protection won't rinse off or wear off all day! Gives you the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste!

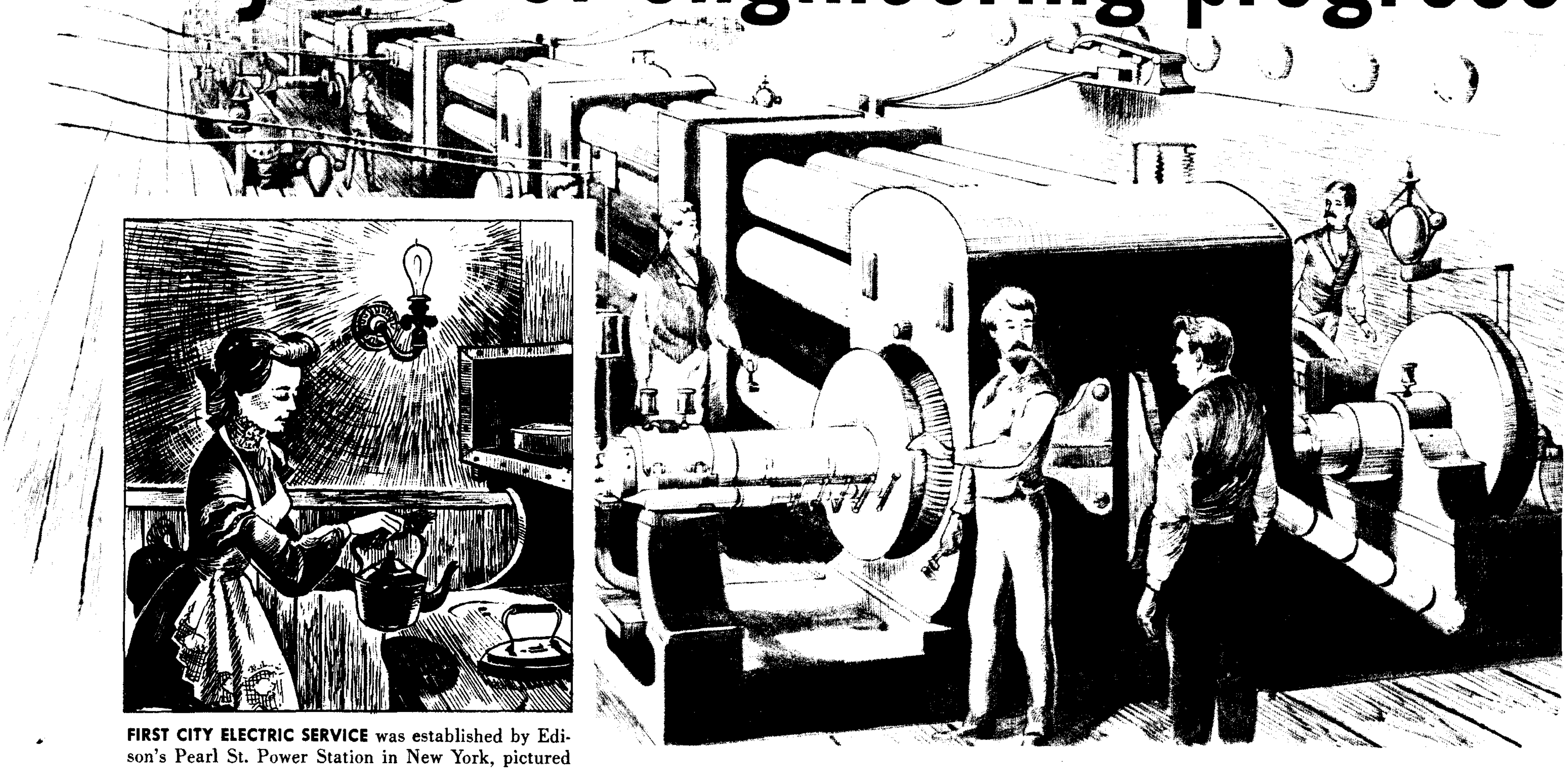


ONLY COLGATE'S GIVES YOU FULL GARDOL PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY!

*Colgate's trade-mark for Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate

MORE POWER FOR AMERICA

75 years of engineering progress



FIRST CITY ELECTRIC SERVICE was established by Edison's Pearl St. Power Station in New York, pictured here as shown in an old print. Electricity was supplied for only a few thousand lamps, over a mile square area.

POWER FOR MODERN LIVING takes immense amounts of electricity, supplied by huge steam turbine-generators like the one at right. A single General Electric turbine-generator may be more than 1,000 times as powerful as one of Edison's generators and make enough electricity for all the needs of a city of 400,000 people.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

in making electricity today's greatest bargain

Light's Diamond Jubilee marks a history of American enterprise that has revolutionized our lives

This year America celebrates Light's Diamond Jubilee—the 75th anniversary of Edison's invention of the first practical incandescent electric light. In the glow of that first lamp, the electrical age was born.

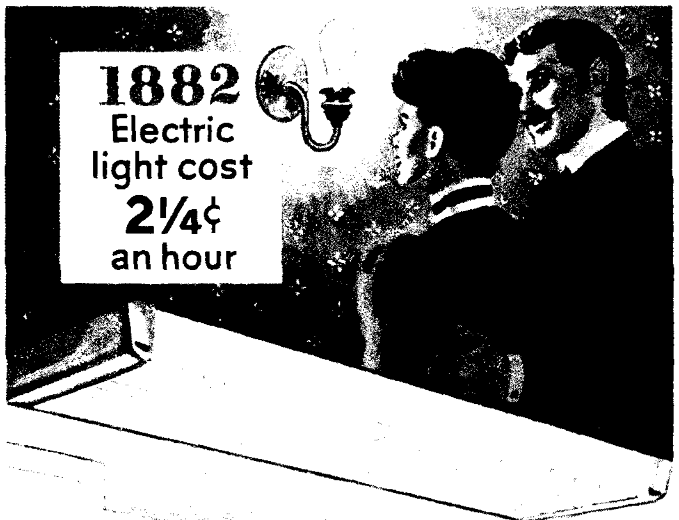
American inventive genius has made electricity not only our most valuable servant, but also the greatest bargain a dollar can buy. Although almost everything else has doubled or tripled in price over the last few years, electricity now costs only half as much as it did twenty years ago.

You see one reason for the low cost of electricity in the huge General Electric steam turbine-generator on the opposite page. Compared with the original generators in New York's first central power station shown in the upper picture, modern machines like this now enable electric utilities to produce more than 10 times as much electricity from the same amount of coal burned in the power station boilers.

General Electric engineering has played a vital part in electrical progress since the earliest days of the industry. Many of the most important advances in electric power equipment, leading to greater efficiency and economy, have been pioneered by General Electric.

Research and development still go on. And with billions of dollars now being spent every year for improved, more economical equipment, America's progressive electric utilities are making sure that electricity will continue to be your greatest bargain. General Electric Company, Schenectady 5, New York. 954-5

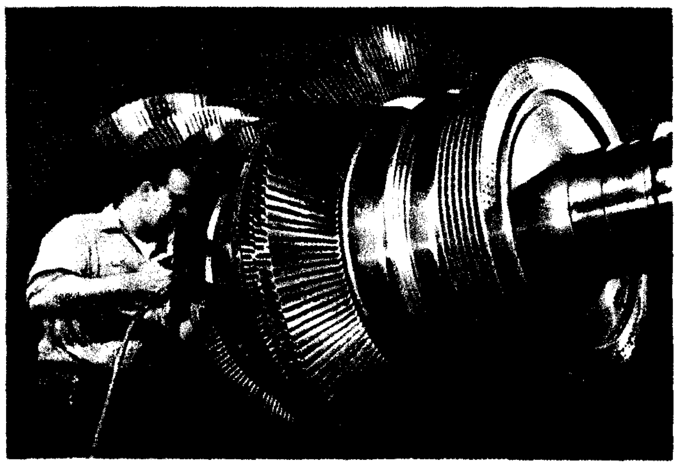
See Light's Diamond Jubilee 2-hour TV Show, Sunday night, Oct. 24. Watch also for the General Electric Theater, CBS-TV, Sunday nights.



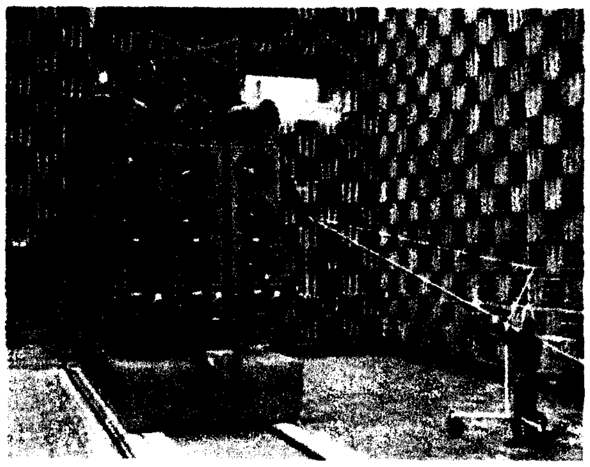
1954
10 TIMES
THE LIGHT
for ¼¢
an hour

HOW PROGRESS HAS CUT LIGHTING COSTS is shown above. The first Edison lamps were only 16 candle-power, yet used 93 watts of electricity, which cost about 2¼ cents per hour. A modern fluorescent fixture with two 40-watt lamps uses approximately the same current and gives about 10 times the light—yet the cost is only ¼ cent per hour, based on today's national average rate.

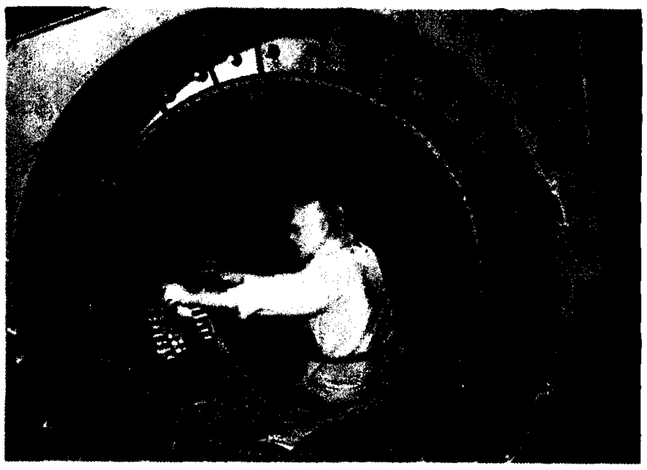
Engineering enterprise and financial daring make America strong



ENGINEERING PRECISION builds this rotor for a G-E steam turbine. Steam will spin it like a giant windmill to turn an electric generator big enough to supply a whole city.



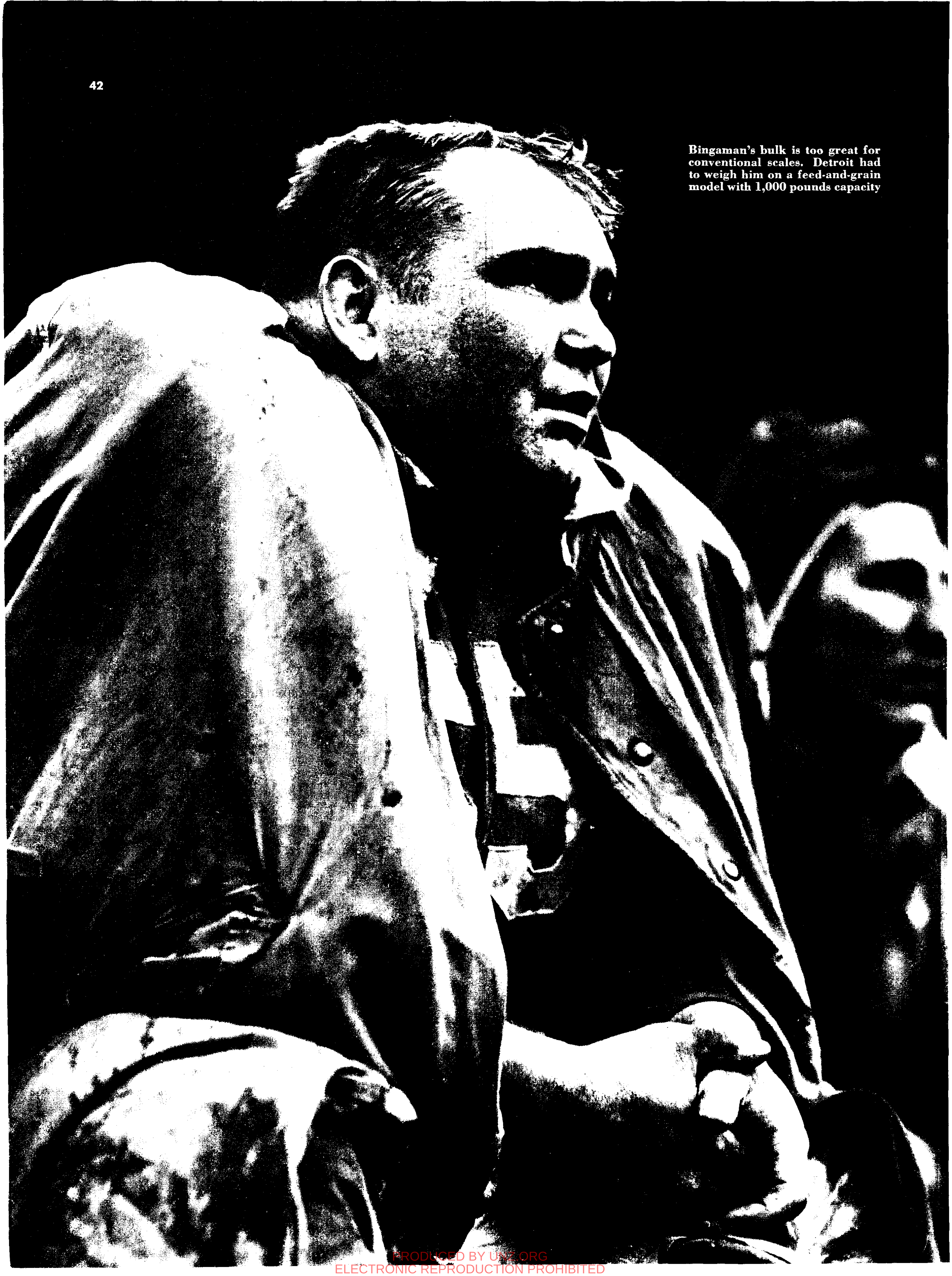
$1,500,000 SOUND LABORATORY is latest G-E tool to help build quieter transformers. Sound-proof walls virtually eliminate outside noise, so that engineers can track down the faintest sound in equipment being tested.



LARGE ELECTRIC MOTORS, like this one being built by General Electric, help industry make goods faster and cheaper. Electric power is one reason for America's high standard of living.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



Bingaman's bulk is too great for conventional scales. Detroit had to weigh him on a feed-and-grain model with 1,000 pounds capacity

BINGO BINGAMAN

Pro Football's Immovable Object

By BILL FAY

At 349½ pounds, Detroit's great lineman is the biggest man in the National Football League today—and its only stationary star. When blockers charge him, he just stomachs 'em aside

ONE morning late last summer, Lester (Bingo) Bingaman, the star defensive lineman of the pro champion Detroit Lions, sat down on a locker-room bench and bent over to tie his cleated football shoes. There was a sharp *crack*, and the bench collapsed.

The incident, which occurred at the Lions' training camp in Ypsilanti, Michigan, was observed by head coach Raymond (Buddy) Parker and assistant coach Garrard (Buster) Ramsey.

"Bingo's put on a little weight," Parker commented. "That boy must weigh 400 pounds."

"No," Ramsey demurred, "Bingo doesn't go much over 330."

"He's closer to 400 than 300," Parker insisted. "I'll bet you a steak on that."

"You've got a bet," Ramsey agreed.

Weighing Bingaman—the biggest man in pro football today—proved something of a problem. The scale in the Lions' locker room was geared for a maximum load of 300 pounds. When Bingaman stepped aboard, the overburdened mechanism gave off a loud but uninformative *boinnnng*.

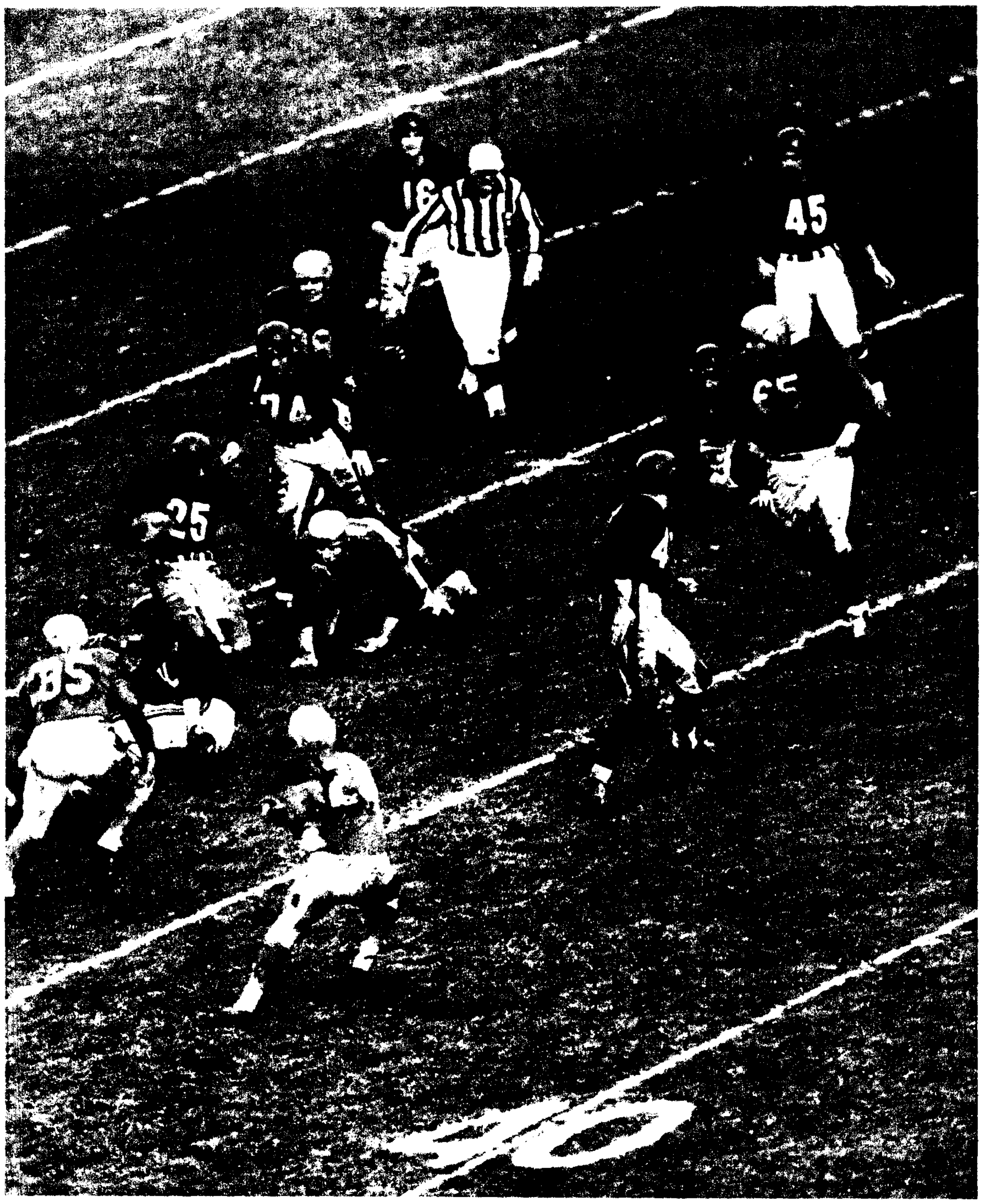
Spurred by the vision of a $7 steak dinner, the enterprising Ramsey located a scale of 1,000-pound capacity at a nearby Ypsilanti feed-and-grain store. When Bingaman clambered aboard, the indicator registered 349 pounds, eight ounces!

Although he lost his bet, Parker expressed delight over Bingaman's girth and displacement. "Bingo's in splendid shape," Parker told Detroit sports writers attending the weighing ceremony. "He should have the greatest year of his career."

This was a relatively safe prediction. The bench-shattering Bingaman has been getting bigger and better every year since he broke in with the Lions as a 265-pound rookie tackle from the University of Illinois in the fall of 1948. Most pro critics now consider him among the most valuable linemen in the National Football League. He has played in two of the four Pro Bowl games, and last year he was a unanimous selection for the All-League defensive team. This season, playing middle guard, he's the key defensive figure in Detroit's bid for a third straight pro championship.

There never has been another pro lineman shaped quite like the elliptical Bingaman. He stands six feet three inches tall and measures four feet two inches around the waist. Among the myriad and highly mobile offensive and defensive specialists populating pro line-ups, Bingo enjoys a truly unique distinction—he's the only player in the National Football League who specializes in *not* moving.

Instead of charging across the scrimmage line, Bingo squats and waits. When blockers approach, he cuffs them aside with large and suety fists, or just takes a deep breath and throws his stomach at them. Either way, the bodies pile up around Bingo like corpses in a Mickey Spillane novel. The re-

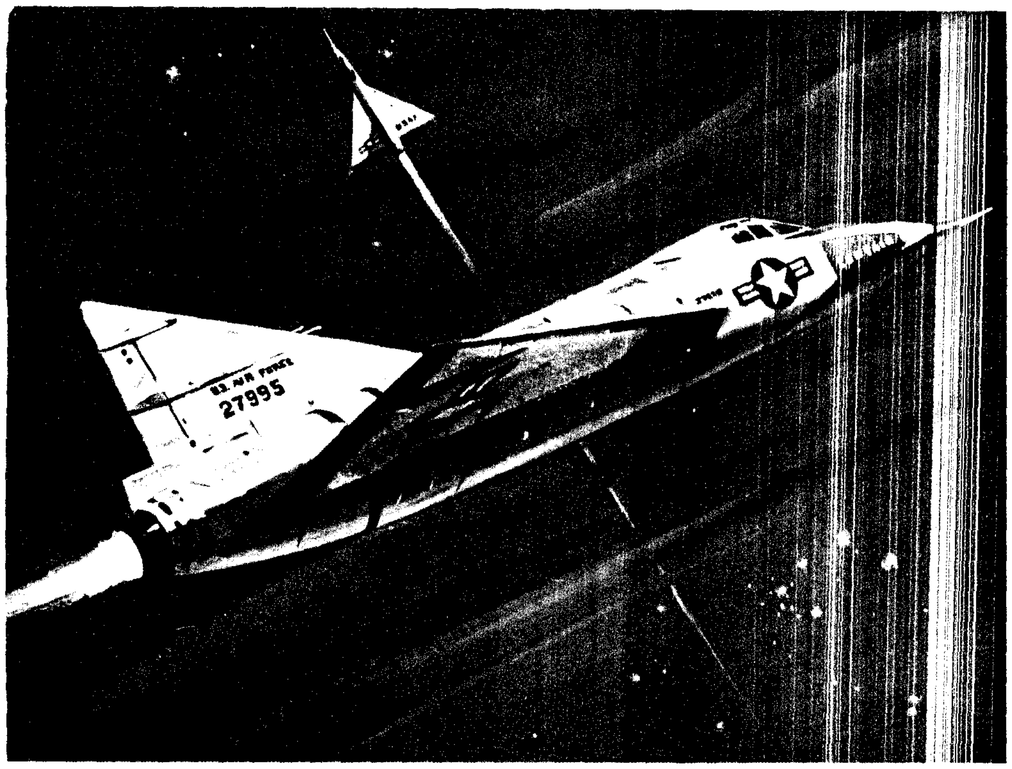


UNITED PRESS

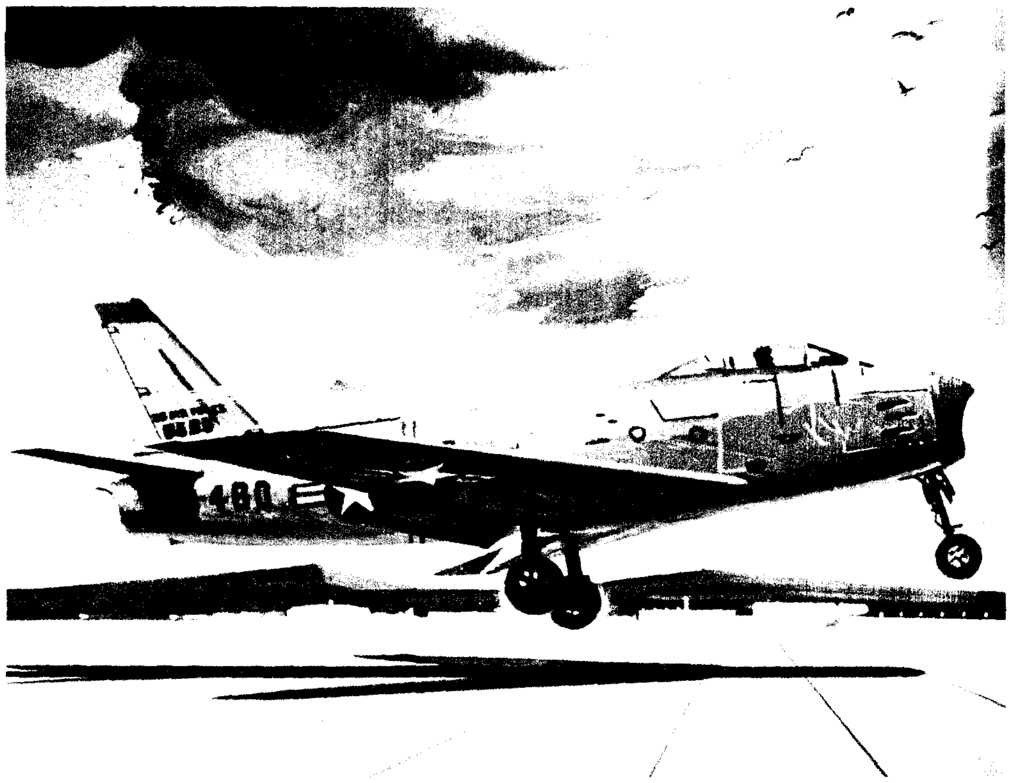
When play is directed against another sector of line, Bingaman takes off after the ball carrier with surprising celerity. Here Bingo (65) rolls across scrimmage line after the Bears' Eddie Macon (25) in a game last season. Bingo has played in two Pro Bowl games and last year was a unanimous choice for All-League defensive team

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ROCCO PADULO

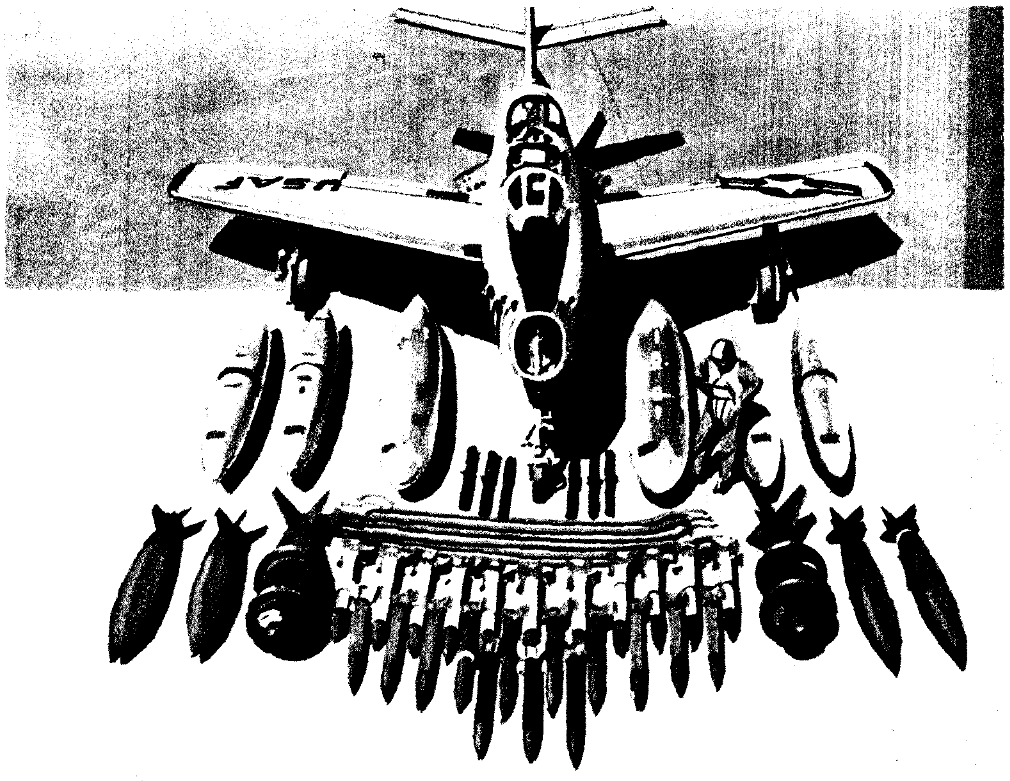
A NEW GENERATION



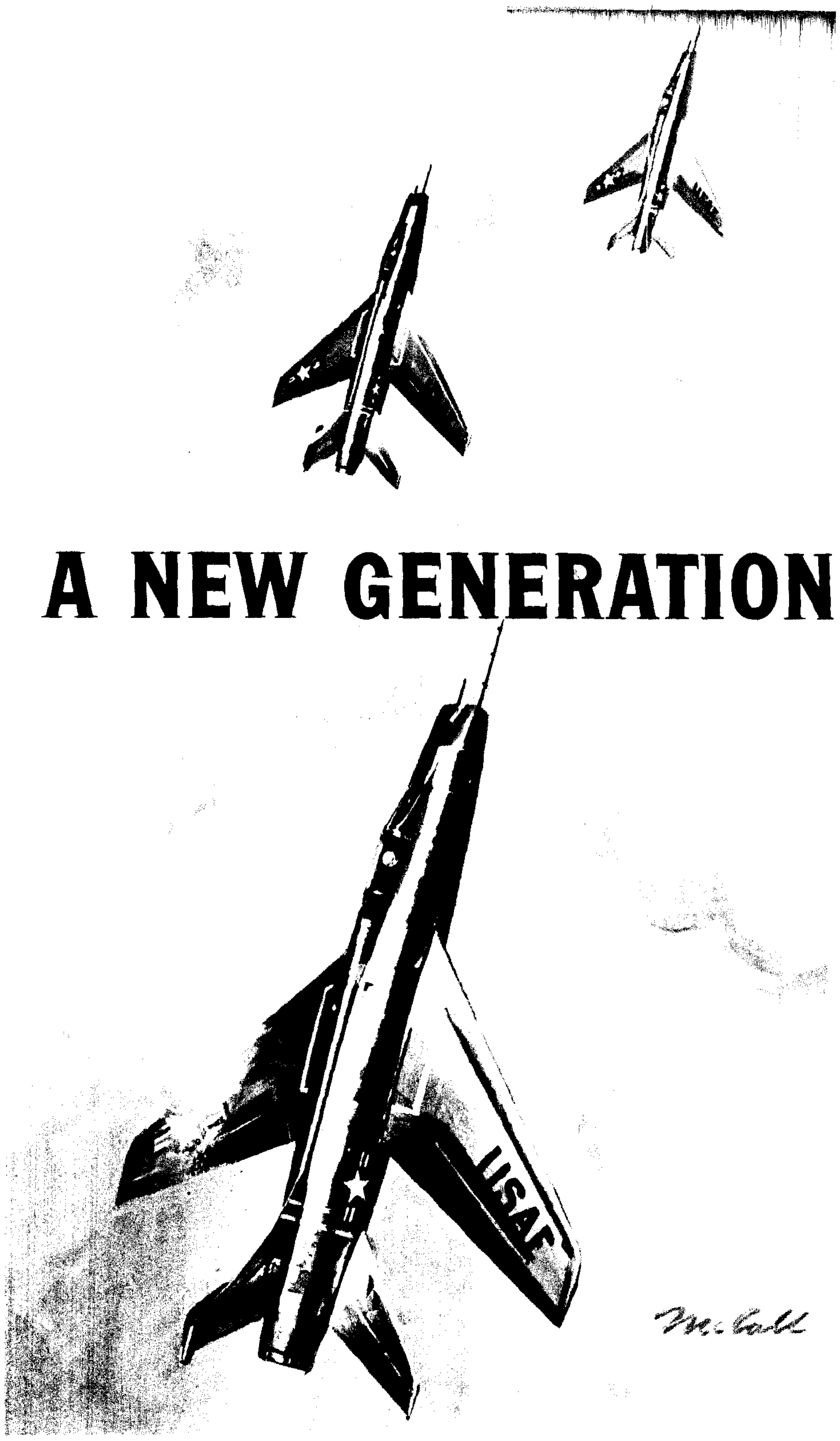
A TRIANGULAR WING marks Convair's new F-102. This coming interceptor, powered by the 10,000-pound thrust J-57, has advanced electronics, potent weapons to blast enemy bombers.



IMPROVED VERSION of North American's famed "Sabrejet" is the F-86H. It is bigger and faster than the F-86 models which fought in Korea, and has one General Electric J-73 engine.



ATTACK OF GROUND TARGETS is a specialty of Republic Aviation's F-84F "Thunderstreak." It can pack a huge load of weapons—even an atomic bomb. Wright J-65 powers it.



FIRST SUPERSONIC USAF fighter in production, North American's F-100 "Super Sabre," is one of several new jet fighters having Pratt & Whitney Aircraft J-57 turbojet engines.

"SCORPION" is the name for Northrop Aircraft's heavily-armed, all-weather F-89D. Two Allison J-35 jet engines power the big interceptor, shown firing rockets from wing-tip launcher pods.

OF AIR FORCE FIGHTERS

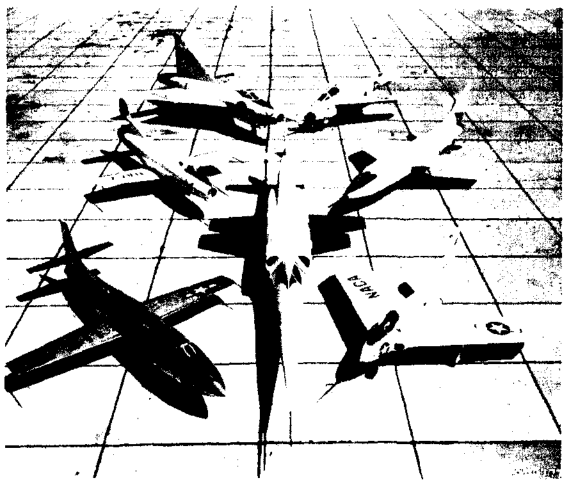
Another example of continuing progress in rebuilding American Air Power

With the importance of Air Power to our national security now clearly recognized, every citizen is entitled to know what progress is being made toward *achieving* it—and what problems must then be faced in *maintaining* it.

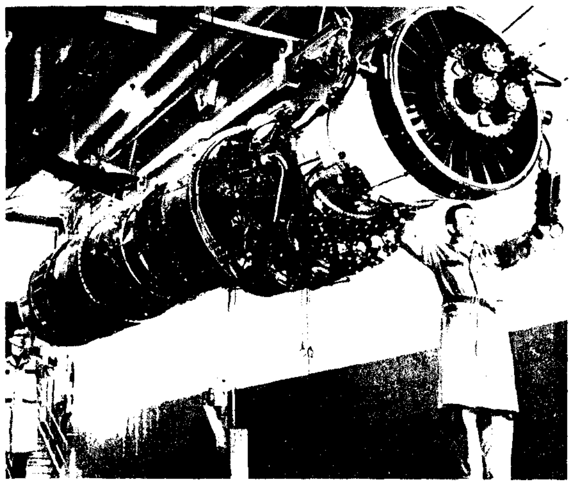
Through the combined efforts of your armed forces and the American aircraft industry, new and improved aircraft in every category are now being delivered at four times the production rate at the outbreak of the Korean war in 1950. Like the new Air Force fighters shown on the opposite page, all are designed to be second to none in quality and performance, and a vital part of the total military power on which our security may depend.

But in spite of this progress, the nation faces a continuing challenge. It takes at least seven years to design, develop and produce a new fighting airplane. And, in the face of known technical advances behind the Iron Curtain, America's aviation must be *kept* modern ... must never lag behind.

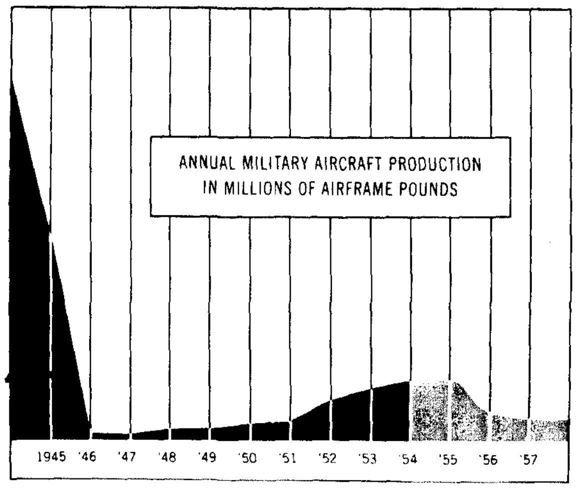
Today, America is vigorously continuing this essential progress in military aviation. If carried forward on the basis of a long-range plan, without costly stop-and-go interruptions, it can achieve and maintain—at lowest possible cost to taxpayers—the kind of strength in the air under which lasting peace may one day be attained.



CONTINUING RESEARCH by the aviation industry is absolutely vital for progress in the performance of aircraft. Basic problems must be solved—stubborn problems of higher-speed, higher-altitude flight; in finding better materials to withstand heat and stress; in devising safer aircraft, improved engines, weapons and equipment. Special flight research planes like those above help provide the data needed to design supersonic fighters and other aircraft.



CONTINUING DEVELOPMENT stretches the lifespan of an aircraft type, keeping it in first-line service longer and able to do a better job. An engine, too, may go through a number of models, each laboriously advanced over its predecessor, to meet the never-ending demand for high quality, greater power and efficiency. Shown above is a new "afterburner" model of Pratt & Whitney Aircraft's mighty J-57 turbojet, developed to boost the speed of supersonic fighters.



CONTINUING PRODUCTION of the most modern aircraft and weapons is rebuilding U. S. Air Power from the weak level of 1947 to a position of major strength, as this graph shows. Today's rate will give America a completely modern Air Force by 1957. Estimated future production can provide continuing air strength at minimum cost to taxpayers. Although far fewer in numbers than World War II's giant aviation forces, Air Power of 1957 will be far more powerful.

UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

East Hartford, Connecticut *In Canada:* CANADIAN PRATT & WHITNEY AIRCRAFT CO., LTD.

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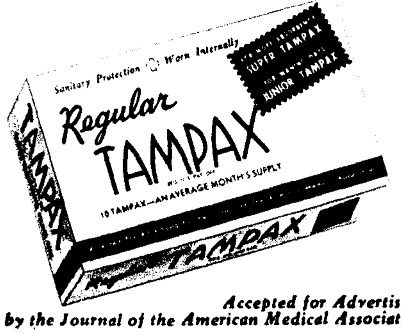
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sultant congestion makes Bingo's sector virtually invulnerable to forays by enemy ball carriers.

Probably the most forceful demonstration of Bingo's destructive immobility occurred last December. The Lions held a precarious 20-16 lead over the New York Giants in the final game of the regular season and Detroit had to win to preserve its one-game lead in the Western Conference over the second-place San Francisco '49ers.

With five minutes to play, the Giants drove to Detroit's half-yard line. It was fourth down and goal to go for a touchdown. At this critical juncture, Giant halfback Frank Gifford endeavored to smash through the middle on a power drive which called for right guard Joe Sulaitis to block Bingaman. Sulaitis banged against Bingaman's spacious left hip and hung there motionless, legs churning furiously. Then, as Gifford gathered momentum, Bingaman placed his large hands on Sulaitis' chest and shoved mightily. Sulaitis bounced backward into Gifford, and Gifford—knocked off stride—caromed into the arm of the Lions' defensive left tackle, Thurman McGraw. McGraw promptly ended the Giants' last scoring opportunity by downing Gifford with considerable violence on the two-yard line.

(It might be pointed out here that McGraw, who stands six five and weighs 235, is also very strong. In fact, he's believed to be the only player in the National Football League who has ever thrown a horse. He accomplished this remarkable feat several summers ago while working on a ranch in Colorado —but he insists it was unpremeditated and involuntary. "I was shoeing the animal," explains Thurman, "and I just happened to lift his right hind leg too high.")

Two weeks later, Bingaman also contributed the key defensive maneuver as the Lions eked out a 17-16 victory over the Cleveland Browns, Eastern Conference titleholders, in the NFL's championship play-off. Early in the first quarter, Cleveland's Otto Graham, fading to pass, had the ball knocked from his hands by the Lions' Joe Schmidt. Bingo bulldozed forward, stomached two Cleveland blockers aside and recovered the ball on the Browns' 13-yard line to set up Detroit's quick opening touchdown.

He Doesn't Just Stand and Wait

This recovery demonstrated another facet of Bingaman's defensive skill. Bingo won't move and opposing blockers can't move him while there's the slightest chance of a ball carrier invading his territory—but once Bingo senses the play is being directed elsewhere, he takes off after the ball with surprising celerity.

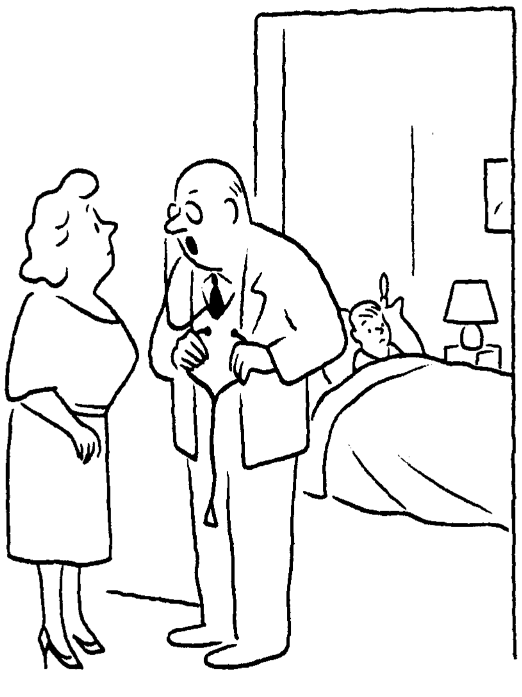
"Bingo makes as many tackles as any man on the club," testifies Coach Parker. "He's got a lot of speed for eight or nine yards."

As Parker indicated, Bingo is not built for distance running. On the opening day of practice last year, Parker ordered every man on the squad to run a 440-yard sprint. At the 300-yard mark, Bingo was tottering on rubber legs; at 400 yards, he was walking on his heels and making strange noises; at the finish line, he fell prostrate, furrowing the cinders with his 55-inch chest.

Bingo lay sweating and blowing for almost 10 minutes. Then, gathering all his strength, he arose and staggered over to a bench where equipment manager Roy (Friday) Macklem had assembled the first-aid paraphernalia and two pails of water. Bingo poured the contents of one pail over his head and drank the other.

Revived, he turned to Parker and remarked: "Coach, if you're all through with the Olympic tryouts, how about playing some football?"

Like all large men, Bingo is sensitive about his weight. He refuses to admit that honest football toil tires him in the slightest degree; and he insists that dieting, far from improving his playing ability, would be a handicap.



"He'll be all right. I told him tomorrow is Saturday"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

"Three summers ago," Bingaman recalls, "I got a note from Parker ordering me to report to camp weighing no more than 290. I guess Buddy figured taking off about forty pounds would help my speed. Anyway, during the off season I went to work driving one of those asphalt-finishing machines on a road-construction project.

"Where I sat on that machine—about six feet above the hot asphalt—the temperature was around 360 degrees. I steamed eight hours every day for about two months and those pounds really melted off. I also skipped breakfast, drank only a can of stewed tomatoes for lunch, and ate nothing but lean steak and green vegetables for supper.

"I finally reported to camp weighing 300," Bingo concludes, "but people started shoving me all over the place in the intra-squad scrimmages. So I put those pounds back on in a hurry at the training table. Actually, I ate my way onto the team that year!

"Since then, I've had a white-collar job during the off season—in the public-relations office of Detroit's Goebel Brewing Company. No more construction work for me!"

Perfect Athletic Proportions

Since joining the Lions as a growing 265-pound boy in 1948, Bingaman has been expanding at the rate of approximately one pound per month. However, it would not be accurate to describe Bingo as a fat man even at his current all-time high. Fleshy, perhaps, but not fat. Actually, Bingo tapers from a 55-inch chest to a 50-inch waist. His tailor, Larry Gersh of Chicago, insists that Bingo is one of America's most perfectly proportioned athletes.

"I'd describe Bingaman as a 55 regular," Gersh declares. "Of course, there's no such size, but if clothing manufacturers did put out a size 55 regular, Bingo could take a suit right off the rack without alterations. His five-inch taper from chest to waist is perfect—absolutely perfect."

Bingaman can buy ready-made shirts (neck size 18½), shorts (extra large) and socks (size 13) without much trouble, but he generally has considerable difficulty finding a comfortable fit in shoes (size 11EEE) and hats (size 7⅞). According to shoe manufacturers, a customer who wears size D has a wide foot; Bingo's EEE feet are three sizes wider than a size D.

Once, after observing Bingo's feet in the Lions' shower room, end Leon Hart remarked: "That reminds me. My wife told me to buy a garden spade on the way home."

When the Lions travel by chartered airplane, Bingo occupies the two front seats on the right side of the aisle. By removing the center armrests and cushioning himself with half a dozen pillows, he converts the front seats into a comfortable berth—and sleeps from take-off until landing. Incidentally, this forward seating arrangement is not a whim of Bingo's. The air-line management advises it as a precautionary measure to prevent the ship from becoming tail-heavy at take-off.

Last fall, as the Lions were boarding a DC-6 for a flight to San Francisco, the pilot of the plane soberly watched Bingaman trudge up the loading ramp. Turning to a stewardess, the pilot remarked:

"I said it to Orville, and I said it to Wilbur, and I'll say it again: This thing will never get off the ground."

Only once, however, has Bingaman been denied passage on an airplane because of his weight. This inconvenience occurred two years ago when the Lions were about to depart from Little Rock, Arkansas, after playing a preseason exhibition game.

"We got into the air okay at Detroit on the trip down here," the worried pilot informed Lion officials, "because we had a real long runway at Willow Run. But this Little Rock runway is about 300 feet shorter than Willow Run and that big guy"—the pilot pointed to Bingaman—"could make

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There's no need for a line-backer behind Bingo

an awful difference on the take-off."

To placate the pilot, the Lions removed Bingaman and 260-pound Leon Hart from the plane, thus lightening the take-off load by an estimated 600 pounds. Bingaman and Hart then chartered a smaller private plane and were flown to Birmingham in time to rejoin the team the next morning.

Not Popular in an Elevator

At Birmingham, Bingaman stepped into an elevator with four other Detroit players—McGraw, Cloyce Box, Lou Creekmur and Pat Harder.

"Six, please," said Bingaman.

The elevator rose slowly to the second floor. Then there was a loud metallic *clang* as though a steel cable had shattered—and the car plummeted to the basement. Nobody was injured and Bingaman denied any responsibility for the accident. "It could have happened to anybody," Bingo insisted, and he undoubtedly was right. Nevertheless, none of the Lions ride in the same elevator with him any more.

Despite his vast proportions, Bingaman lacks none of the social graces. He is an excellent dancer and an entertaining singer of hillbilly songs learned during his boyhood in McKenzie, Tennessee. Bingo grew up quickly. At fourteen, when his family moved to Gary, Indiana, he was six foot one and weighed 240 pounds.

"All the men on Dad's side of the family were big," Bingaman observes. "I can hardly remember my dad, who was killed in an accident when I was five years old, but I've been told he was a powerful man who stood six four and weighed well over 230."

Bingo starred as a football tackle and an amazingly agile basketball guard at Lew Wallace High School in Gary. At the University of Illinois, he performed brilliantly as a defensive lineman on the Illini varsity which walloped UCLA in the 1947 Rose Bowl game. At Illinois, Bingo also met and married his wife, Lois, a lovely brown-haired doll who weighs 115 pounds.

As might be expected, the 235-pound disparity between the Bingamans occasionally proves just a bit disconcerting to folks who happen to meet little Lois before becoming acquainted with big Bingo. For example, one couple whom we'll call the Smiths will never forget their first glimpse of the massive lineman.

The Bingamans had just settled in their new home. It had taken them a while to get settled, and the Smiths, next door, had seen only Lois around the grounds. Then, one sunny afternoon, Bingo emerged to mow the grass.

Not long afterward he heard a muffled shout from the house across the way. It was Mrs. Smith calling her husband. "Come quick," she cried. "Look at this!"

"This" was Bingo pushing the lawn mower in his usual casual manner. He needed only two fingers to propel the device, and it looked like a child's pusher toy as he marched across the lawn behind it.

There was a moment of silence from the Smith home as the couple took in the spectacle. Then Mrs. Smith said to her husband with a slight touch of awe in her voice: "Don't you ever get in a fight with *him!*"

Mr. Smith never did; in fact the Smiths and the Bingamans are now good friends.

When Bingo weighed in at 349½ at Ypsilanti last summer, there was some speculation that possibly he had grown too large for practical gridiron purposes. Evidently, Jim Tatum, the Maryland coach who prepared the College All-Stars for their charity battle with the pro champion Lions last August 13th, shared this opinion.

During the first half of the game, Tatum's quarterbacks concentrated on a split-T running attack aimed at Bingaman's sector in the middle of Detroit's line. This strategy failed dismally. At the half, the Lions led, 17 to 0, and Bingaman wasn't the least bit tired.

"My guess," Parker commented, "is that the All-Stars figured they could disrupt our defense by running Bingo ragged—particularly since Bingo had to play on offense as well as defense because we were using college rules. But some folks seem to forget that it takes Bingo only about two seconds to sandbag those blockers. Then he's got another 30 seconds or so to rest up before the next play starts. At that rate, the blockers wear out a lot faster than Bingo."

The real measure of Bingo's unique effectiveness can be gauged by the fact that Detroit is the only club in the NFL which does not use a middle line-backer on defense. "It would be a woeful waste of man power to station a line-backer behind Bingaman," Parker testifies. "The guy wouldn't have a chance to make any tackles because nobody ever gets past Bingo."

The basic defense employed by all pro clubs except Detroit features a five-man forward wall reinforced by three line-backers—left, middle and right. However, with Bingaman blockading the center in his own inimitable style, the Lions have an extra man (that surplus middle line-backer) available for duty wherever he's most needed.

If a running play seems likely, the Lions move that extra man up onto the scrimmage line. When a pass situation develops, they drop him back into the secondary as an extra defender. Consequently, for all practical purposes, Bingaman is worth two men in the Lions' defensive scheme. Commenting on this singular situation, veteran coach George Halas of the Chicago Bears recently said:

"When Bingaman's plugging the middle, the attacking team has to work against what amounts to a 12-man defense."

This is the twenty-eight-year-old Bingaman's seventh season in professional football. How long a player of his vast proportions can continue to operate is problematical, but Bingo figures he's good for another three years. "I'd settle for one more real good year, though," Bingo admits. "I want to help the Lions win their third straight world championship—that's something no pro club has ever been able to do."

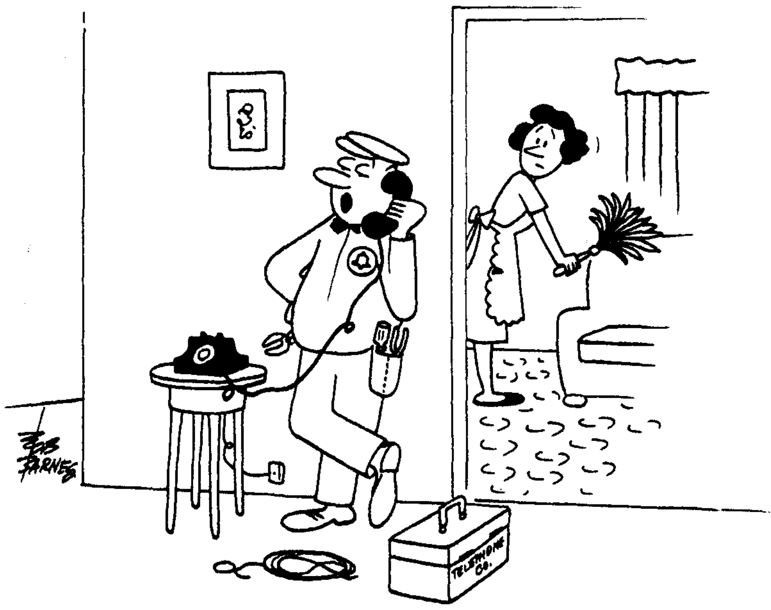
How Many More Playing Years?

Oddly enough, the Lions have no yardstick for measuring Bingo's gridiron longevity. "Ordinarily," Parker points out, "you can gauge a player's decline by his gradual loss of speed. Then, one day, you suddenly realize he's a full step slower and he's finished."

Quite obviously, the Lions can't use Parker's speed test on Bingaman. How can a player who specializes in remaining in one spot ever reach the point where he's slowing down?

"In Bingo's case," Buddy Parker allows, "I suppose you couldn't really say he's slowing down until he starts backing up."

But this does not appear to be an imminent possibility. Around Detroit, the fans seem to be pretty confident that nobody's going to make Bingaman back up or the Lions back down from their championship pedestal this season. ▲▲▲



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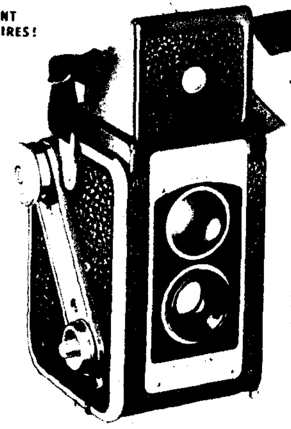

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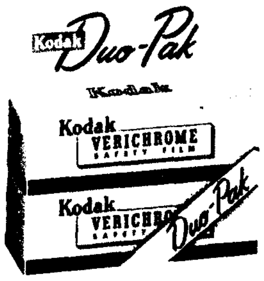

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The Reds hold five big cards—

BUT WE CAN

Edgar A. Mowrer has been covering the foreign scene for magazine and newspaper readers since 1913. He was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in Journalism in 1932 for his series of stories on the reviving Germany

PERHAPS you are one of the millions of Americans who wonder why the free world, in its struggle with the Communists, has taken another "hell of a beating" (to use an expression of the late General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell). I refer to the French surrender of half of Vietnam in Indochina to the Reds—the latest in a series of humiliating and costly setbacks for the United States and her allies.

Before the Indochina defeat, the United States sacrificed the lives of 33,417 American soldiers in an attempt to stop Communist aggression in Korea; yet the Reds still hold half that country and have blocked any final peace settlement. Furthermore, during the last seven years Uncle Sam has invested almost $40,000,000,000 in aid to our allies around the world; yet the Communists still are a potent threat throughout most of Europe and Asia.

The other day an Army general asked me bluntly just what I thought was wrong with us Americans. Why did the Reds continue to score? His question started me investigating—putting questions to specialists and reviewing my own observations.

What follows is the result of that investigation—some basic reasons for Communist gains, and what we can do about them. The main over-all reason for the Red successes, of course, is that the initial advantage always lies with the aggressor rather than the defender. But the full explanation isn't all that simple. Consider these facts:

1. *The Reds are not afraid of an atomic war.*

They consider themselves in a state of permanent war with non-Communists. Although they would prefer to conquer without a major shooting (and H-bombing) war, they presumably will start an atomic war if and when they see an opportunity to do so without danger of defeat or severe damage at home. Meanwhile, the risk of provoking such a war does not stop them from attacking us in lesser ways. They have shot down U.S. planes in "neutral" air; denied the Western Powers ground access to their own sectors of Berlin; fomented rebellions in Greece, Iran, Burma, the Philippines and Indochina; and coolly launched North Korean and Chinese hordes against the Republic of Korea.

Russia's leaders cannot be sure, of course, that their next "local" outrage will not provoke all-out war with the free world. Yet like a hardened poker player, they "bet a million" on each successive hand—and confidently reach for the chips.

Their confidence seems to be well founded. As President Eisenhower has frequently said, our side never will launch a preventive war. What is more, we repeatedly have stopped short of winning even those tests of strength into which we have been drawn; we have failed to punish the enemy severely for fear of provoking the Soviet Union into starting a superwar that neither side can win.

Unquestionably, the outcome of any all-out war would be dubious. That does not deter the Communists one whit, but it paralyzes the free world. Our side, therefore, starts no local rebellions, launches no local attacks. Instead, the Republican administration in America has silently dropped the "liberation" policy it promised to substitute for the Democrats' "containment" and joins our frightened allies in a patient watch for the first sign that Moscow may be ready to kiss and make up.

2. *The Communists are without moral restraints.*

At home they rule by naked terror. They usually crush discontent silently before it becomes rebellion. When a rare revolt does flare up—as it has in all Communist countries—the Red bosses exterminate the rebels. They even execute their own top leaders on trumped-up charges if they get out of line. They exile whole peoples—like the Tartars of the Crimea—to Siberia for deficient loyalty to the regime. They trail and assassinate without mercy Communist "traitors" who have fled abroad.

Toward non-Communist "enemies," they act with calculated cruelty. They burn villages, shoot hostages, torture and "brain-wash" prisoners, and rely upon fear to break further resistance.

In addition, the Communist party considers all its members and fellow travelers expendable for any desired purpose. It orders them to risk imprisonment and death in carrying out propaganda, sabotage, espionage, rebellion or overt attack. Its discipline is so strong that these people unhesitatingly sacrifice themselves.

Moscow does not mind their loss. It has plenty more people like them, ready to do and die just to keep the free world off balance. Also, little as we like to hear it, such inhumanity achieves its temporary goals. Whereas partial terror merely stokes the fires of resistance, total terror makes successful revolt all but unthinkable.

Free World Won't Wage Ruthless War

Terror is a weapon that the free world must forgo. We wish to be moral beings and claim to be so considered. Whether we would use our superbombs in a war with the U.S.S.R. remains to be seen. (I think we probably would.) But we refrained from dropping an A-bomb in Korea when it might have helped us considerably. Both in Korea and Indochina, the free world's generals have treated Communist rebels as legitimate prisoners. Unlike our enemies, we have spared villages that knowingly harbored enemies. We have shot no hostages. In Indochina the French did not even take the elementary precaution of moving unreliable populations to areas where they could do no harm.

Neither do we incite our sympathizers behind the iron curtain to make trouble. These people vastly outnumber the Communist sympathizers in our countries. Yet in decency we refrain from urging them to systematic acts that would lead to their imprisonment, torture or execution. In our view, short of all-out war, any such acts are "premature." By this decision we have renounced the very real advantage of keeping alive permanent anti-Communist propaganda, sabotage, selective assassination and minor revolt in Communist territory.

3. *The Communists promise something to everybody.*

They are restrained neither by truth nor by consistency. They call war, peace; tyranny, freedom; unrestrained exploitation, social justice. They loudly attack "colonialism" while reducing country after country to colonial status. No matter what you think you want—more food, a better job, personal revenge or, particularly, a whole new world order—the Red Pipers are ready with the promise, if not for today, then surely for tomorrow. They

A veteran foreign correspondent sums up the struggl

TRUMP THEM

By

EDGAR ANSEL

MOWRER

overlook nobody. And the bigger the lie—as Hitler affirmed—the more it sticks.

The United States, on the other hand, promises even less than it can—*and does*—deliver. Respect for truth is not the only reason for our restraint. Our officials in charge of foreign aid hesitate to make promises for fear of attacks by critics both at home and abroad. Furthermore, our propaganda fails to convince even those people who benefit from our aid. What are our billions, our technical assistance, our good will compared to the promises of perpetual peace and pie-in-the-sky held out by the Communists? The Reds promise to change everything; we seek basically to hold on to what already exists, unsatisfactory as it is to hundreds of millions. On this field we are beaten before we start.

4. *Communists everywhere are united.*

They are held together by a common goal—world conquest. They think, talk, work and fight under a common symbol—the hammer and the sickle. They have a common general staff. Moscow rules or gives instructions to the rulers of 800,000,000 people. Communists know exactly what is expected of them, and carry out precise orders. When Premier Malenkov in Moscow sneezes, Communists everywhere piously blow their noses.

In contrast, the camp of the free world is a loose collection of separate nations and disconnected alliances. We still lack any world-wide plan, to say nothing of a real general staff or politico-military-economic planning board. Some allied peoples will not commit themselves to anything beyond local defense. Others flirt with neutrality or, like Britain, multiply "unofficial" contacts with the enemy.

For us Americans to say that we want partners, not satellites, is all very fine and democratic—but it leaves us two jumps behind the adversary, never knowing on which members of our group we can count in a given emergency in a given area.

5. *Communists put guns before butter.*

They coldly sacrifice the living standards of their respective peoples to their political aims. Although their combined economic output is only 40 per cent of ours, they have forged ahead in most branches of the armaments race simply by concentrating on the production of arms at the expense of consumer goods. Thus—according to good authorities—the U.S.S.R. somehow or other manages to equip and keep under arms no less than 175 divisions, 70 European satellite divisions and at least 3,000,000 Asians. If the subject peoples would prefer to eat more and arm less, let them say so—and be jailed or shot!

As one Russian diplomat is said to have told a Western colleague recently, "Soviet policy is to arm and arm and arm. If you don't keep up with us, we shall fall upon you. If you do keep up, you will provoke a revolution at home."

Our side puts physical well-being first, security second. And nowhere are living standards more sacred than in the fabulously rich United States, where people live in an abundance that mankind has never seen elsewhere. Despite our defeats, President Eisenhower—with the approval of all the free peoples—still puts butter ahead of guns on the grounds that the expense of maintaining larger armament would "in the long run bankrupt us and disrupt our economy."

As a result of our refusal to concentrate on defense production, the U.S. seems unable to keep up with the promised deliveries of conventional arms to our still half-helpless Asian allies. Moreover, U.S. ground forces remain smaller than those of little Turkey and Yugoslavia, and our Air Force is believed to be inferior in numbers to that of the U.S.S.R. In consequence—as General Matthew B. Ridgway, Army Chief of Staff, recently told Congress—"the military power ratio is not changing to our advantage." How can we blame weak and neutral countries for hesitating to join our side?

Treachery and Deceit Win Victories

These, then, are five reasons why the free world is losing ground—losing ground in spite of superior military tradition, of generally better arms, of immense industrial production, of control of the seas, and of the resourcefulness of free men.

Sometime soon, as Admiral Robert B. Carney, Chief of Naval Operations, has warned, the free nations must make their choice—"to do nothing and end in oblivion, to rush around plugging up the dikes" (unsuccessful to date), "or to take measures to lower the pressures against the dikes."

What measures should we take?

Well, certain steps are out. Our side cannot match the Kremlin in aggression, murder and terror. We shall never, I trust, launch an all-out attack upon the U.S.S.R. unless first attacked, or consciously begin World War III. We are basically unwilling to send our friends behind the iron curtain to torture and premature death. We will not promise the moon to people eager to believe that it consists of succulent cheese.

But we do not have to await destruction like hypnotized rabbits. We can overcome several of our present self-imposed handicaps without any loss of self-respect.

The free peoples might cease rising like hungry trout to each poisoned peace-bait that Moscow dangles before them. We could accept the hard fact that coexistence with the Reds will be just as peaceful as our own strength makes it—and no more.

Recognizing the unsatisfactory aspects of today's world order, the United States could go further than it ever has in offering to all well-disposed peoples not just aid or a wartime association, but the kind of permanent partnership President Eisenhower recently hinted at—an organization able to enforce permanent peace inside the present United Nations if possible, outside it if necessary.

The free world might start treating all separate Communist-made revolts as parts of Moscow's continuing offensive. No longer would it meet such aggression with timid local "police actions"; it would wage all-out war against Communist rebels wherever they appeared. (The late French Marshal De Lattre de Tassigny told me in 1951 that he could speedily have suppressed the Indochina rebellion if allowed to evacuate and burn all villages in the fighting zone.)

Further, we might boldly decide to punish any new local attacks instead of merely halting them and leaving the adversary free to pull himself together and try again somewhere else. Effective punishment might make the next Korea the last.

Dangerous? Unquestionably. But if the Reds can coolly risk atomic destruction by repeated aggression, so should free people by punishing the aggressor. In fact, we may have to take that risk or succumb piecemeal.

Finally, our side could make the bitter choice of real military security over rising living standards. We have the means both to create and keep a safe military preponderance (not just a balance of power) provided we translate our statistical superiority in weapons into arms, and our friends into full-fledged allies.

Putting these measures into effect might or might not reverse the present disastrous military trend throughout the world. But those Americans who believe further defeats would be intolerable may think them worth trying. ▲▲▲

f the free world vs. the Communists. Why are the Reds winning? What should we do?

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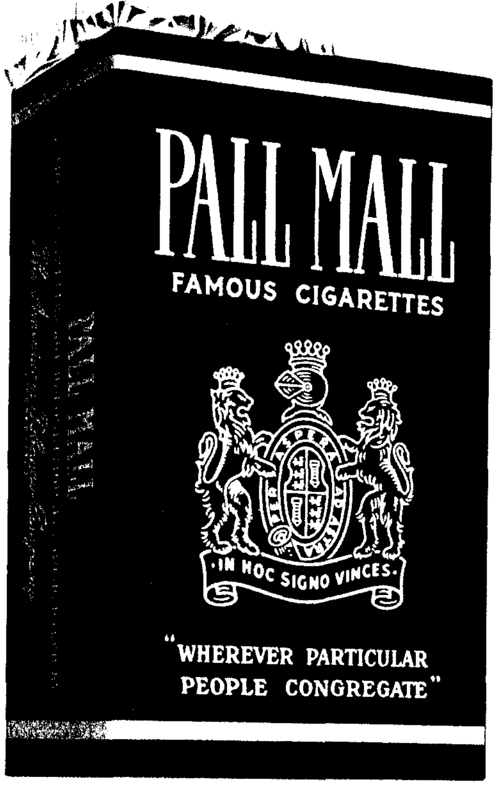
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The BIG WIN

By BONNER McMILLION

"There's something special about this town," Grace said. "No, there isn't," Paul said; "all it wants is to win"

Paul was the best coach the town had ever had; he was Watson the Wizard. But he'd be something else when the town found out about the blackmail

THE SECOND OF THREE PARTS

The Story: In his first year as football coach at Coulton, a small town in west Texas, PAUL WATSON got his high-school team to the state semifinals. Most of his success came from his revival of the old double wing, a system his opponents underrated. Paul had never expected to get this far, but now, if he could win in the semifinals, he knew he would be in a position to realize the next step in his ambition—a larger school, or even a college. The only person who tried to advise Paul on how to run the team was R. V. REAGAN, a local businessman and the father of Paul's quarterback, BOBBY. Reagan didn't like the fact that MITCH MITCHELL—a local gambler whose son, ROBIN, was on the team—hung around the gym; and he doubted that the town would favor DONNIE QUILLEN, the only Negro on the team, as a replacement for Bobby, who had been hurt in practice. Paul agreed to keep Mitchell away, but, as Paul's assistant, "MR. JIM" HEDRICK, pointed out, Donnie *had* to be tried at quarterback. Without Bobby on the team, Paul feared for his chances in the semifinals, but then came more trouble: an anonymous threat to publish a picture showing Paul and HELEN JENKINS, one of the high-school teachers, standing outside a motel cabin near San Antonio. They had stopped there for coffee one night and talked, but the evidence was damaging. Paul went to the motel to see the owner, HENRY BOLIN, a big-time gambler. Bolin told Paul that unless he lost the semifinal game, Coulton school officials and Paul's wife, GRACE, would receive prints of the picture. Paul could only agree, at first, but then he came to a decision: the semifinal game might be his last, but he would be out to win it. And he knew now why Mitchell had been hanging around the gym—he was Bolin's local representative, keeping an eye on Paul, and so it was Mitchell that Paul would tell off, whatever it might cost him.

WHEN Paul went into his office, Mitch was smoking a cigarette, his too-youthful face blank and innocent.

"You're getting out of here, Mitchell," Paul said, locking the door, "as soon as I set the record straight. Tell your friend Bolin I've changed my mind. Tell him I'm not going to do it."

Mitch squinted. "My friend who?"

"Bolin. I think that's his name. You know who I'm talking about."

"Hank Bolin? Changed your mind about what?"

Paul glared at the innocent face, the teasing smile. He reached down, seized Mitch's coat in both hands and hauled him to his feet. Mitch offered no resistance. He seemed resigned to such outbursts, as though they were normal hazards of his trade.

"Okay, Mitchell, now get out of here. Tell your

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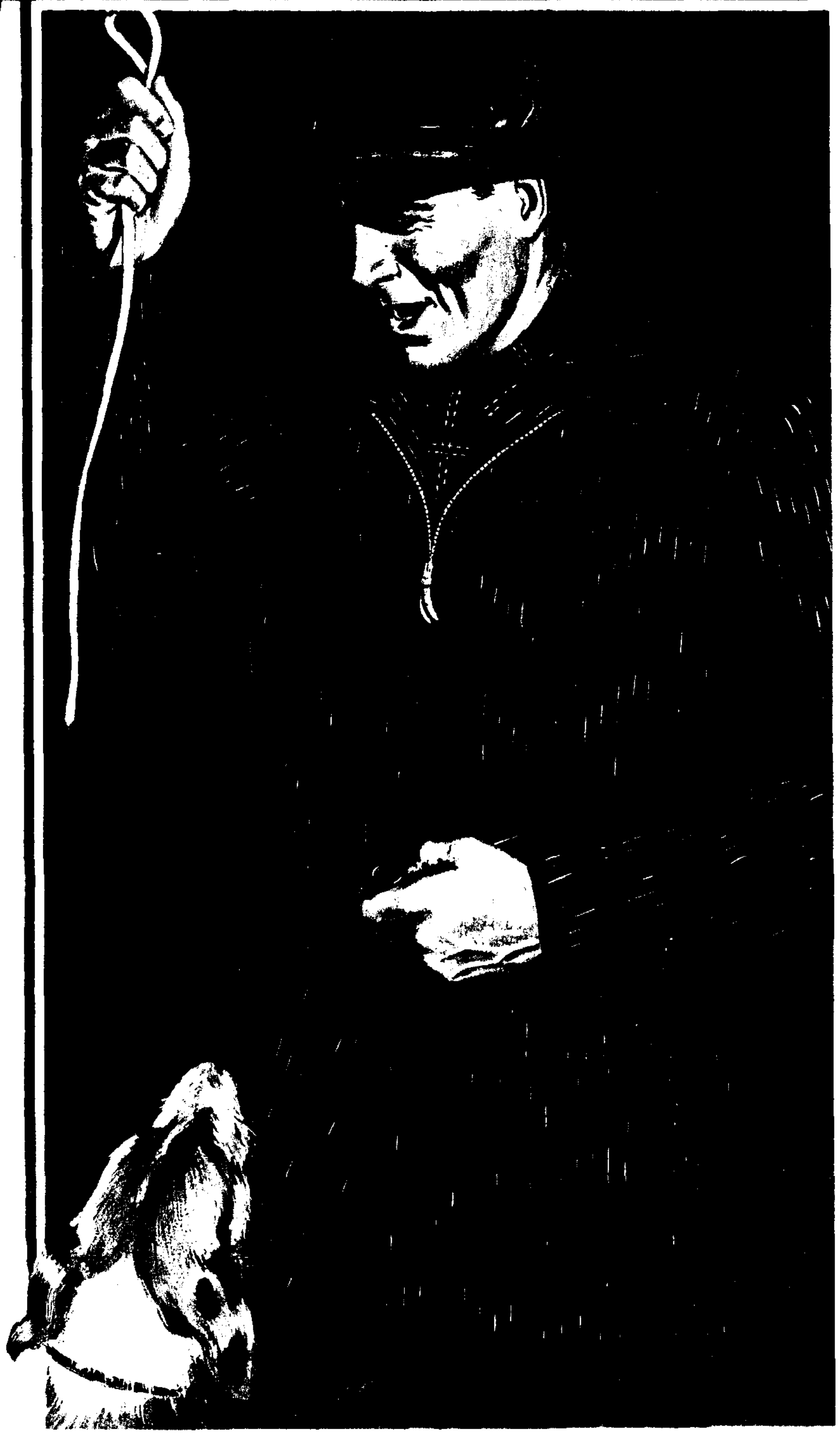

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pal Bolin I said go to hell." Paul shoved him toward the door, and when Mitchell made no move to go, Paul said, "Do I have to throw you out?"

"Not if you'll unlock the door," Mitchell said softly.

In a frustrating kind of anticlimax, Paul opened the door and Mitch strolled out, and at that very moment Helen Jenkins came down the corridor. Mitchell tipped his hat to her, smiling, casual, without the slightest show of haste. She glanced at Paul and said, "Good morning." He muttered a good morning and went back into his office.

IT WAS eleven o'clock when Mr. Jim knocked and came in. Paul had spent the morning at his desk with a stack of cardboards containing diagrams of plays; he had been trying to reshape his team now that Bobby Reagan was injured. "You haven't heard the talk downtown this morning, have you?" Mr. Jim asked.

Paul shook his head. "I don't need to. There's a man who tells me everything that happens downtown—and a good deal that doesn't happen."

"Yes. Reagan, the great benefactor. Well, to quote him, it's looking bad downtown. That injury of Bobby's is hurting us worse than we thought."

Paul was not impressed. He said, "Reagan gave me the full details last night, probably before most of the talk had started."

Mr. Jim looked at him in mild surprise. "Doesn't it bother you, Paul? It could wreck the team—everything we've worked for and accomplished."

"Talk never wrecked anything, Mr. Jim," Paul said. "People who talk don't bother me, because people who talk don't act."

"Maybe so," Mr. Jim said. "I'm glad to hear you say that. It made my blood boil to hear the smart boys talking this morning. They've got no interest in the school; they're only interested in winning ball games. But three months ago we had something fine here, Paul. I don't think any of us, especially you, realized just how fine and important it was. I'm not talking about the team as such. A team's a team, it wins and loses. But there never was another team like ours, and it was Donnie Quillen who made it different. Ours will always be one of the first high-school teams in this state that dared to use a Negro player. To me it wasn't so important that we did it, but that it was done with such decency and good spirit. Those people downtown who are accusing Donnie of deliberately injuring Bobby at practice are the very people who went out of their way all season to include him as a part of the team."

Mr. Jim shook his head and then went on, "I can't understand it. They're the same people today that they always were, yet they're suddenly bitter, angry and unfair. I'd have sold my life for this town and this team of ours. We couldn't be beaten, I thought, because we were one people, all pulling together. Now I'm not sure." . . .

Paul was waiting in the dressing room when the players began arriving that afternoon. After the entire squad had assembled, he rapped for attention, and said, "Stay inside after you've suited up—all of you." The players resumed dressing, and Paul signaled to the student manager. "Take Donnie outside and keep him busy for a few minutes."

Several of the players glanced up, suspecting something, as the manager and Donnie left the room. Mr. Jim came over and joined Paul, and the players quickly grew silent.

Paul stepped up onto a locker bench. For a moment he gazed at the solemn, youthful faces. "I don't know whether you boys have heard the talk around town today," he said, "but we're going to set the record straight here and now. Yesterday afternoon Bobby got a bad knee injury when he was tackled by Donnie. You know about it. You saw it happen. Certain people, who didn't see it happen, are saying that Donnie did it deliberately, that he hit Bobby and hurt him after the play was dead."

A low mutter went through the squad.

"Listen to me!" Paul commanded. "I don't know who these people are. I don't care. What they say and what they think can never hurt me or you or Donnie or Bobby, unless we ourselves begin to think and say it. We don't want any hatred or dissension on this team. So we're going to set the record straight here and now. I have a pencil here and a scratch pad and a helmet. We're going to put it to a vote. I want you to leave the room one at a time, and as you leave I want you to write down your answer, fold it, and drop it in the helmet. If you think Donnie deliberately tried to hurt Bobby, I want you to write yes. If you think it was an accident, I want you to write no." He paused, then added, "If I receive one yes answer, I'm going to ask Donnie to turn in his suit."

He stepped down from the bench. For a moment the players hung back, then Ernie Gillis, the big fullback, came forward. "Give me that pencil, Coach," he said. A line formed quickly, and in minutes the room was empty.

When Paul and Mr. Jim arrived on field, the players gathered around, their eyes fixed on the upturned helmet under Paul's arm. Donnie Quillen loitered far in the rear. He had obviously been told.

Paul tilted the helmet and the slips spilled out and were swept away by the gusty wind. "Thirty-one noes. No yeses," he said.

THE whole team grinned in unison. Beyond, Donnie Quillen was watching with a face still clouded and apprehensive.

"That was strictly for the record—for the smart boys downtown," Paul told them. "I knew what your answer would be. But let's keep the lesson in mind. Whatever people say—here, or in San Antonio, or anywhere—we're a team, working together, winning together, standing up for one another. If we have a bit of bad luck, if we lose our quarterback, it doesn't weaken us. It makes us stronger, because we're a team. We all work harder. We fill in the gap. Bad luck can't beat us, and talk can't beat us as long as we pull together. Now let's get to work."

No amount of talk, he knew, would ever settle the question of a substitute quarterback. The choice had probably been delayed too long. Donnie Quillen or James Long? Whatever the answer, it would have a significance now beyond that of a mere choice of players. Picking Donnie would be an act of defiance. As Mr. Jim had pointed out earlier in the day, it would serve to fan the talk, confirm the suspicions. Picking James Long would be a concession to influences at work outside the team.

Paul settled on James Long temporarily, since the boy had served as Bobby's substitute all season. But he installed Donnie as quarterback on the second team, and this was the unit he worked with personally when the squads broke apart for dummy drills.

Finally he brought the teams together for scrimmage, and he let Donnie do the calling without interruption. But when the first team began to run at will through the struggling subs, he started mixing the units. He transferred the backfield first, and watched them function with Donnie as their quarterback. Then he brought over the ends for pass plays.

Eventually the whole first string had been switched, and as he watched it in action, he knew this was his Saturday team. It had to be.

The team would miss Bobby Reagan—his poise, calmness, experience, his fine qualities of leadership. But it would gain something in Donnie Quillen that it had never had before—savage driving strength. Bobby was a delicate craftsman. Donnie was a sledge hammer. The team wasn't as smart without Bobby Reagan, but it was tougher, stronger.

Three yards, four yards—this was the kind of team that could beat Bryan High because it could keep pounding, keep moving the ball.

DONNIE did not leave the dressing room with the rest of the players. When the room had cleared, he came over to Paul and stood with hands crammed deep in his pockets, looking glum and distressed. "Coach," he asked, "did you see Bobby today?"

"Doc Morgan brought him by the house at noon," Paul said. "They'd just come back from San Antonio. They're giving him therapy baths on the long chance his knee may come around."

Donnie brightened. "You think he may get to play Saturday?"

Paul laughed. "I doubt it, Donnie. The way it looks now, you're going to be our quarterback." He studied the boy's face a moment. "What's the matter—does that scare you?"

"Yes, sir," Donnie said.

The look on his face reminded Paul of the first games of the season, when Donnie had been almost frantic with fear. At the pregame warmups, Paul would find him drifting aside, staring at the stands. At practice he was simply another player, but before the roaring crowds he was a marked man, a black impostor on an all-white field. Paul had cured his fear by having him stand toe to toe with Ernie Gillis while they slammed their fists against each other's shoulders. After a few games Donnie had become adjusted to his starting assignment, and the fear had left him.

"Quarterback is no different from wing back," Paul explained carefully. "There's nothing to be scared of."

Donnie shook his head. "At wing back," he said, "I do what I'm told. I don't have to tell the whole team what to do."

"Someone has to tell them, Donnie," Paul said. "If you weren't the boy to do it, I wouldn't have you back there. Now, is that all that's worrying you?"

"No, sir," Donnie said and shifted his weight uneasily. "Coach, will you take me out to Bobby's house? I—well, you know what people have been saying. What I mean is, he knows it was an accident, but I want to tell him it was—myself."

Paul nodded. He was tired and hungry, but this was a good deal more important than dinner. When they got outside, Grace was waiting in the car. Paul kissed her and she turned and smiled at Donnie.

"You worked awfully late," she said to them. "I was about to give up."

"Donnie and I are going to run out to the Reagans' to see Bobby," Paul said. "Want to go?"

"Yes," Grace said. "I'd enjoy the drive."

When they got to the Reagan ranch, they were greeted by two huge dogs which leaped and snarled around the car. The porch light flashed on and R. V. Reagan came out of the house, shouting at the dogs.

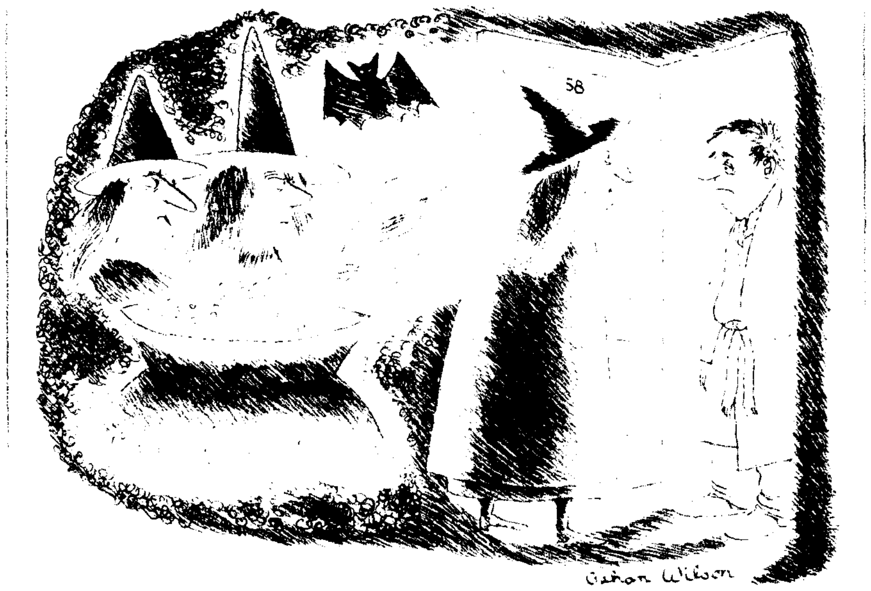
"Get out, get out," he called. "They won't bother you." He came up to the car and peered in. "Who is it? Paul? Well, this is a surprise! Grace too."

As the rear door opened, he said, "What? Someone else?" For a moment he was silent. "Well, boy, I didn't know you were back there. It's hard to see you in the dark."

He started toward the porch, walking between Paul and Grace. After a few steps, he called back to Donnie, "Come on, boy, come on."

Paul had never met Mrs. Reagan—a small, delicate woman with a soft, Southern voice—but now he could see why Bobby was so unlike his father. She greeted Donnie graciously and took him immediately to see Bobby, who was in his room, leaving the others to follow.

Bobby was delighted. He insisted on getting out of bed and hobbled over to



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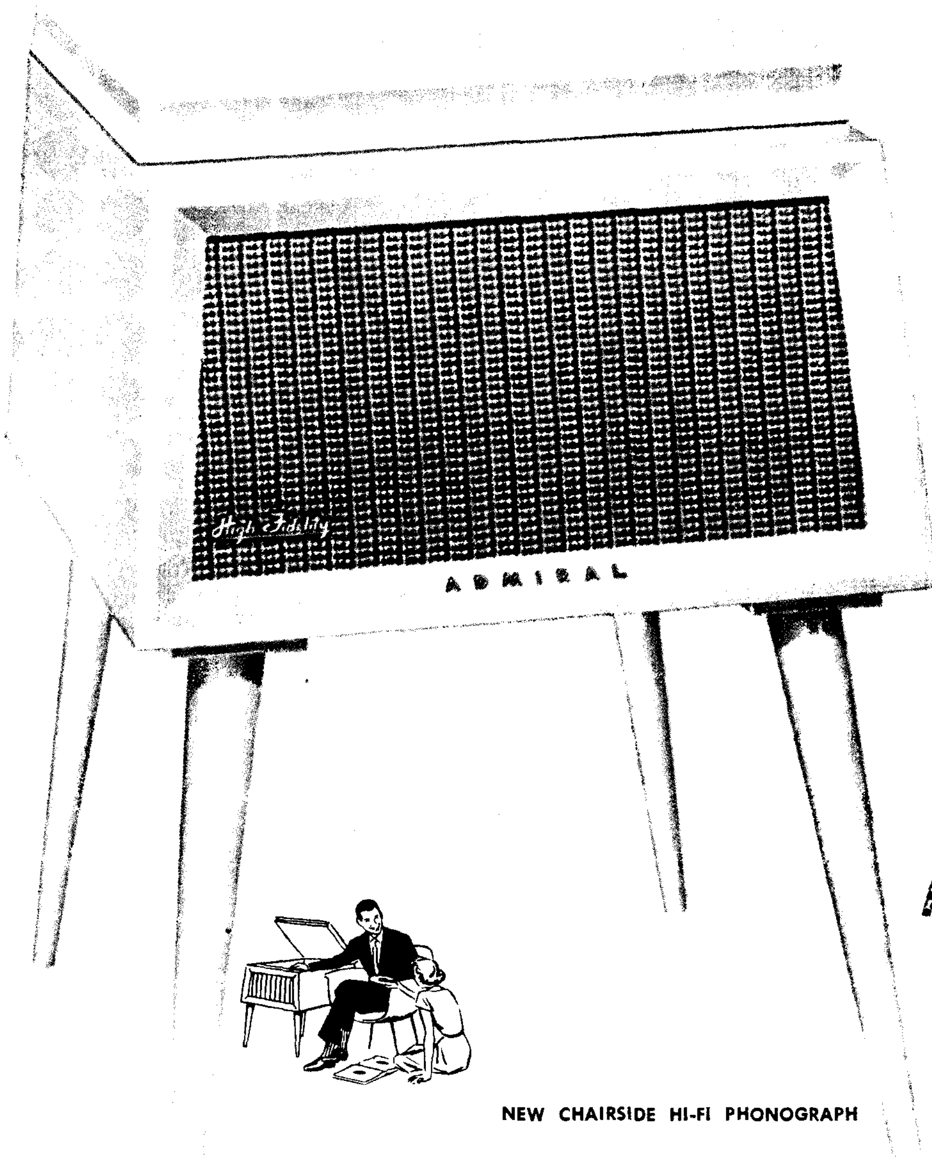

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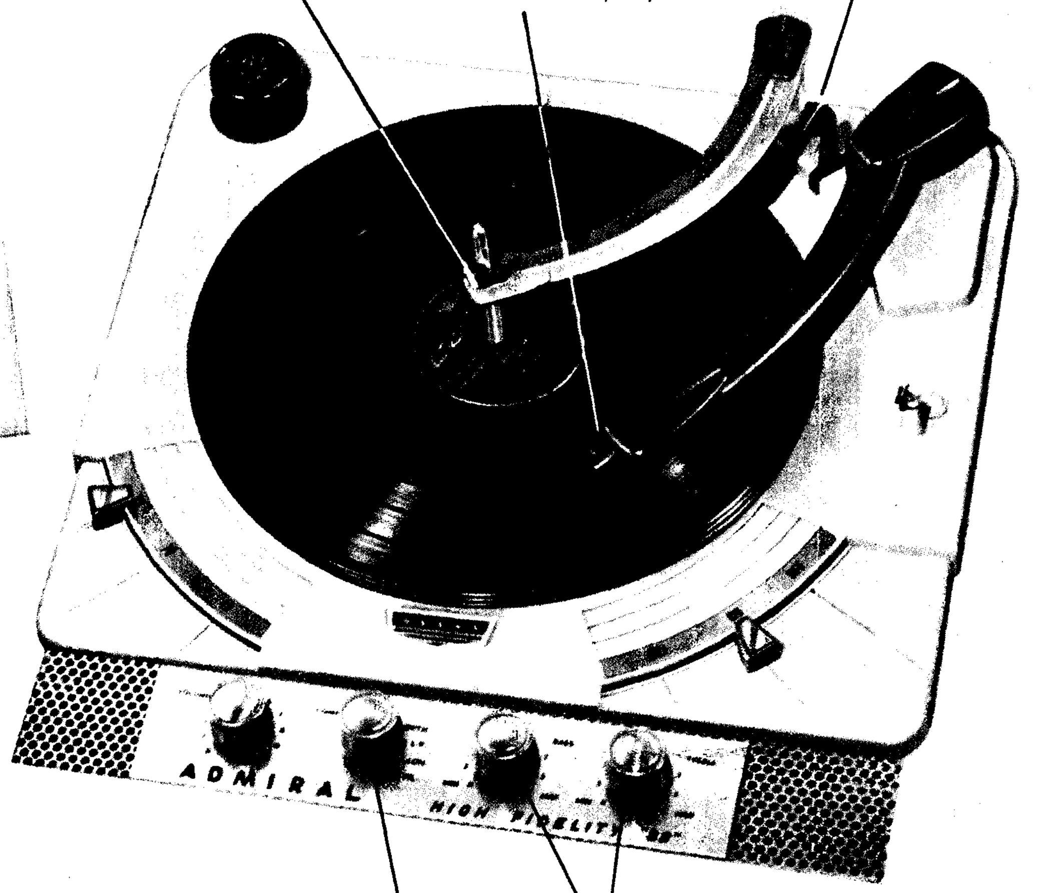

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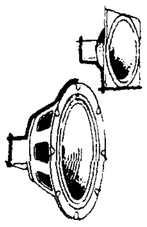

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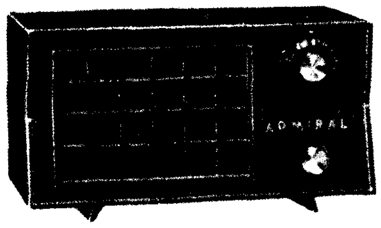

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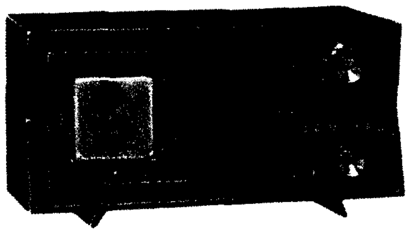

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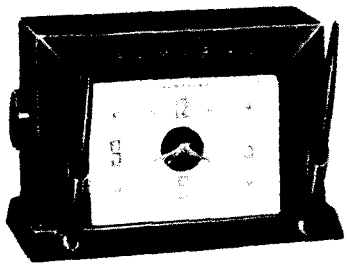

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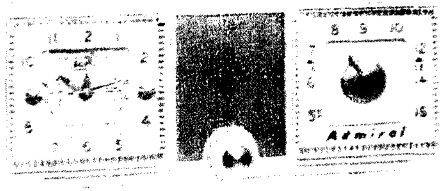

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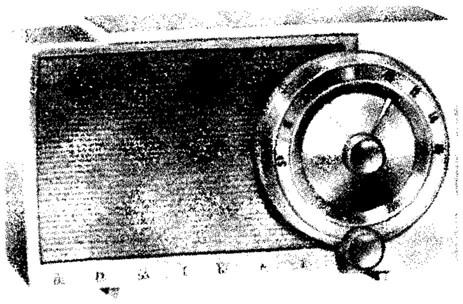

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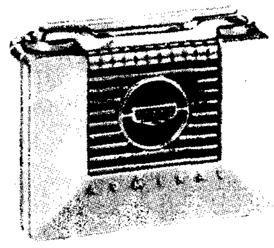

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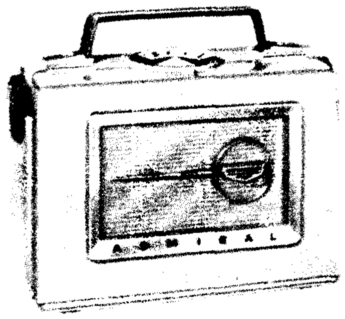

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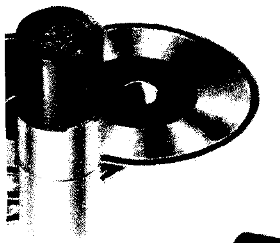

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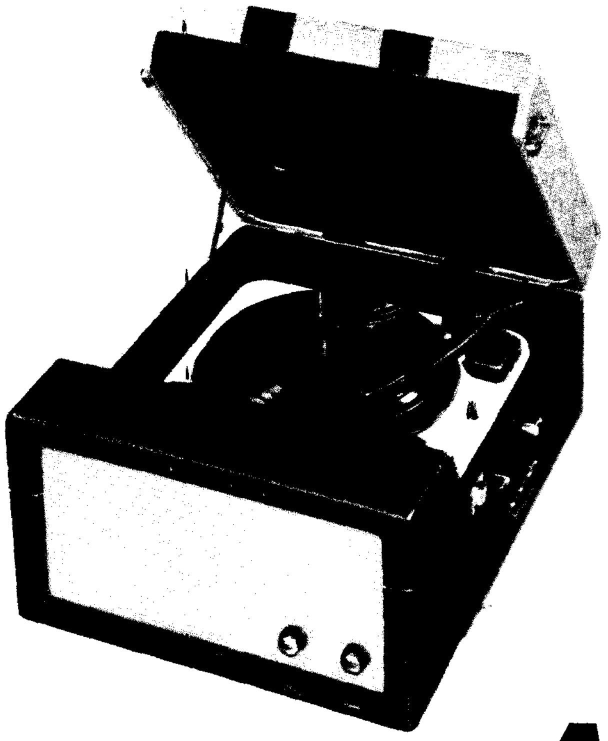

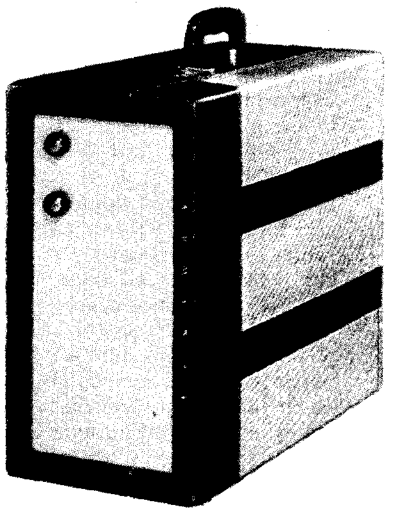

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a chair and sat down. "You see," he said, "I'm going to be ready to play Saturday."

"Bobby, Dr. Morgan said—"

Bobby grinned at his mother. "Dr. Morgan said if I felt like walking—walk. He said it was the best way in the world to get the stiffness out." He looked around at them all. "I'm going to be ready Saturday, I tell you."

Reagan cleared his throat and said sternly, "Son, you'd better go slow on that knee," but there was an unmistakable elation in his voice.

Paul smiled, feeling a warmth of admiration for this game, determined kid. "If that knee is well by Saturday," he said, "I'll be the happiest man in Texas. But if it isn't, there'll be other games, Bobby. You'll never have another knee. Don't rush it."

Bobby wasn't impressed. "There are four more days until Saturday," he said. "I'll bet anybody anything I get to play in that game."

"We'll see," Paul said. "You take it easy, Bobby."

Paul nodded to Reagan and walked out of the room. This was Donnie's visit. After a few minutes he heard the women go off on a tour of the house.

ALONE with Paul, Reagan's tone became solemn and confidential. "Well, what do you think?" he asked.

"About what? Bobby?"

"About his playing. Wouldn't it be something if he was ready by Saturday! It would mean the whole difference—the difference between losing and winning, wouldn't it, Paul?"

"It probably would."

Reagan looked at Paul carefully. "I had a talk with a Mr. Buckner today," he said.

"Oh?" Paul couldn't place any Mr. Buckner.

"Wilson Buckner. From Burrington College."

"I see," Paul said.

Reagan grinned. "How'd you like to be head coach at Burrington?"

Paul laughed. "You mean how'd I like to make eight thousand a year?"

"Ten thousand," Reagan corrected. "They're looking you over, Paul. This Coulton team has made you. And I intend to do everything I can to help you get it."

"Thanks. I'll appreciate it." Paul didn't want to talk about it. Had the news been fresh, he would have been surprised and elated. But Hank Bolin, the gambler, had taken the edge off the news about Burrington when he had mentioned it as part of what Paul might lose if the picture of him with Helen Jenkins was released. Suddenly everything connected with football—winning games, headlines, better jobs—seemed cheap and meaningless.

Paul had dropped Grace off at the house so that she could start supper, and then he had taken Donnie to his father's filling station at the edge of the city. As he headed back home, Paul glanced at a car speeding out toward the country. He recognized the driver, but his lights gave him only a glimpse of the woman in the car. His foot came off the accelerator and began pumping the brake. Even if he succeeded in following them, he would gain no satisfaction from having his suspicions confirmed or denied. But it was something to do. It was better than waiting and doubting.

Just as he was catching up with the car, it slowed and turned into a lane. A mesquite pasture bordered the highway opposite the lane, and Paul let his car coast to a stop and parked in the shallow ditch next to the fence. Shadows covered the car there.

He got out and walked up the ditch a hundred yards before crossing the highway. In the center of the road he glanced toward the lane, hemmed with its rows of brush and mesquite, and saw the other car there, glinting faintly in the moonlight. He crossed to the lane's entrance and stopped.

The car was a hundred feet away. He could hear muffled, unintelligible talk. He was still seeking a way to move closer when the motor started and the car began backing out of the lane. He dropped flat and rolled into the ditch a moment before the car growled past him. It stopped, and for a fearful instant he thought that the driver had seen him, but he was waiting for a truck to pass on the highway.

As the car backed out onto the pavement, Paul caught a full view of the woman's face. She was laughing at something Mitch had said. It was Helen Jenkins—Mitch Mitchell and Helen Jenkins!

BUTCH

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COLLIER'S **"I've had to accompany lots of prisoners in my day, Butch. So far, you've been more of a nuisance than any of them"** LARRY REYNOLDS

Long after they had gone, Paul sat in his car reviewing all that had happened. The situation had come full circle. It had begun with Helen Jenkins and the ride home from Mainsfield. It had led to the Palomino Motel and Hank Bolin. From Bolin it had led to Mitch Mitchell, and now from Mitchell back to Helen Jenkins again.

NO WONDER Bolin had recognized him that fatal weekend. He'd been expecting him. No wonder Mitchell had hung around the gym; no wonder Helen had struck up a friendship with Grace. Bolin, Mitchell and Helen Jenkins—they had planned it that way from the very beginning, then waited patiently for weeks, maintaining their contacts, until the time was right. Saturday was the pay-off.

Starting his car, he remembered, with a surge of anger and regret, that he had tipped his hand to Mitchell that morning. In doing so he had spoiled his last chance—to stall them until the game was over, then resign his coaching job. If he had played it smart, he might have cost them as much in money as it was going to cost him now in reputation. From the moment he first saw the picture, he had known that some sort of fix was on. He should have been prepared for anything, played it cagey. Instead, he had behaved like an outraged schoolboy, sputtering, blustering, being defiant and remorseful by turns.

Bolin's words were a chilling echo now: "I'm going to win that bet. Win it easy, win it hard—it makes no difference to me." And his own bold words to Mitch Mitchell: "Tell Bolin I said go to hell."

Well, he'd asked for it, and he was going to get it. Tomorrow—Thursday at the latest—prints of that picture would be all over town. By Saturday, as Bolin had warned, Coulton would be in such an uproar that the game would be of little consequence. Paul Watson was going to be thrown to the wolves. Grace was going to be shocked and humiliated. Their years of waiting, working, hoping were going to be shattered by one evil blow, and there was nothing he could do about it.

He could still call Bolin and say he'd go along with the fix. Probably it wasn't too late. If it weren't for Grace, he wouldn't even consider the idea. But he had to decide—now, tonight—exactly what he was going to do, and he had to stick to that decision no matter what happened.

The table was set, dinner was waiting when he reached home. He went to the bedroom in search of Grace and found that she had lain down to rest and gone to sleep. Lifting her into his arms, he kissed her and said, "Don't be frightened. I'm your husband, in case you've forgotten."

Her laugh was thick and drowsy. "I remember you, vaguely—from back before the football season."

"Well, cheer up, darling," he said. "The season ends on Saturday."

She reached up and held his face between her hands. "You don't mean that," she said. "You've said it too often. I can't remember a game that wasn't the end of something—your luck, the season or your whole career. You're talking to your wife now. I haven't a bit of sympathy for you." She sat up, heavy and unwieldy, and straightened her maternity dress. "I do wish I weren't so useless. This is the biggest week of your life. I ought to be there cheering every minute."

"You're always there," he said. "I don't have to see you to know it."

HE HELPED her to her feet. "Did it ever occur to you," he asked, "that I might not be a football coach for the rest of my life?"

"No, I'd never thought about that," she said. "I'm not sure I'd want to. Why did you ask?"

"No reason," he answered, "except that coaching just isn't much fun any more. It used to be, back in the little towns when it didn't make a great deal of difference whether the team won or not. Then I used to look forward to the games. Now I dread them. Week after week I go out on the field, not to watch the game and enjoy it, but to win. When it gets that serious, Grace, it's just not a game any more. It's a hard, dirty business."

"Of course it is, darling," she said. "But come here a minute." Holding his hand, she led him to the bulletin board on the opposite wall. She pointed to one of the programs. "Remember this one?" she asked. "The last home game—the last one I got to see. Remember what you said? 'We can't possibly beat Big Canyon.' But we did, and wasn't it a little bit of fun, too?"

"And here"—Grace reached for a telegram and read—"*Congratulations, Paul. Best of luck in the state playoffs. Glad to hear the wing and spread is still alive. Dutch Meyer.* Of course, you weren't proud of that, were you?"

He grinned, grudgingly pleased. Of all the souvenirs, that unexpected wire from his old coach was the one they treasured most.

"Oh, you and that damned bulletin board," he said.

"You love it. You know you do," she said lightly, and then she was quickly serious again. "So do I, Paul. And I'm very, very proud. It isn't just that you're beginning to make a name for yourself, as every good coach has to do, but that you're doing it with loyalty and decency and hard work. Don't you see? Football is naturally more than a game to you now. But it's never a dirty game, as you insist, unless you make it that way."

Paul went to wash for dinner then, and Grace went into the kitchen. He was just coming out into the hall when the telephone rang. It was Mitchell. He recognized the man's soft, unhurried voice. "Is this Paul Watson?"

"Yes."

"This is Mitchell." There was a momentary pause. "Look, Watson, I've been thinking about this morning—about what you said. I think we ought to have a little talk."

Paul drew his breath in slowly and tensed his body. It wasn't too late. The pictures hadn't been sent. Then he heard Grace's words: *But it's never a dirty game, as you insist, unless you make it that way.*

"Mitchell," he said, "I don't have

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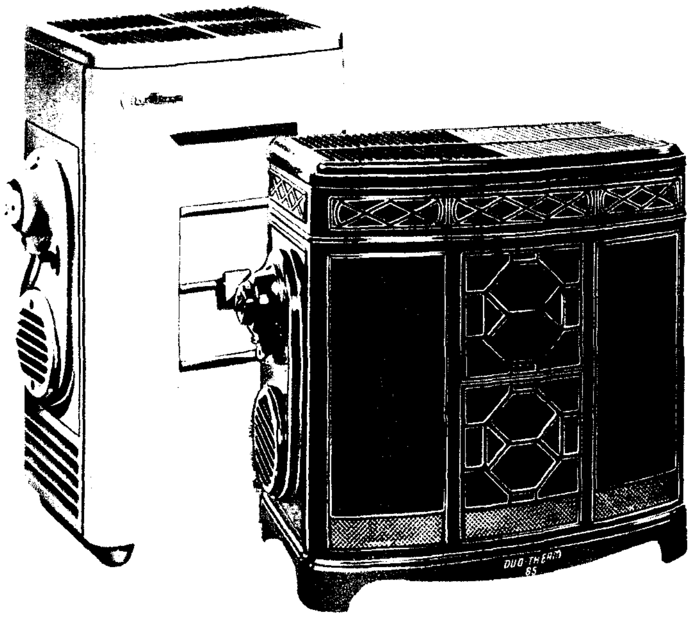

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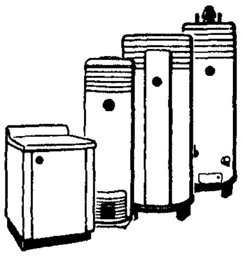

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anything to say to you that I haven't said already. You and Bolin can go straight to hell."

"Okay," Mitchell said. "I guess you know what you're doing."

"I know exactly what I'm doing. Don't try to contact me again." . . .

When he arrived at school Wednesday morning, Paul checked the morning mail, expecting that there might be some sort of threat or last appeal from Bolin. There wasn't. Nor was Mitchell anywhere around the gym. The idea crossed his mind that they might not distribute the pictures after all. It was a flimsy hope, but, with Helen involved, it might be possible that she was unwilling to have herself used in such a public way. She might have consented to it only after the assurance that the threat of exposure would never be carried out.

This was possible, he decided, but he couldn't allow himself to count on it. He had to be prepared, hour by hour, for the superintendent or a delegation of citizens to confront him with the damning evidence.

"Paul!"

Worried, he had forgotten the open door, and the word was like a gunshot. He jumped and turned as R. V. Reagan came in the door. He was in enormous good spirits, and Paul, glancing past him into the corridor, saw the reason for it.

Bobby was there, looking scrubbed and cheerful. He was leaning on a cattleman's cane, and his teammates were gathered joyfully around him.

"Look at that," Reagan said. "He could run for governor. that boy."

Paul smiled and nodded.

"We're on our way to San Antonio with Doc Morgan," Reagan informed him, "for another one of those therapy baths. Doc said that one yesterday was practically a miracle cure. He said if Bobby keeps improving at the same rate—cross your fingers, Paul—he might be able to play Saturday."

"If he doesn't get trampled first," Paul said, and then called in his severe, drill-field voice: "Get back. You want to cripple him for life?"

THE crowd dispersed slowly, leaving Bobby and a cluster of teammates around the door.

"I don't know why I'm so tickled," Robin Mitchell said. "If Bobby plays, I don't."

"You have to sacrifice yourself," Ernie Gillis told him, "for the glory of the cause."

"But if I don't play"—Robin's face was twisted in mock distress—"I can't score a touchdown. And if I can't score a touchdown, I can't make a hundred dollars."

"Who's paying a hundred dollars for a touchdown?" Ernie demanded. "Anyhow, if you take money for playing it makes you a professional, and the whole team gets kicked out of the league."

"Not if it comes from my own dad, it doesn't," Robin said. "Does it, Coach?"

"Hey, is your old man offering a hundred bucks just for somebody to score a touchdown?" Ernie asked.

"For me, me, you dope," Robin said, thumping himself on the chest. "Not you. He says he's been waiting two years to see me score a touchdown. He says if I score one Saturday, he'll give me a hundred dollars, only I can't spend it until I go off to college."

"When did your dad tell you that?" Paul asked, looking hard at Robin.

Robin's expression changed. He was worried now. "This morning," he said. "But I didn't say I'd take it. Anyway, they can't do anything to you for taking a gift from your own father. I bet they can't. Can they, Coach?"

"Certainly not," Paul said. "Robin, take your dad up on that offer."

THE Coulton Quarterback Club met on Wednesday night in the high-school auditorium. It was an unexclusive group without charter and with no purpose other than to praise, analyze and consecrate the Coulton football team. As head coach, Paul was always the main speaker. He was also the target for fathers who thought their sons weren't playing often enough, and for fanatics who not only expected victories but lopsided scores.

The telephone rang as Paul was getting dressed. The bell's shrill tone jolted him with the abrupt knowledge that he was wasting his time dressing, that the Quarterback Club would not meet tonight. He had learned to expect the worst from that telephone. All week it had rung, and not once had it brought him good news.

The caller was the building contractor, Morris Anderson, president of the Quarterback Club and also a member of the school board. "Paul?"

"Yes."

"This is Morris. Listen, the Quarterbacks aren't meeting. It's been called off. Something's come up. Listen, if you don't mind, I'd like to come by for you. How soon can you be ready?"

"I'm ready now."

"Good. I'll be there in fifteen minutes. Good-by."

Grace had come into the hall. "Who was it, Paul?"

"Morris Anderson."

"What did he want?" she asked.

"Nothing special," he said. "He's coming by for me." Her curiosity upset him. He went back into the bathroom and closed the door.

The thing to do, he decided, was to type out a letter of resignation. If this was to be a full meeting of the board, he had to be ready for it. He would tell them the whole story, briefly, including the fact that Bolin was trying to fix the game. He would point out that he could have gone along with it and no one in Coulton would ever have known, but that he had chosen to be honest instead. He would offer no apologies. But he would ask that the trustees keep the matter quiet until he and his wife could leave town—not for his sake, but for Grace's.

When he went into the bedroom to get his typewriter, he found Grace at the dressing table powdering her face. "What are you doing?" he demanded. Under the circumstances, it seemed an insulting display of vanity.

"Doing? Why, I'm trying to look presentable."

"Who for? Morris Anderson?"

"For anyone I happen to see. For you, if you're interested."

He took the typewriter to the kitchen and dashed off the letter without pause. He was signing it when Anderson's car stopped outside.

Looking out into the heavy twilight, Paul saw three men in the car: Anderson; the school superintendent, Milton Forrest; and R. V. Reagan. This was going to be nasty.

He went back to the bedroom, telling Grace curtly, "They're here. I'll grab something to eat downtown."

"Wait, Paul." She had a handkerchief which she folded carefully into his coat pocket.

"Grace, don't!" he said.

"Now. Kiss me," she commanded.

He pecked her lips.

"You're acting very grown-up, darling. Don't forget to use your hankie."

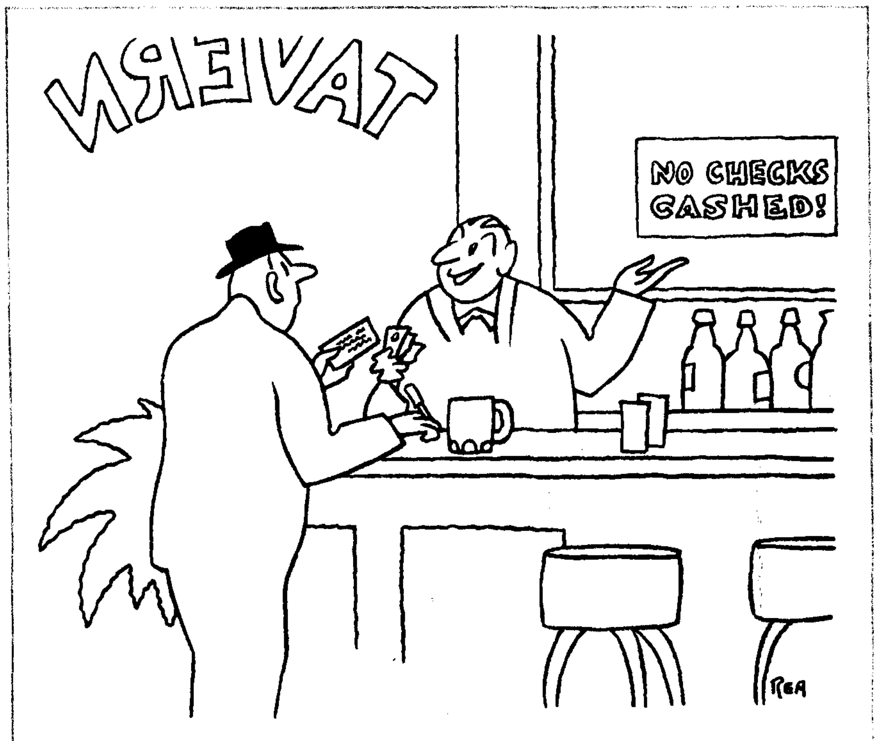
He glowered at her and went to greet the men at the door.

AS SOON as they were in the car, Reagan said, obviously stalling, "Morris, as long as we're out here in the new section, let's have a look at those houses you're building."

Paul slumped in the seat. The athletic committee was probably in session right now. Reagan, Anderson and Forrest had been detailed to keep him ready for the appointed hour—whenever that should be.

In the early darkness they stumbled over the scrap lumber and ruptured earth around Anderson's block of new houses. After a while Paul saw Reagan draw Anderson aside, and Anderson looked at his watch and nodded, then began herding them back to the car.

On the way back into town, they made a lame effort at conversation



COLLIER'S "Oh, that's just for the regular customers" GARDNER REA

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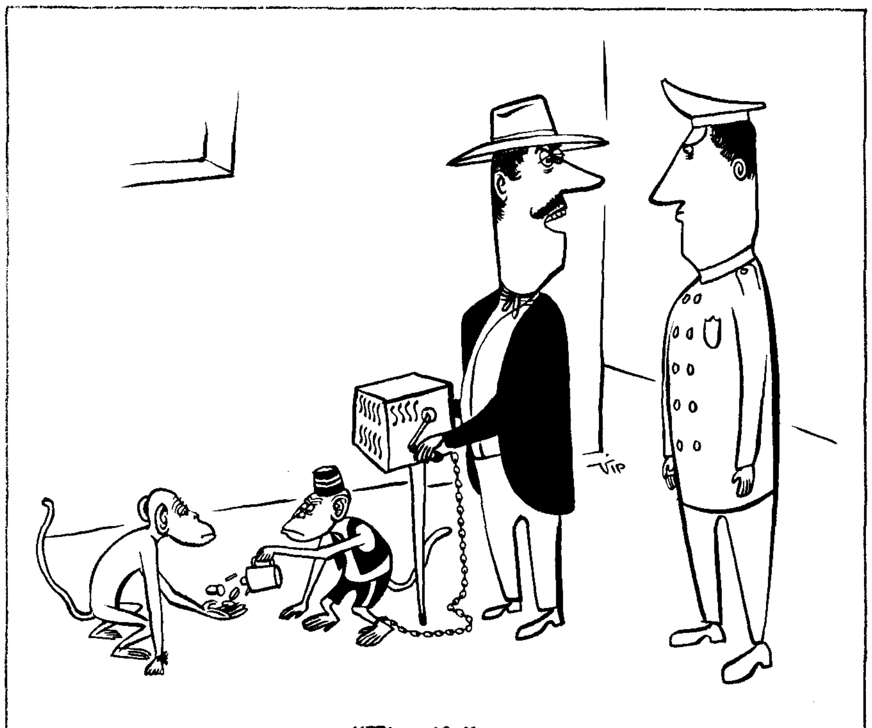

COLLIER'S "His wife" VIRGIL PARTCH

before settling into heavy silence. No doubt about it now—the atmosphere was strained. And it stayed that way until Anderson parked his car near the Flinders Hotel. Anderson got out and opened the back door. "Hop out, Paul," he snapped. "Let's go."

Paul got out slowly and looked around. The three men were grinning, making him sullen and distrustful. "What's the idea?" he demanded. "Is this some sort of a joke?"

"Grab his arm, Bob," Anderson said to Reagan.

With Anderson on one side and Reagan on the other, Paul was rushed across the street and into the lobby of the hotel. When they came to the closed double doors of the banquet room Reagan jerked a football whistle from his pocket and gave a shrill blast. The double doors swung open.

Before them was a long room in brilliant light—and people, hundreds of people, seated at tables set with silver and crystal. At the end of the room was a raised table, where Paul saw Grace sitting with Mr. Jim and his wife. Above them was a banner with letters four feet tall: WATSON THE WIZARD. Deep in Paul's stomach a muscle twitched. He put his hand over it and pressed.

Behind the door a chord was struck on the piano. Paul felt himself tugged forward, and then he was walking down between the rows of tables in the brilliant light, like a fighter entering an arena, scowling and guarded, and Anderson and Reagan were lifting his arms and waving, and the whole room was singing: *"For he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly good fellow . . ."*

MUCH later, after the dinner was finished and the lights had been dimmed, Paul let his gaze stray for the first time around the smoke-filled room. It was that long before he could look squarely at these people.

For these were the wolves, the Monday quarterbacks. These were the people who harassed him with questions, who whispered that Bobby's injury was no accident. Yet, at the very moment he had been typing a letter of resignation, they had been preparing a testimonial dinner in his honor.

Even Mitch Mitchell was there. And as soon as Paul noticed him, he felt that the whole dinner was a mockery.

"What can I say?" Mr. Jim was concluding his speech now. "Paul has already spoken as only a good coach can speak—through his team. You've seen that team. You've seen it go on winning week after week when you knew, I knew, the team knew it had no right to win. I take nothing away from the players in saying this: I merely want to give Paul Watson the credit he deserves. Yesterday he asked his team, in effect, for a vote of confidence. You heard about it. The vote was unanimous."

He turned and placed a hand on Paul's shoulder. "Before we adjourn, I'll say just this: I gave you my vote of confidence four months ago, Paul. The players gave you theirs yesterday. Tonight the whole town is giving it. Win or lose on Saturday, it makes no difference in our feelings for you, Paul, you're our boy."

MORRIS ANDERSON and his wife brought them home and helped them carry the gifts inside—lamps, gadgets, dishes, shirts, linens, even baby clothes. After the Andersons were gone, Grace sat on the bed surrounded by wrapping paper. "I feel like a bride again," she said.

Paul dug his hands into his pockets. "I feel like a jackass."

Grace looked up at him and laughed softly. "Darling, if you could have seen your face when they opened those doors. I saw it for only a moment, because when they started singing, I had to cry. But you looked like a small boy at a circus." Tears filled her eyes then, and she bit her lip. "Coulton has been very good to us, Paul. Better to us, surely, than we deserve. It occurred to me tonight that there's something very special about Coulton—"

"Coulton is no different from any other town," Paul said, interrupting. "It likes to win football games. When it does, it likes the coach. When it doesn't—" He dragged a finger across his throat.

"I know," she persisted, "but tonight I couldn't help thinking about the many times we've sat here discussing how we disliked Coulton and saying how glad we'd be when the time came to move on, how Coulton wasn't nearly big enough for us." She shook her head. "Tonight, just for a moment, it occurred to me that we might not be big enough for Coulton."

"We won't be," he said harshly, "as soon as the team has a bad season. Don't ever go soft on a town, Grace—any town—not while you're married to a football coach."

"But it might be different here in Coulton. We might—"

She stopped. The telephone rang.

KNOWING what to expect, Paul shut the door behind him as he entered the hall. It was Mitchell.

"You told me not to call you again, Coach, but I'm a stubborn man," he said. "I was supposed to be running a crap game out on Cottonwood Creek, but I went to that testimonial dinner instead, hoping I'd get a chance to talk to you. At the risk of a broken neck, I wanted to tell you that I'm on your side. You seem to have the idea I'm on Bolin's side—whatever that involves. Are you listening to me?"

"I'm listening," Paul said. "Go on."

"Well, when you mentioned Bolin's name yesterday morning up at the gym, I knew something was screwy—that you wouldn't be acquainted with Bolin otherwise. It's hard to put into words, Coach, but if Bolin's trying to fix you up with something, I wish you'd have a talk with me about it. I happen to know Hank Bolin. I know the kind of man he is and how he operates."

"Where are you?" Paul asked.

"At home. But I can be at the football field in ten minutes."

"Okay," Paul said. "I'll be there." . . .

Mitch was seated in the grandstand. Paul saw him plainly in the moonlight. As Paul came out of the shadows, Mitch dragged on his cigarette a final time and flicked it away. Paul climbed the steps and sat down beside him.

For several seconds neither spoke. Then Mitch said, "Like I told you, I guess I'm butting in tonight. I've always made a special effort to keep my nose out of other people's business."

Paul cleared his throat. "I made a bad mistake, Mitchell. I could have sworn you were working for Bolin."

"Well, I'm not. Are you?"

"No."

"But Bolin's trying to get you to?"

"That's the general idea," Paul said.

Mitch sat quietly for a moment. Then he lighted a cigarette and said, "I knew from the way you acted yesterday that Hank Bolin had a hook in you somewhere. That was clear enough. But I still can't understand how he did it. Bolin's not fool enough to try bribing you."

"No. It's no bribe," Paul said. It was cold sitting in the empty stands. He rubbed his hands together and blew his breath on them. "I guess you'd call it blackmail."

"What's he got on you?"

Paul drew up his shoulders and blew on his hands again. "If I thought there was anything you could do about it, Mitchell, I'd gladly tell you."

"Sure, I know what you're thinking," Mitch said quickly. "Who's this character pumping me? Just a scorecard peddler, a smalltime bookie. Why should I tell him anything? I remind you of Hank Bolin, don't I?"

"I didn't say that."

"But I don't remind you of anybody, let's say, like Morris Anderson or Bob Reagan." For the first time Mitch's voice had a ring of defiance. "You never think of me as the father of one of your players—just as the town gambler. I'd sell out my own son, wouldn't I? That's what you've been thinking all week."

"I was wrong. I'm sorry about that."

"I don't want your apologies," Mitch said. "If the fix is on, whose kid gets beat Saturday—yours or mine? Now what's the deal between you and Hank Bolin?"

"He's got a picture showing me and—a girl. We're standing in front of one of his cabins late at night."

Mitch whistled softly.

"I haven't any excuses, Mitchell. You probably think I'm lying to you right now, that I spent the night at the cabin, but I didn't. I just made a foolish mistake."

Paul looked at Mitch. "Talk about your fools. How do you think I felt at that dinner tonight, listening to what they had to say about me and thinking about Bolin and that picture? You know Bolin. What sort of man is he? If I could convince myself he's bluffing, that he won't mail those pictures to anyone here in Coulton—"

"He'll mail them," Mitch said. "He's not a gambler, he's a fixer. This little deal he's trying to work with you is a typical Bolin enterprise. What's his proposition to you?"

Paul told him, and Mitchell was thoughtful for a moment. "That should be easy," he said. "Like Bolin says, Coulton can't win anyway—certainly not if Bobby doesn't play. It's like Bolin to make the proposition as reasonable as possible, something that won't raise any questions about the game being fixed." He was silent again, dragging on his cigarette. "You going to do it for him?"

"No!" Paul snapped.

"Bolin will ruin you."

"I've already ruined myself. I did that when I stopped at the motel. I've got Bolin thinking I'm going to do it. There's a chance we may win the game, and if we do I can at least get out of the coaching business with a clean record."

MITCH flicked away his cigarette, stood up, and tilted his watch in the moonlight to see its face. "It's ten thirty," he said. "Care to drive into San Antonio with me?"

Paul glanced at him, and Mitch smiled and shrugged. "Just an idea," he said. "Bolin hates my guts. Last year he came out to my place on Cottonwood—he and a couple of his boys. The trip cost them three thousand dollars. Like I say, he hates my guts. If he thought I wanted that picture and at the same time thought I didn't want it as much as I thought I did—you see what I mean?"

Paul missed the point completely. He shook his head and Mitch laughed.

"We'll see," Mitch said. "I've got to run by the house first. I'll need a bundle for this one. Then I'll pick you up at your house. You'd better make a good excuse to the wife. We may be late."

"She's used to that. She doesn't even expect a good excuse now." Paul considered the problem in his mind briefly, and then he said, "Look, I've got a gun at home. Should I bring it along?"

Mitch laughed out loud. "Gun! Say, you've got a wilder opinion of me than I thought. Paul, I couldn't hit the side of a barn. I don't even own a gun."

Mitch was a wild, uncaring driver, and Paul kept braking against the floor and holding his breath on the curves. He glanced at Mitch, expecting to find him tense and excited, but saw that he was slumped comfortably in the seat, driving with a minimum effort. This was apparently normal speed for him.

Mitch lighted a cigarette and said, "Just forgetting there's a guy named

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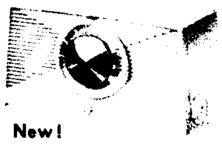

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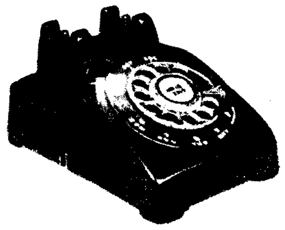

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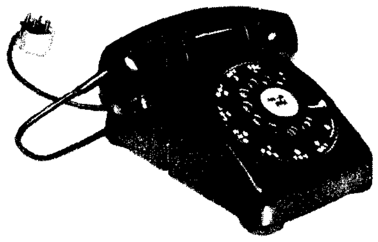

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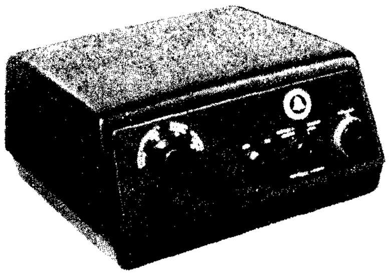

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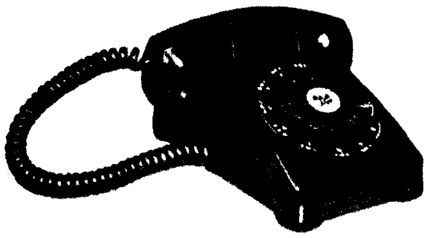

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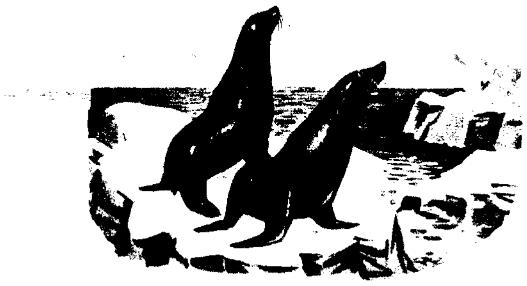
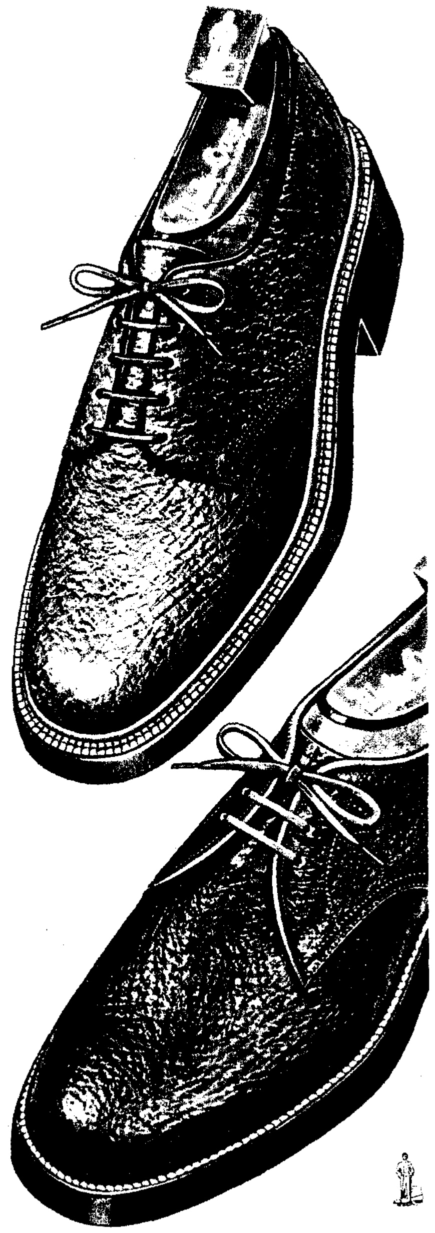


Ever hear of a seal with cold feet?



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Bolin, what sort of chance have we got Saturday?"

"You want me to be honest?"

Mitch laughed. "I want the straight of it, right from the horse's mouth."

"We've got about as much chance as the celebrated snowball," Paul said.

"No chance at all, you think," Mitch said. "Well, that's what I think, and I think it's a dirty shame. We've got a fine little team this year. I hate to see the kids lose out now that they've come this far. Personally, I didn't give a hang for football, except from a business standpoint, until Robin started playing. Then I took a good look and found I knew nearly every player on the team, kids I'd seen grow up with Robin. It made a difference. I went out to watch, and pretty soon I started cheering. You might say I fell in love with that team."

"It's a good team," Paul admitted. "Not a great team—not like Bryan. But it's a team I'll never forget. I never saw one that tried harder, or one that could make so many mistakes and still go on winning."

"What's the answer? Guts?"

"Not entirely. Just plain innocence, I think. It's never occurred to them that they can be beaten."

"Which makes it all the harder to see them beaten Saturday, doesn't it?"

"Yes. Much harder."

AFTER a while Mitch said, "I've lived in Coulton all my life. I don't give a damn for the place, yet I've never seriously thought about living anywhere else. My old man was the town bum, so I never had any family reputation to uphold, the way fellows like Bob Reagan did. Anyhow, when the old man died, Mama and the rest of the kids moved to Dallas to live with relatives, but I stayed in Coulton. I was seventeen then, and madly in love. Falling in love at seventeen is hardly worth mentioning, but I overdid it. I got married. That was nineteen thirty-four. Robin was born three years later. Until the war I was a shirt clerk at Hamilton's. I made twenty-five bucks a week, and I'd never been farther away from Coulton than Nuevo Laredo, Mexico." He laughed shortly. "Do you know what a one-eyed jack is, Coach?"

Paul nodded. "I think so."

"I didn't," Mitch said, "until forty-three. I'd never held a pack of cards in my hand until I joined the Air Corps. Did you go across on a troop transport during the war?"

"I flew over."

"You missed it. I got on a troop ship as innocent as when I was born. Six weeks later, when we made final port, I went to the Army post office and sent home twenty-two money orders for one hundred dollars each."

Mitch got out another cigarette. "I'm what you'd call a natural," he continued. "I'd never known that before. But I've got all the luck my old man missed. I've never had a bad run of the dice, or cards."

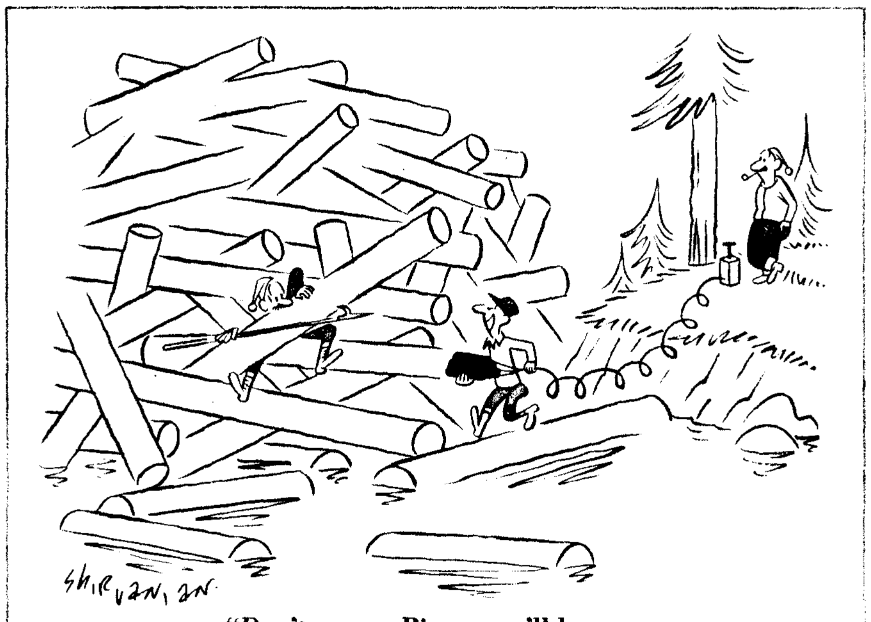
A sign flashed: NARROW BRIDGE. Mitch leaned forward gauging the approach of a truck. For an instant his foot felt for the brake. Then he gunned the motor, sank back, and the car hurtled between the narrow iron guard rails seconds before the arrival of the truck. Paul leaned back, wiping his palms slowly along his trouser legs.

"You know what my wife did with that money?" Mitch asked. "She took it and lit out for California, and I haven't seen her to this day. When I got back to Coulton after the war, I knew I was one veteran who wasn't going to want his old job back—or his old wife either. I divorced her, went to Dallas to get Robin, and we've lived in Coulton ever since. First I ran a dice game downtown; then I bought a couple of hundred acres out on Cottonwood Creek, with a nice ranch house, just right for entertaining guests."

Mitch lapsed into silence again, and the car plunged on, seeming to have no connection with its calm, unhurried driver.

Paul turned his attention back to the road. Another town was coming up; Salt Crossing. They were halfway to San Antonio now. At the beginning of the trip he had felt himself in competent hands. Mitch, if anyone, knew how to handle Bolin. As a gambler, he would have some special trick or method of persuasion.

But Mitch's self-analysis had destroyed his stature. If he seemed warmer and more human now, he also seemed wholly incapable of dealing with a man of Bolin's proportions. Paul wondered if he had any plan at all, or if he hadn't acted on a moment's impulse and then forgotten the purpose of the trip entirely.



"Don't worry, Pierre, we'll have you out of there in no time"

COLLIER'S SHIRVANIAN

Mitch said, "What would you think if I told you I'm about to get married again?"

It wasn't really a question. It was a brick wall—and Paul hit it at full speed. For an hour, since he learned that Mitch had no connection with Bolin, he had known that the obstacle was there. But events had happened too quickly. He hadn't had time to think it out and be prepared.

"Surprise you?" He saw that Mitch was looking at him in mild concern. "Maybe you think I'm too old. But I'm only thirty-eight."

"No, I—well, I"—Paul fumbled desperately for something to say—"I was wondering if you're doing it for yourself—or for Robin."

Mitch grinned. "Don't kid yourself. I'm not that good a father. I'm in love again. Only I know what I'm doing this time. This one's for keeps. It's funny, but when you're thirty-eight, you can tell whether or not a woman will stick with you. I've known her only a short time, but we're sure that it's going to be good for both of us." He waited a moment, as if hoping that Paul would offer a comment. "Nobody in Coulton knows about it yet. We've been seeing each other on the sly because she's afraid she might lose her job. Of all the women in the world, I had to fall for a schoolteacher."

Paul leaned back and closed his eyes—Mitch Mitchell and Helen Jenkins. He had been wrong about everything from the beginning. Seeing them drive out of the lane last night, he had judged them only in terms of his own predicament, never thinking they might have a personal reason for being there.

AND then something else struck Paul: if they managed to get the pictures from Bolin, Mitch was sure to find out that the woman involved was Helen. And the irony of it was that Mitch obviously hadn't believed him when he'd said nothing had happened at the cabin.

While Mitch was parking, Paul walked toward the motel office, trying to see whether Bolin was inside. He saw the Negro attendant there, the one called Hammerhead, but otherwise the office was empty. And then he and Mitch went in. Bolin wasn't there. The attendant said he was downtown but that he could probably be reached by telephone if necessary.

"Tell him there's a man from Coulton here to see him," Mitch said.

The attendant began dialing. Mitch had settled on the wicker sofa with a magazine and a fresh cigarette before the call went through. The attendant talked briefly in a low voice, then turned. "He say who is it?"

Mitch said, "He knows who I am."

The attendant relayed this information, listened, and Paul heard him say, "Naw, sir, two of them," pause, then say, "Yes, sir, one has—Monday night." He hung up and told Mitch, "He say he be here in half an hour."

Mitch nodded and turned back to the magazine. Presently he began to chuckle. He was leafing through the magazine looking at the cartoons.

Half an hour! Paul glanced at his watch, then crammed hands in his pockets, went to the door and stared out, wondering if he could endure a half hour more of waiting. Somewhere during the ride from Coulton he and Mitch should have discussed the matter and got their signals straight. They shouldn't have come here on a whim, naked and unprepared. Mitch's casualness was maddening.

A car slowed on the highway. Paul held his breath as it turned in at the parking area. —BONNER MC MILLION

(This is the second of three parts)

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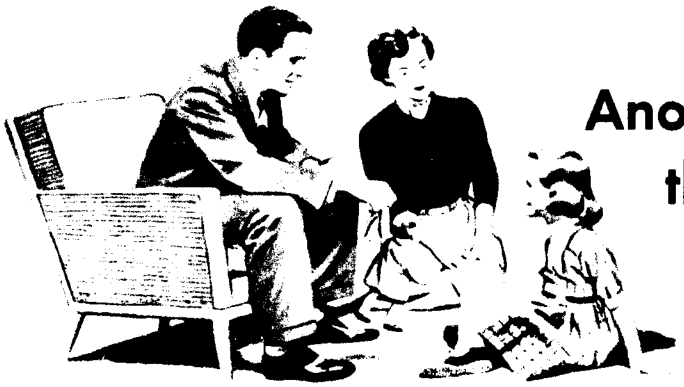

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THE NEGRO IN THE NORTH

School segregation is dying, but in housing the Negroes' dilemma is grim. In most places, a noted novelist reports, they can either live quietly in the slums—or dangerously elsewhere

By ALAN PATON

This is the second of two articles about America's Negroes by Alan Paton, author of the distinguished novel Cry, the Beloved Country, dealing with the racial tensions of his own South Africa. Before starting his series for Collier's, Mr. Paton went to the Deep South, the West Coast and major U.S. cities, observing and interviewing. His opening article was about the Negro in school and church

HOUSING and employment hold the key to the problem of integration of the Negro into the life of America. The cry of the Negro is no longer, "Let my people go"; it is, "Let my people in." There is hardly a community in America where the purchase of a house by a Negro in a hitherto "white" section does not cause resentment, leading at times to violence. In Louisville, shots are fired and bricks hurled through the windows of Andrew E. Wade, a veteran, and the cross is burned outside his house. In Philadelphia, mobs batter the house bought by Wiley Clark and force him and his wife and four children to sell out and look elsewhere for a home. In Levittown, Long Island, and in Levittown, Pennsylvania, Mr. Levitt builds 33,700 houses, but no Negro need apply.

While I was in the Deep South, gathering material for the first of these articles (Collier's, October 15th), I visited Fort Bragg, North Carolina, and spoke to Lieutenant Melvin Scott. Lieutenant Scott, a Negro, comes from Los Angeles, where, he told me, he felt he was free. Yet I went to Los Angeles, and looked for the sore spot, and it is there, too. I found it also in San Francisco, which, both Negroes and whites told me, is the nation's "freest" city.

The great weapon of the segregator has always been the restrictive covenant, intended to guarantee forever that a white-owned house would pass only into white hands. The covenant has been used against Orientals, Mexicans, Armenians, Hindus,

GENE TRINDL

No school segregation exists in San Francisco—which both Negroes and whites call nation's "freest" city—yet author (l. rear, with play supervisor Bill Sterelt) found housing bias

Paton called Detroit slum "the most filthy and terrible place I have seen in America"—but new Detroit housing projects bar Negroes

whatever the local prejudice is; Orientals have even used it against Negroes. In 1926 such covenants were upheld by the courts. In 1948 the white neighbors could sue the traitor who sold to a Negro, but could not revoke the sale. In 1953 they could not even sue. The covenant itself has not yet been outlawed; perhaps someday it will be.

But I heard that there is yet another covenant, an unwritten one, that a white realtor must not sell white-owned property to any colored man. That is how I met Mr. George Valentine in California.

Mr. Valentine sold a piece of land in a "white" section to a Negro. Though the neighbors tried to stop it, the colored man built his house and moved in, and lives there today without incident.

But Mr. Valentine had broken the unwritten law, and he has had to pay for it. He was not anxious to talk about it, as he distrusts the intervention of newspapers, commentators and writers in such matters. He reckons that they pretend to be doing a public service, but do not really care so long as they get a good story. He was very warm to me because I had written Cry, the Beloved Country, and very cold because I was now writing for a magazine, and had stumbled upon a painful episode of his life. That is why I do not use his real name here.

While this alternate warmth and cold exasperated me, I was clear on one fact: Mr. Valentine had broken the unwritten law out of his loyalty to America. He wanted to see his country worthy of the moral leadership of the nations.

Mr. Valentine was a realtor in a big way, because he wanted to sell America to the world.

There was another reason why Mr. Valentine did not want to talk much. His son is in the business too, and has just married and started a family. He too has had to pay for his father's breaking of the unwritten law. Big deals that normally would have come his way have been taken elsewhere. Both men look as though they have suffered. The older finds it painful that his son should suffer for his father's principles. The younger finds it painful to discover that one's own friends can make one suffer for doing what is right, but he does not want his father to know how painful it is. I guessed that the father was an upright man, who had never thought to lead anything but an honorable and uneventful life, and that he had brought up his son in the same way. But they had touched American morality on its sorest spot, and life was not uneventful any more.

Into this intimate and painful situation the writer of the novel was welcome to enter, but not the writer for the magazine. Yet the story must surely be told, for it shows clearly the struggle between ideal and practice in this area of American life, and gives its hint that the ideal is very powerful. And the reason why it is powerful is because it is held powerfully by some Americans.

If I had California property to sell, I know where I would go.

I Meet a Realtist

MR. GEORGE HENRY GORDON, of 505 North Fair Oaks, Pasadena, is a realtist, not a realtor. That is because he is a colored man. He was cutting his hedge, and the sweat was pouring down his face, but he asked me in. Mr. Gordon took the simple view that an American should be able to live where he is able to buy. He expressed this view with a kind of sturdy serenity which I have seen so often in Negroes, and which I was learning anew was the outward sign of moral strength.

"This unwritten covenant will break down," said Mr. Gordon. "You can't go on doing what is wrong. Not long ago a white owner told me he was willing to sell his house to a colored buyer, but he asked that such prospective buyers should come and see the house after dark.

"I wouldn't do it," said Mr. Gordon. "I told him I did my business in the light."

He did not stand on the table to make this tremendous statement, nor smile apologetically for so extreme a view. He just went right on mopping the sweat from his brow.

"We're too afraid to do right," he said, "and often nothing happens at all. I told one timid colored woman that I was sure she thought much more about the neighbors than they did about her.

"Don't believe what they say about Negroes bringing down property values. They often live in shabby houses because that's all they can get. Look at the nice houses on my own street. Do you think they're worth any less than before? White people take fright, signs go up all round *For Sale*. If they'd wait, they'd get their price. If they sell in panic, they lose; but it's their own prejudice they're paying for. A month later their house is worth what it used to be, sometimes even more, because of all the Negroes who want to get a house."

"Are you an NAACP member, Mr. Gordon?"

"Yes, I am," he said, "but I think the time has come for us to change our name. We should now be The National Association for the Advancement of *All* People. Until man rids himself of racial pride and fear, he can't make a better world."

The Negro Buys a House

WHAT HAPPENS to a "white" section when a Negro buys a house there? Mr. Valentine and Mr. Gordon gave me much the same answer:

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

The FHA once wrote covenants, but now forbids them

1. Sometimes the section was already on the decline. The decline continues.

2. Sometimes the section goes into a decline because of the tremendous influx of Negroes once the section is opened up. But paradoxically, the gross rentals go up, because of overcrowding.

3. Some "white" streets have turned into "colored" streets that are as clean and attractive as before. There is no property loss here, except for those who sold too soon.

4. In some expensive neighborhoods, wealthy colored people move in without arousing resentment or disturbing values.

Most property loss, both said, is due to prejudice, not depreciation.

The realtor and the realtist not only told me the same thing; they are doing the same things. They are asserting the right of the American to choose where to live. They are both fighting the forces of prejudice, but the realtor is fighting a world to which he himself belongs. The Negro is fighting a world to which he has never been allowed fully to belong. The one is torn by struggle, the other made whole.

These two men symbolize the people of America. The Swedish sociologist Gunnar Myrdal saw the split clearly (as he saw most things else) in his study of the Negro, An American Dilemma. But since his book was published in 1944, America has taken giant steps toward "one nation indivisible." Maybe, one day, there will no longer be two men of different worlds.

See what has happened. In 1934 the Federal Housing Administration regarded itself as a business organization, and regarded Negro occupancy as harmful from a business point of view. In 1937 it actually published a model race-restrictive covenant. In the words of Mr. Loren Miller, of Los Angeles, one of the most powerful Negro fighters against the covenant, "the FHA sowed race-restrictive covenants through the country far and wide." The FHA dropped the model covenant in 1949, and declared it would no longer insure loans in new developments where there were covenants.

Nevertheless, the builders and real-estate brokers went on enforcing unwritten covenants; even Negro veterans could not get in. The new city of Lakewood, 71,000 people, fifteenth city of California, is "lily-white."

In San Francisco, the "freest city in America," the city's own housing authority operated on a so-called neighborhood pattern. When a new project was built, it was to be filled in such a way that its racial composition conformed to the pattern of the neighborhood. Such a policy paid no attention to who needed houses. It would, if carried out extensively, condemn San Francisco to be forever what it is. That is not the way San Francisco, or any other American city, has become what it is. That is not the way to develop new industry and enterprise. It seems, to a visitor from abroad, an extraordinarily un-American thing to do.

California courts condemned the neighborhood-pattern policy, whereupon the housing authority appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States. The Supreme Court recently refused to hear the appeal.

So it seems as though freedom of choice in America will mean freedom to buy where you like. Everyone else will be free to buy where he likes, too. You can choose where to buy, but you cannot choose who your neighbor will be. No other course could have been taken, for proud as America is of her diversity, it is her unity that is so vital to herself and the world.

An American Drama

IT IS FASCINATING to consider why the struggle between ideal and practice should be considered to be so especially American. It is the American drama. One of the great scenes of it is being played today, in the theater of Trumbull Park.

Trumbull Park is a low-cost housing project of 462 apartments opened by the Chicago Housing Authority in the white section called South Deering. In 1950 the CHA declared that there would be no racial discrimination in its projects; "the laws of the state of Illinois make it a criminal offense." Thereafter, Negroes moved into a number of new developments, but no Negroes moved into older CHA projects in "white" neighborhoods.

As in so many cities in America, the congestion in housing occupied by Negroes and its generally squalid condition set up a pressure that endlessly seeks relief. That was how, on July 30, 1953, the Donald Howards came to Trumbull Park, hitherto an all-"white" project. It was Mrs. Howard, who does not look like many Negroes look, who got the apartment. Suddenly the CHA realized that its ideal had been fully translated into practice. There were Negroes at Trumbull Park.

Before that, the Howards had moved from room to room to room, always looking for something bigger and better and cleaner, a place where their chil-

POL
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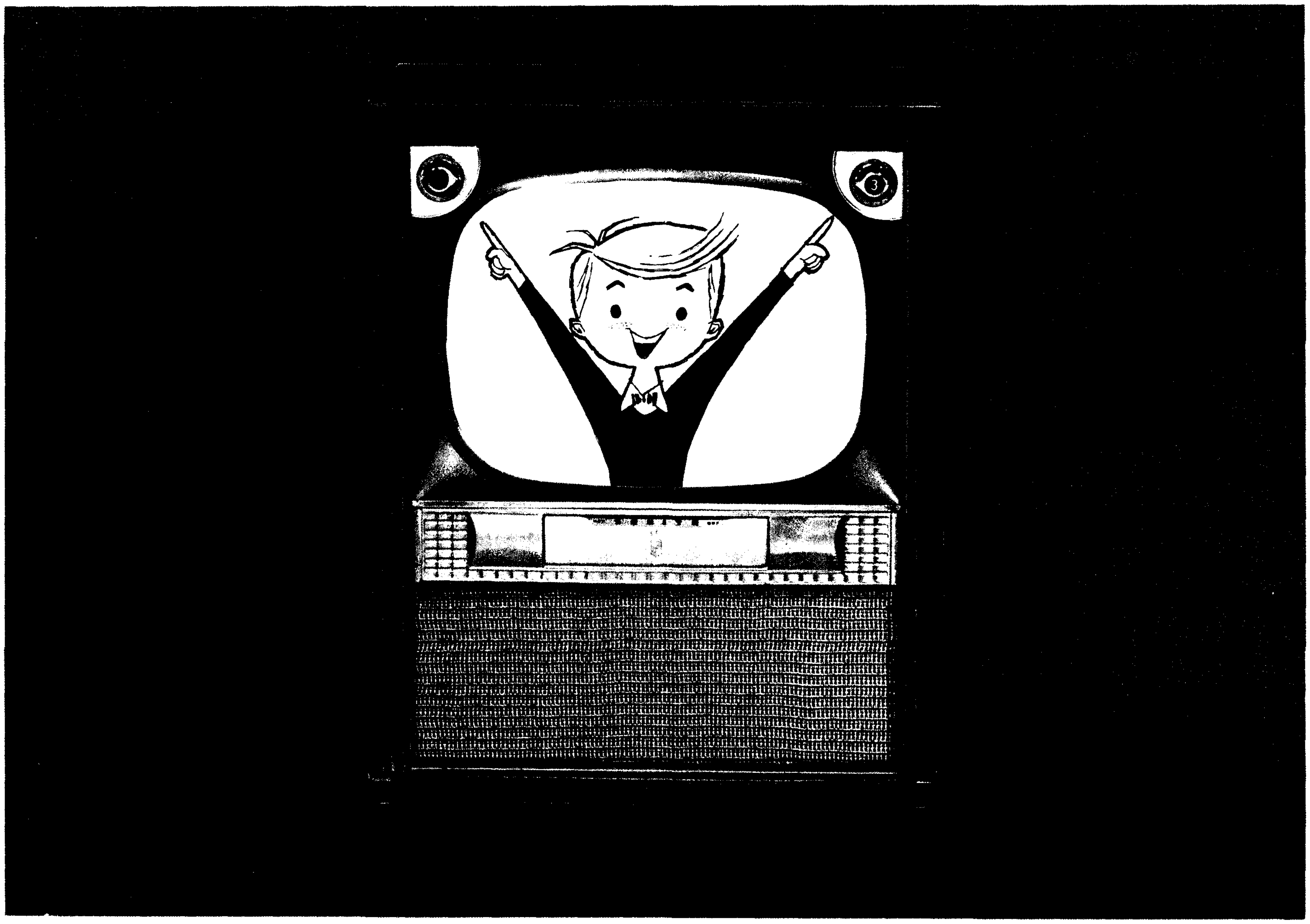
POLICE
5

Some Negroes moved to Chicago's Trumbull Park project—and had to live behind drawn blinds and shop with police escort, like R. Dowdell, above



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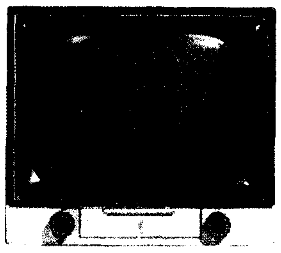
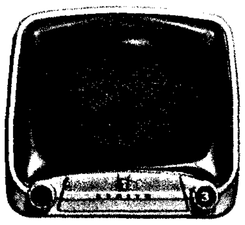


The Shoreham, Model R2229R. Full 21" Zenith Cinébeam television with Ciné-Lens, Zenith-built extra powerful Alnico Speaker, $209.95*



The Melbourne, Model R1812E. 17" Cinébeam television with new Ciné-Lens, built-in antenna, Spotlite Dial, $189.95*

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Slightly higher in Far West and South.
Prices and specifications subject to change. †Optional in UHF areas at slight extra cost.

The Howards sought a home. The

dren could play. And at last they got this place. Mrs. Howard could hardly believe it; Donald Howard said, "This is it."

That was it, sure enough; in the weeks that followed, the Howards lived as very few human families have had to live. There were people in South Deering who were determined to get them out. They milled about in front of the Howards' apartment; many times a day, and every day, they fired off giant fireworks, which are known as aerial bombs and are forbidden by Illinois law. They shouted insults and smashed windows; they were kept back by hundreds of policemen on duty day after day. The Howards lived behind boarded windows, their children in terror, all youngness gone, in a cacophony of bombs and curses and smashing glass. Christians did this, not knowing or not caring for the fierce words of their Lord. The Howards wanted their rights as Americans, and they wanted some place to live. In the end, tried beyond their strength, they moved away.

But before the Howards left, the CHA had moved ten other Negro families into the project. It was a grave decision to make. It was thought to be right, but as to expediency, the CHA took a grim leap in the dark.

When I first visited the project in Trumbull Park, with Dan Weiner, the photographer, it was a lovely day of spring, with trees in tender leaf, and tenants sitting in the sun. You wouldn't have known it was Trumbull Park, if it hadn't been for the bombs going off in South Deering, and for the police everywhere at every turn, and for the fact that it was only the white tenants sitting in the sun. The white tenants of the project take no active part in South Deering's fight against the Negroes; you learn that some do little kindnesses, and some are hostile, and most are cold. It's an unreal world, white children playing, white women staring, white and colored policemen smoking, colored men and women and children sitting behind blinds, the sun shining and the trees coming out in leaf, and the bombs. The bombs don't go off all the time; sometimes they stop, and it's just when you think: "Maybe, maybe there'll be no more," that they go off again.

I met Mr. Herman King, one of the colored tenants, a veteran. He is a big man, and he talked to me quietly, but he talked to me like a man who has some deep internal pain, and wishes wistfully that it were not there, but that is how it is. Sometimes he stopped talking and looked out into space, which was not very far, because the blinds were down.

He told me a story.

"It was the night Howard lost control and fired off a gun. There was a great crowd there, yelling and shouting. And I had to take my wife to the hospital, because it was time for our fourth child. I knew I'd lose control if they hurt my wife. I was praying they wouldn't throw a stone. The police appealed to the crowd please not to hurt the woman, please not to throw a stone. I was glad the crowd listened. It was only the cursing we got.

"We nearly moved out once," he said. "Then we thought of all the work done to get Negroes in. I wasn't prepared to see it wasted. So I felt obligated to go on. I didn't come in as a crusader. I came to get a place to live. I'm a man of principle, but no man wants to die for it if he can live. But I'm going to stay. I had to become a crusader after all."

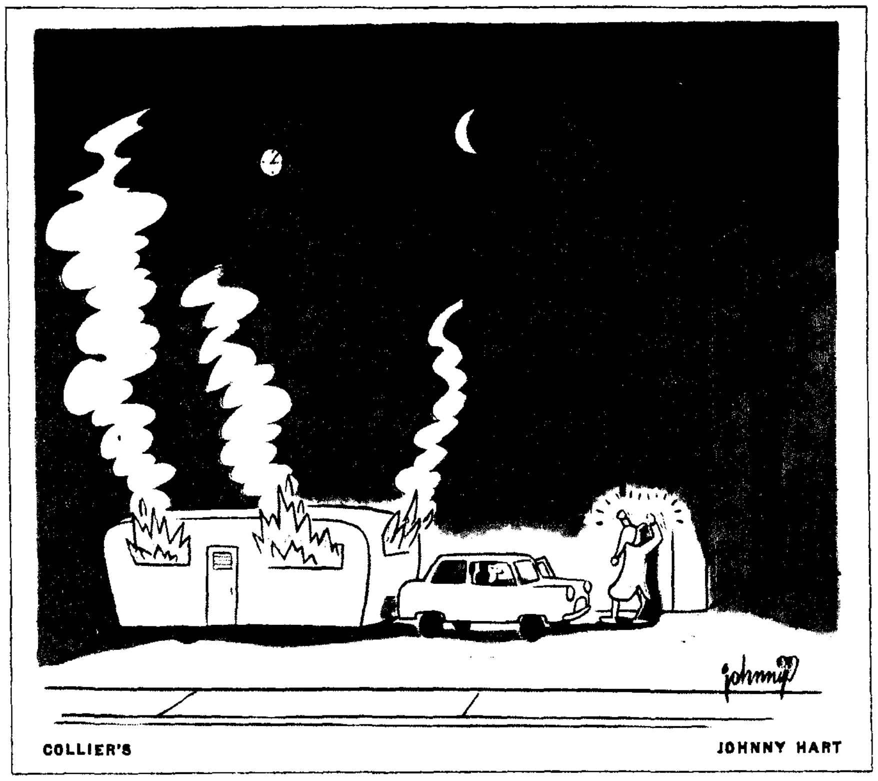
He thought a while.

"It takes a toll of my nerves," he said quietly, then. "But I sit down and think it over, and then I'm all right. I have to be, because of my kids. I don't want them to know how bad it is. But you can't tell till later.

"When we first came, and I first put them out to play, the white kids came round with toys and candies. But now they don't come any more."

He said with pain, "Some of them do, but not with toys and candies any more. Then I have to bring them in."

But he added cheerfully, "Our neighbor is fine. She comes to see us. She's rescued our kids more than once."



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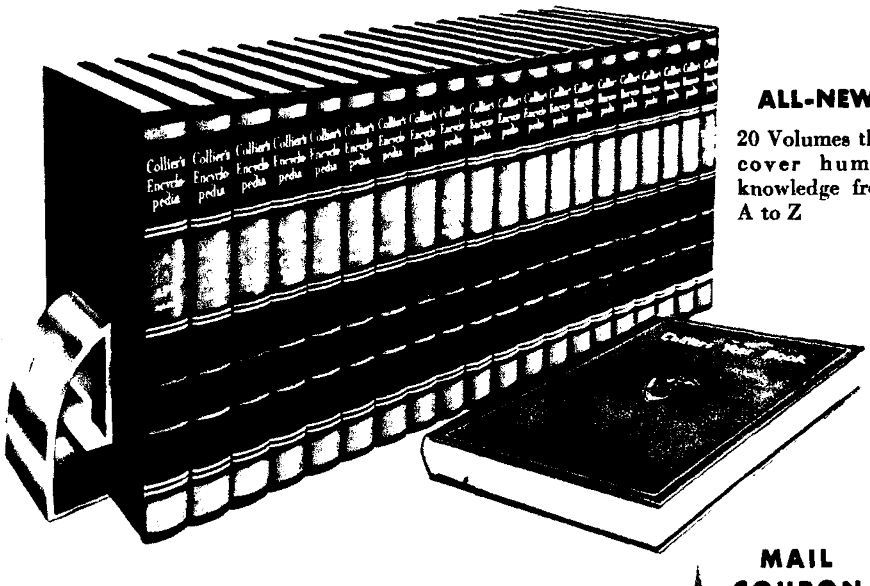

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I hardly spoke. I only listened. What can one say to such a man?

"Are you tired of talking?" I asked.

"Not to you," he said.

And what could I say? Why does he equate himself with me, who have never faced such things in my easy life?

"I was coming home from work one day last February," he said. "There was a tremendous crowd, shouting and yelling. I thought I would get out of the bus farther on, and get back through the south end. But in trying to avoid one crowd, I walked into another. They had sticks and stones and asked me where I lived. I told them I was lost, and lived in some other place.

" 'Get out,' they said, 'and get out fast.'

"A woman shouted, 'Beat that nigger's brains out,' but there was an old man there who kept on saying, 'Don't hurt that nigger, he don't live around here.' I often think of that. I reckon that old man saved my life.

"I started walking. My heart was in my mouth, but I was acting calm. Someone yelled, 'Pick up some speed, nigger.'

"So I picked up some speed. A stone hit me. I am proud to this day that I had no weapon on me. Something told me to stop, and something told me to go on. They called out, 'Faster, nigger, faster,' and something told me, 'No,' and something, 'Yes.' So I went faster.

"When I reached the big street, there was a bus right there, and I got in. But before I even sat down, every window on that side was broken. I moved over, out of the glass, and every window on the other side was broken too. The driver stopped the bus, which was the last thing I wanted. He sent for the police, and they took our names, but I didn't dare to give my right name, because of my wife and children. I got off the bus some long way off and sat down on the edge of the sidewalk for twenty-five minutes, trying to pull myself together. Then I got up, but there was hardly any strength in my legs."

He sat for a long time remembering it. His face was covered with sweat, and he wiped it off.

"That night took seven years off my life," he said. "I'll never get used to it."

We sat in silence for a long time.

"When we go to work, the police escort us to a bus four miles away," he said. "One day as I left the house, one of the teen-age boys fell in beside me, step for step. If that happened to some other kind of man, he could slap the boy down. You might break, you might do something. But you can't break. If you break, lots of other things must break too."

He saw me looking at a card that hangs on the wall. *Smile,* it said.

"Sometimes I can't," he said. . . .

Dan Weiner, with his two cameras hanging from his neck, went walking with me outside the project, into South Deering. On 106th Street, Mr. Blue Denim eyed us from the other side. As we passed, he turned so that his eyes could follow us.

"Let's go speak to him, Dan."

We crossed over, and asked him how things were going.

"We mean to get the jigs out, that's all."

"Who's we?"

"All of us," he said. "We've got no leader or president. We all feel the same. There'll be a race riot, sure enough. You wait a few weeks."

"What do the churches say?"

"I'm a Catholic," he said, "and a good one, I'd say. But the church hasn't got a right to tell me who I should live next to. And the church knows it, too, because it hasn't said anything about Trumbull Park."

"I read somewhere that it did," I said.

"That's Bishop Sheil," he said. "He's a liberal, and he talks too much."

To my astonishment I saw a very dark man walking toward us.

"Who is this?" I asked in a puzzled way.

He smiled tolerantly at my ignorance.

"He's a Mexican," he said. "We don't mind Mexicans around here."

The Improvers

MR. LOUIS P. DINNOCENZO is the president of the South Deering Improvement Association. He is an American and a Christian (applause). He will not use violence, only the law (great applause). He works with Negroes, and they'll all tell you how we get along (deafening applause). But the only solution for peace is to get them out of here (pandemonium).

Interviewed, Mr. Dinnocenzo is asked why he advocates picketing, when picketing so often leads to violence.

"I advocate peaceful picketing," he says. "I have never advocated violence."

"But doesn't picketing lead to violence?"

"I don't advocate violence," he says, "I advocate peaceful picketing."

He says, "Let them take the Negroes out of here. Then let us re-educate the people. Then maybe the Negroes can come back."

He is supported by The Daily Calumet (circulation: 11,000) and its redoubtable editor, Colonel Horace F. Wulf. The colonel is American and Christian too, and is for brotherhood. His argument about brotherhood is very clear.

1. Brotherhood is a fine thing.
2. It fights against odds of greed and human nature.
3. You cannot enforce it by law.
4. It begins with the "rank and file, not in the mighty houses of state."
5. Therefore support the Scouts, Y.M.C.A., clubs and churches.
6. But do not try to enforce it by law. . . .

I met a Sunday-school teacher who doesn't teach any more. She had always taught children that they must love their neighbors, but how could one love men who, by choosing to live in a white project, had destroyed its peace? Why couldn't the Negroes go away when they saw what they had done? Did they think one liked to live with fear and police and bombs? She still believed in the commandment, but she couldn't teach it here. . . .

I met another, a little old woman who believes that anyone can live next to her. She is perplexed by the age-old problems of expediency. But at least she knows the difference between the Bible and The Daily Calumet. Therefore when people ask her how she de-

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fends those "who have destroyed Trumbull Park," she answers with those words that can be understood only by the reason of the heart. She is a humble woman, not learned. She does not talk about America and democracy and the problems of international influence, but she knows the things on which they are based.

"I know it," she says; "I know segregation is wrong. I know it is wrong to judge by color."

Her husband is blind. "If all people could be blind," she says, "the world would be a better place."

I met Frank Brown, veteran, aged twenty-six, another of the Negro tenants who came to Trumbull Park. He and Dan Weiner and Ed Holmgren of the CHA had lunch with me. Brown showed me a post card:

All Persons who believe in
WHITE SUPREMACY
It has been done in the South and can be done in TRUMBULL PARK.
Join a white supremacy organization!
Inquire, you will find it.
Watch for:
ZERO HOUR
At the Signal we will strike
BE READY!
A dead nigger is a good nigger!
Pass along the good word!!

Frank Brown talked to us as we sat at lunch. We listened. It didn't seem important for us to do the talking. Maybe he needed to talk, living that kind of life in Trumbull Park.

"My wife said to me, 'Frank, let's go, I can't stand it any more.'

"I said to her, 'Listen, I'll never . . . never . . . never leave this place. You can go and the kids can go, but I can't go. You'd better look at me: it's still Frank Brown; it may be the first time you ever saw me this way, but it's the way I am now, and if you want to be my wife, it's the way you have to be too.'

"She thought it over and then she kissed me and said, 'All right, Frank, if that's the way you want me to be, it's the way I am.' "

And never again have they talked of leaving Trumbull Park.

Lunch was over, and we had to go, so I dared to ask him a question.

"How do you do it, Frank?"

He smiled at me.

"It's a neurosis," he said. "I hate cowardly Negroes."

The Negro Slums

I WENT from Chicago to Detroit, both of them cities that have seen great Negro migrations and bitter race riots. In Detroit I went walking with a Negro friend, Mr. Arthur Johnson, in one of the alleys of the slums. It was the most filthy and terrible place I have seen in America, the only one which compared with the slums of Johannesburg.

A woman was arguing with two men, and their language was violent and obscene. I did not look at them, but I listened. She knew I was listening and shouted at me, "Go back to Cadillac Square."

We visited the home of a Negro family on the lower east side. The husband was laid off in July, 1953, and was now on relief, getting $83 a month. They had six children, the eldest seven years old. They had a small bedroom, a smaller kitchen, a third dark room containing cistern, basin, tin bath and wet, hanging clothes. For this apartment they paid $50 a month.

"How do you manage?" I asked the wife.

She had no reply, not even a complaint. She was docile and humble, only two years out of Montgomery, Alabama. Out of her will come, no doubt, child after child, but no revolution. Yet not being sure of her pride, I asked Arthur Johnson if I might ask her if she would accept a present of food. She accepted with thanks—and I, having trodden so delicately, made a white man's slip, the only one, so far as I know, that I made in America. I went to the little shop at the corner, and asked the white woman there for meat, hominy grits, eggs, bread, candies. She showed me the meat in a big glass case, and I looked at it, manlike and lost.

"Is it for colored people?" she asked.

And I said, "Yes."

I knew that at my side Arthur Johnson froze. I did not see him, but I felt the cold. He started to say something, but stopped, because he is too warm to be cold for long.

I was unhappy for the rest of the day. Look how delicately I trod, and how I came crashing down.

Dan Weiner tried to console me.

"You fell into a trap," he said.

But I am not consoled, because it was the trap of my own mind. . . .

These terrible slums are being pulled down, and new projects are going to take their place. But the segregation battle will have to be fought anew. There are two integrated projects in Detroit now, dating from earlier times; but in more recent projects, although there are vacancies, no Negroes can get in. They must wait for the new projects that will be built. It is the "neighborhood pattern" over again.

But if the value of the Supreme Court schools decision is not to be lost, this other battle, of housing, must be won. In this field, and in employment, the chief instrument of the Negro has been the National Urban League. It is a nonpolitical organization, and it uses persuasion rather than any stronger weapon; for that reason it is criticized by some, but its record of achievement is impressive.

Yet the neighborhood patterns, the Harlems, do exist; how are these vast congregations of Negroes to be broken up? Here we cross the intangible line into an area where we know that legislation is not the American answer.

I can think of a fantastic solution; yet while it is fantastic, it is the solution to which America unconsciously moves: when the day comes that the American no longer sees color, or when he sees color as he now sees height, stoutness and baldness, it will not matter who lives where. I met a white couple in Tarrytown, New York, whose small child goes to a small school with two teachers, one Negro and one white. But this small child has never mentioned that her two teachers are not of the same color; she calls the Negro teacher the "teacher with the dark suit." Isn't that fantastic, too? Of course, some Americans fear intermarriage. I think this fear is needless, not only because intermarriage happens so seldom now, but because it will only happen more as Americans fear it less.

Sometimes, when I am in New York, I go to the zoo in Central Park. There are always children there, twenty, forty, fifty, with a teacher in charge. They walk in pairs, of every race that there is in New York; when they are very small, they usually walk hand in hand. And yet some people say New York is a wicked city.

My own South African eyes are far from color-blind. Perhaps it would hardly be possible at this stage of our history. Therefore I see things that others do not see. I go into a little coffee place near the Gotham Hotel, New York, and sit there and drink a coffee. It is candle-lit, one of these places that is said to have "atmosphere." I note, subconsciously, that all the people there are white, but when I leave I see that there, sitting alone at a table, is a young colored girl, drinking her coffee, thinking some thoughts of her own. In a way I am astonished at myself, but I am more astonished by the sudden fierce pride that I feel in this great city where I am an alien, that this girl can sit there, the mistress of herself. They are always telling me that New York is not America. But in this she *is* America, much more than America herself.

I go to a meeting in Long Island City, of the residents of the Queensview Cooperative Housing Development. There are 700 or so families there, possibly 20 of them colored; no one keeps count. The candidates for five resident directorships sit on the platform. They elect my friend Henry Lee Moon, who is an official of the NAACP and a Negro, and who by being thus elected inflates the "quota" of 10 per cent to monstrous proportions. I am aware that the people there see Henry Moon is a Negro, and I am also aware that they don't. I can't put it clearer than that, can I?

Employment

IN 1945 the average income of Negro city dwellers reached a high of 66 per cent of average white city dwellers' income; the proportion has now declined, but Negro *average* income—both urban and rural—has gained.

America has now 15,000,000 Negroes with an annual purchasing power estimated at more than $15,000,000,000, a figure said to equal that of Canada, certainly not one of the poor countries of the world.

Radio and TV are giving more attention to this growing market. But there are still few Negro announcers, salesmen or executives. The press is competing for Negro advertising, but it does not employ Negroes to any noticeable extent, except for janitors and occasionally a special reporter. There are no Negro pilots in the airlines, no Negro engineers nor conductors on passenger trains. The number of Negroes employed as clerical workers and craftsmen rises, but the proportion is still less than half that of the whites—and in professional occupations less than a quarter.

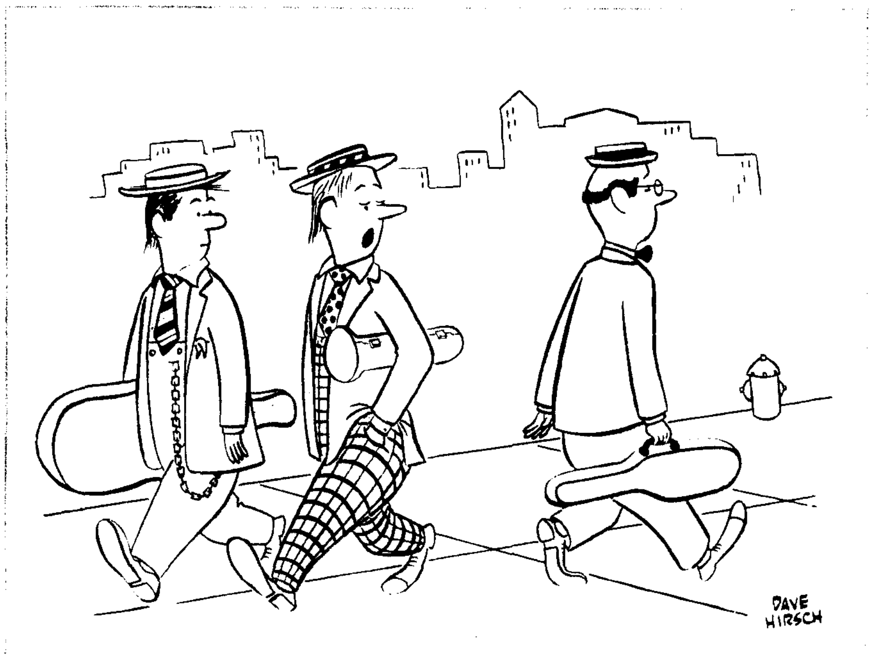
The unemployment rates for Negroes are 50 per cent higher than for whites. More Negro wives have to work, and both men and women carry on longer. Big new factories open, but they are looking for Negroes only for lesser jobs. Negroes still are, in general, "last hired, first fired."

Why did they not turn to Communism? I asked that of Mr. Walter P. Reuther, president of both the CIO and the United Automobile Workers, the largest single union in the world.

"The Communist argument is too doctrinaire and dogmatic to appeal to the American," he said. "The American is a pragmatist. Furthermore, the Negro has always hoped for a better day. As a workingman, he could turn to the CIO, which refused to have anything to do with race or color discrimination, which worked in his interest as a worker and a man.

"Last year International Harvester made a Negro a welder in Memphis, and members of our own UAW local downed tools. But the UAW executive board supported International Harvester to the limit, and the men returned.

"We even expelled a Texas union for



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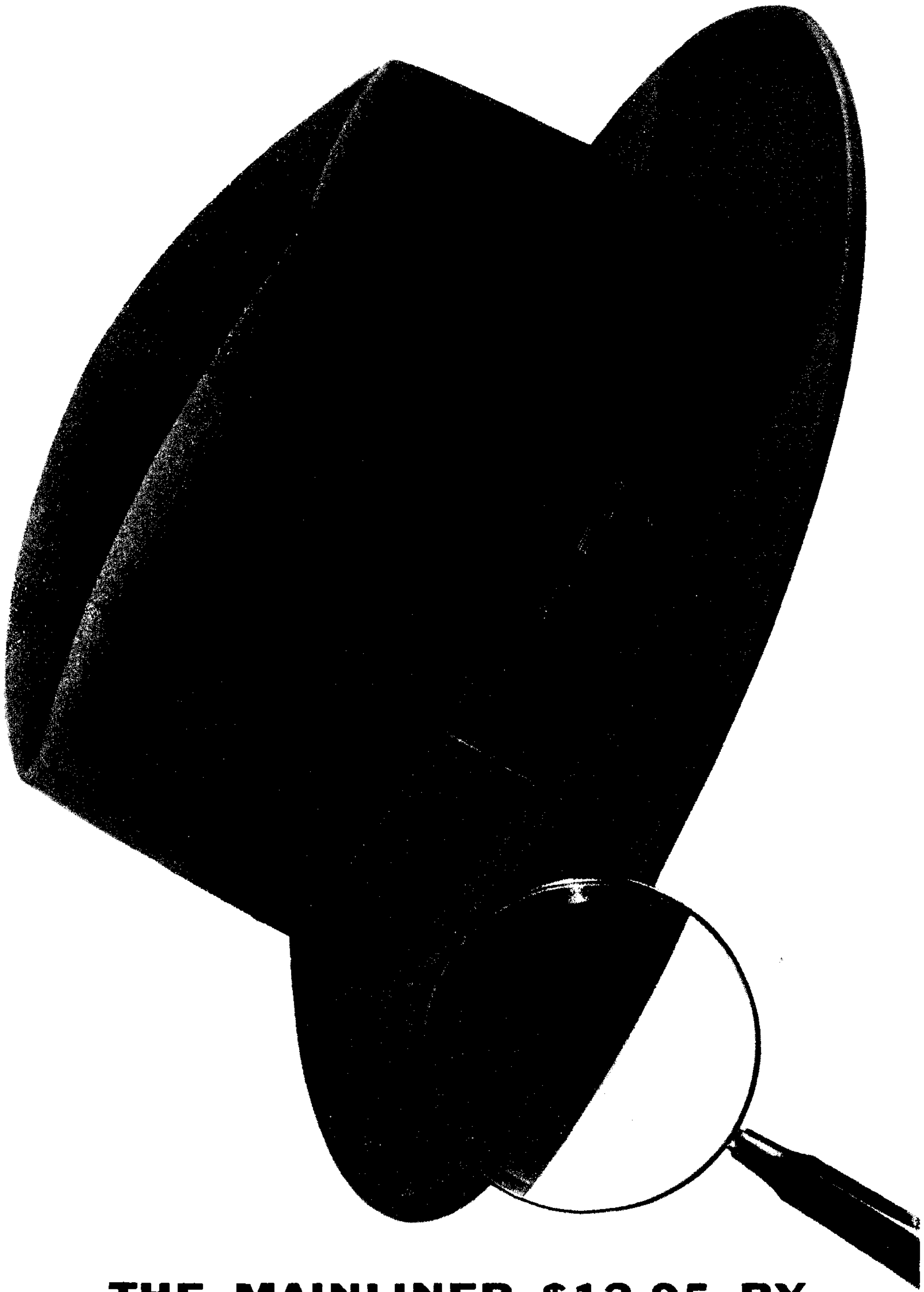

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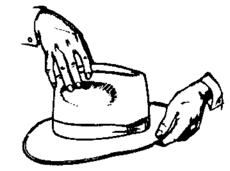

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excluding Mexicans. That was the only time in our history that we had to do that.

"Last hired, first fired? That's often true, but it isn't always discriminatory. The Negro may be the last hired because he was the last to come on the scene. He came to the cities late. But we are trying to help him to change that. We are getting him the same seniority, the same promotion privileges. That will keep him from being first fired, at least. But where *hiring* is discriminatory, we have no power. We protect workers, we don't hire them."

In New York, later, I met Walter Reuther again. He was presenting a gift of $75,000 to the NAACP from the Philip Murray Memorial Foundation, established in honor of the late president of the CIO. Reuther made the kind of speech I knew he would. Some kind of youthful enthusiasm and sincerity shines out of Walter Reuther. I record his work and him as two of the best and most hopeful things I found in America.

I asked Henry Lee Moon, director of public relations of the NAACP, about the Negro and Communism.

"No one tried harder than the Communists to get Negro support," he said. "They spent more of their resources than any church or union or party did. But they failed. They failed because ultimately they wanted us on their own terms. They wanted us to be a separate nation. They wanted us to subordinate our interests to those of the Soviet Union. They wanted us to accept their discipline, and to sacrifice our intellectual integrity. They didn't understand that we were Americans in spite of all.

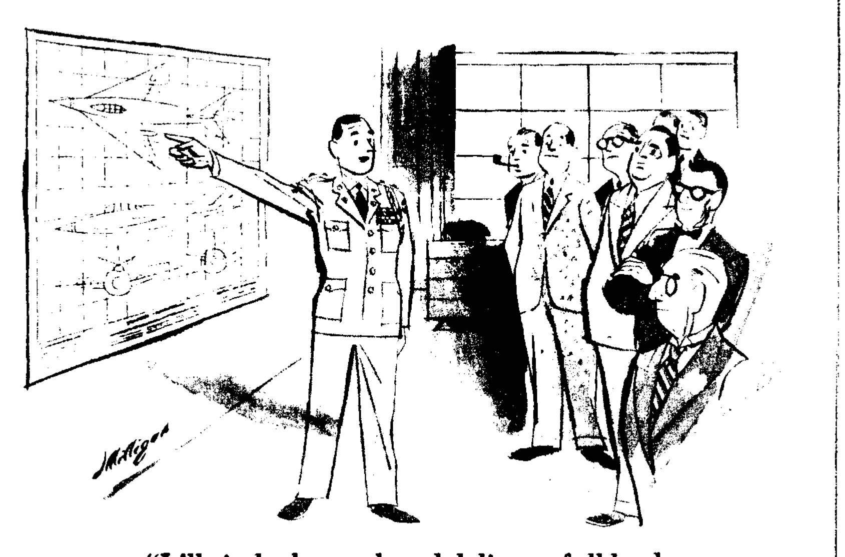
"Mind you, they exerted an influence on us not wholly baneful. They sharpened our awareness that there were economic as well as political, social and psychological roots of discrimination. They stimulated our interest in trade-unionism. They made us realize the need for allies in the fight for justice.

"A. Philip Randolph, when he resigned as president of the Communist-inspired National Negro Congress, said:

" 'Negroes do not reject the Communist party because it is revolutionary or radical . . . but because it is controlled by a foreign state.'

"We are not so afraid as the white American of being thought radical. You have heard the saying: 'They have called me black so long, why should I mind if they call me Red?' But Communist influence on the Negroes began to wane when Russia traded with Mussolini, and made a pact with the Nazis. We are true Americans, and don't stand for that kind of thing. . . ."

I met Jackie Robinson, who in 1947 became the first Negro baseball player to be admitted to the major leagues. He had no easy time. Not docile by nature, he had to submit himself to severe self-discipline. He knew that he was fighting a more important battle than the entry of the Negro into baseball; it was in fact the entry of the Negro into the life of America. In 1949, the Baseball Writers Association declared him to be the Most Valuable Player in the National League.



COLLIER'S **"It'll circle the earth and deliver a full load of bombs right back where it took off from"** JOHN MILLIGAN

While I was in the South, a Negro played for the first time with whites in Memphis, Tennessee. For the first time a Negro photographer was permitted on the field. Before that, the Pacific Coast League had appointed the first Negro to be employed as an umpire.

Jackie Robinson won the big battle in baseball; the question today is not whether Negroes may come in, but how many may come in. This is a question that will fall away only when Negroes are seen primarily as humans, as they are seen by the small child at the Tarrytown school. Meanwhile Jackie had difficulty in getting a house in a "white" suburb, but when the story of his difficulty was published he had a flood of offers. "It is proof," said Jackie, "that people are inherently decent." It might also be proof that people are decent to Jackie Robinson.

What is happening in baseball is happening elsewhere. I was in Harlem

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"*If separate educational facilities are unequal, what separation is not?*"

when playwright Elmer Rice got one of the Canada Lee awards. He did not get this award for putting a Negro judge into a play. He got it for putting a judge into a play, and giving the part to a Negro. Negro actors are not fighting for the chance to play Negro judges; they just want to play judges. Integration in stage and film must naturally be affected by such a thing as school segregation, just as it must by residential segregation. But there is no reason why stage and film and writer should not also play their part in showing the way; otherwise it will remain tough to be a Negro actor.

My Conclusions

I HEARD many a time the generalization that the white Northerner loves the Negro race but not the persons, and the white Southerner the persons but not the race.

In the end I discarded this generalization. But one part of it has an approximation to the truth. The white Northerner is in general a supporter of the proposition that all men are created equal; he would not hesitate to have a Negro in his house, but you seldom meet one there. It is this white Northerner who asks me eagerly when I get back: What did you see, what did you think? It is he who is touched by the story of Ada Sipuel, the Negro girl who defeated Jim Crow at the University of Oklahoma, and it is he who shrinks from the stories of Trumbull Park. It is he who wants to talk about the Negro he does not know.

What did I see? What did I think? What did I think was really happening in America? I approach these questions with a due sense of my qualifications and my lack of them.

By now I assume that it is an incontrovertible fact that segregation is dying. The evidence is massive. I take it to be a fact of immense significance that the leaders of Negro action, who can without great error be identified with the NAACP, have set 1963, the centennial of the Emancipation Proclamation, as the year by which all forms of segregation and discrimination should have been rooted out forever from the life of America.

The President of the United States has stated unequivocally that in the District of Columbia, in all the armed services, and in all areas where federal authority clearly extends, he is fully committed to this same goal.

It must be recorded again that the protagonist in this struggle has been the Negro himself. This is not to belittle the part that has been played by non-Negroes, in the NAACP itself, in churches and Jewish organizations, and in labor unions, by civil liberty leagues, by fighters of every kind.

Yet it seems proven that the burden of this struggle has been borne not by those who fought for others, but by those who fought for themselves. This may seem a melancholy conclusion to some, derogatory to altruism; but it seems to me a sturdy fact of life. I do not think it establishes the inherent moral superiority of the Negro; but it re-establishes that out of adversity great strength is born.

This adversity is now on the decline. Will the great strength stay on, now part of the Negro soul? Or will it waste away? As America accepts the Negro more and more fully, will this strength be poured into herself, so that she can play more surely her role in the world? Will she understand more deeply the problems of Asia and Africa? Of the far future no one can speak, but of the nearer future one can have every hope, as the Negro is more and more admitted to the high offices and the high responsibilities of the republic, and more and more uses the power of his vote.

In 1776 the commoners of America, much angered by a king, committed to paper fantastic thoughts of equal creation and unalienable rights, which rights, with means for their protection, they later enshrined in a Constitution. By this Constitution the ultimate judicial power of the United States was vested in one Supreme Court.

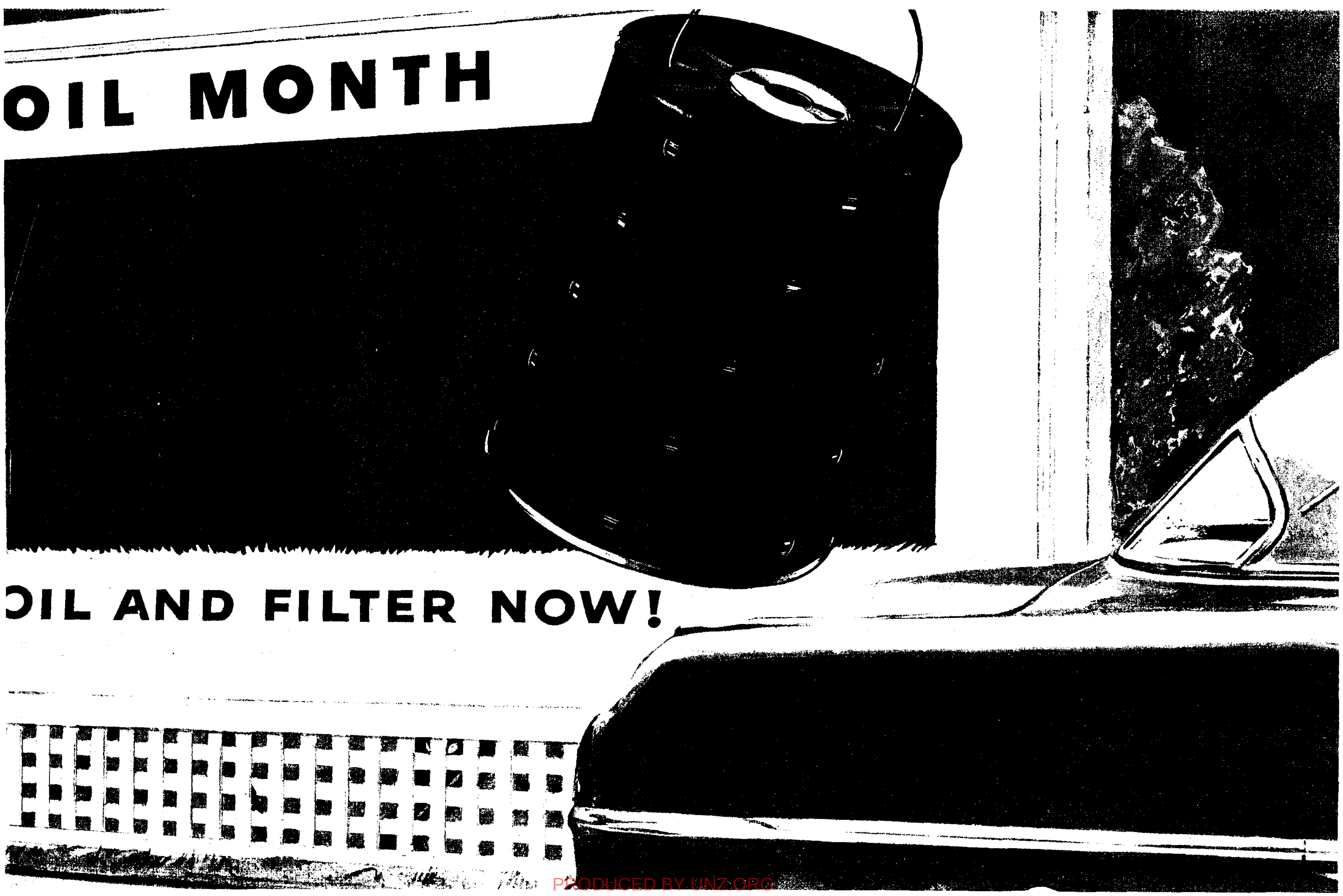
By this Constitution, also, the individual was guaranteed the right to liberty, but the fugitive slave had to be returned.

Such a conflict between ideal and practice could not persist. Because of it and other reasons, the nation in 1861 was plunged into civil war, and in 1863, Lincoln, in the Emancipation Proclamation, declared slavery in the South to be at an end. The Constitution, far from being the dead hand of the past, put out like a living tree the branches of its amendments. Slavery was prohibited; the equal protection of the laws and the right to vote were guaranteed to all.

But the conflict between ideal and practice did not cease. Negroes were denied the equal protection of the laws and the right to vote. In 1896 the Supreme Court of the United States declared that facilities could be separate provided they were equal, Mr. Justice Harlan dissenting.

In 1909 was founded the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the NAACP. Its early years were devoted to the defense of Negro rights, but as time passed, it grew more aggressive in its fight against racial discrimination. Its leaders sometimes went in danger of their lives. On Christmas night, in 1951, one of its leaders in Florida, Harry Moore, and his wife, were killed by a bomb. Finally the NAACP began to attack segregation itself, and in 1954 won the greatest victory of all, when the Supreme Court of the United States declared that separate educational facilities were inherently unequal. The New York Times published an editorial on the decision entitled, by genius, "Mr. Justice Harlan Concurring."

So in this century it was the Negro, of all Americans, who clarified the principles on which the democracy of America was based. It was he who kept on reminding America what kind of nation she was. It was he who used



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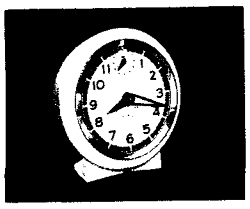

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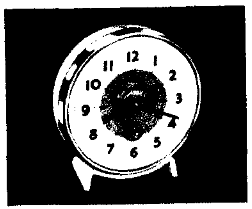

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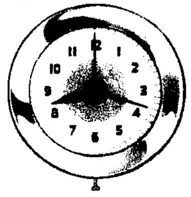

Sentinel WAFER
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persistently, as free men should, the power of law and court. But as America could thus thank God for him, so could he thank God for America, that he lived in a country where such things could be, where man was both bound and made free by the law.

I note that in my two well-known modern histories of America, no mention is made of the NAACP. I predict that the importance of this body, not for the Negro only but for America, will not go unrecognized in future histories.

Nor will the work of Walter White, who for 35 years has served the NAACP, and who is now its executive secretary. I heard him speak on the evening of the great decision. He is a short, slight man, a Negro who is white in color as well as name. He was deeply moved, as he had cause to be, by this crowning of his life's endeavor, by this act of justice to an excluded people. But most moving of all to me was to hear him speak as something more than a Negro, to see his pride that it was America which has done this justice.

The NAACP has been called a subversive organization. This stigmatization is so absurd as not to call for comment. It would never have been made if America had not been passing through a period of uncertainty about herself, when she saw something sinister in those who most faithfully proclaimed the revolutionary truths on which the republic is based. There are many signs that she is recovering, and that she will reject those who would bind liberty in order to possess it.

The emancipation of a people does not endanger liberty. It *is* liberty, and its price is eternal vigilance.

The implications of the decision of 1954 are far-reaching. If separate educational facilities are unequal, what enforced separation is not? Segregation is thus seen not through a haze of sophistry and altruistic cant, but through the clear air of common sense, as something indefensible and unjust, even evil.

What does it mean to say that the remnants of segregation are doomed? It means far more than that Negroes will go to American schools and play on American golf courses and eat in American hotels. It means that just as America has accepted and made part of herself all the peoples of Europe, and has resolved within herself those tensions which twice have torn the world apart, she now accepts, or is on the threshold of accepting, all those other races which live upon her soil. If she can now resolve within herself those tensions which could tear the world apart again, how much greater her contribution to the world. For race and ideology have become fatefully intertwined.

To me there is one inescapable implication of the end of segregation. For if by maintaining segregation America was declaring that she was a white nation with some colored citizens, then by removing segregation she is declaring something else. If a man with one drop of colored blood is a colored man, then what is a nation with one colored citizen?

To me America is declaring that she upholds no kind of racial civilization, but upholds civilization itself. This may have considerable consequences for the peace of the world. To some people this is a shocking implication; they conjure up a picture of a dissolute and degenerate nation. But the truly shocking thing was the assumption of the "civilization" that she forsakes—that men could do what they liked with men. . . .

We all know the dangers of our present world, that numberless millions of people seeking for life and liberty may set the world aflame. By many this struggle is feared, and therefore resisted; yet the advance and emancipation of any human being should give joy and hope to all.

Who should understand this better than America, especially America now? And who should understand it better than the Negro himself? He goes out into the new world without fear. He understands its birth pangs better than any man alive. He is not afraid of the way it is going because that is the way he came himself. He is not afraid of its revolutionary ideas, because he learned the same ideas from America. To get where he did, he used no weapon but those provided by the Constitution of America herself.

But it is he more than any other American in this century who has helped America to know what her Constitution is, and that it is fit for all mankind. Perhaps now he can help America to tell the world.

Your Land, and Mine

I WRITE these closing words from South Africa. I told people here that America was determined to put an end to segregation and discrimination, and for four reasons:

1. The constitutional reason—a legal, moral, emotional, romantic reason.
2. The low percentage of the Negro population—a cynical but very important reason.
3. The moral reason.
4. The world reason—a political, practical, but also moral reason.

I was told, in turn, that the low percentage of the Negro was the real reason, and that white South Africa, not possessing this reason, could never follow America's example.

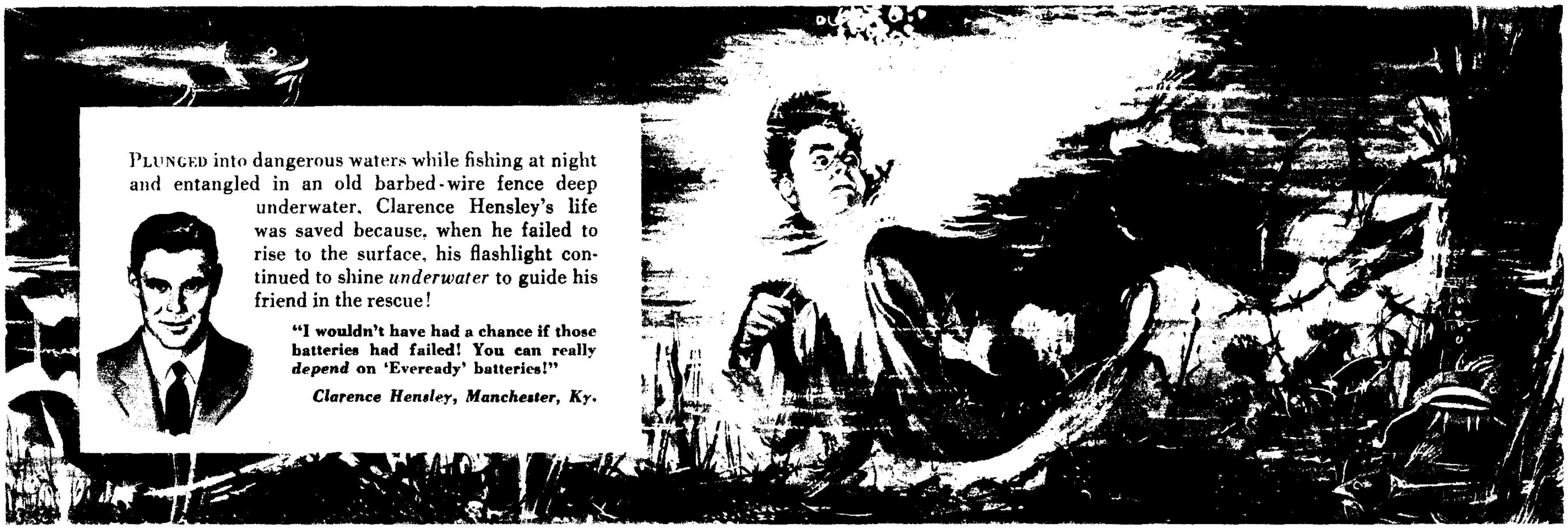
I do not believe this. I believe that the moral reason, by itself, and as a component in the constitutional and world reasons, is the most important; but it was easier for America to obey it because of the low percentage of the Negro population, and also because of the high degree in which Negroes have become Americans.

In one sense the population percentages are irrelevant. When one begins to see people of color as fellow humans, as many Americans do, their numbers become irrelevant. In fact, thinking by numbers is destructive not only of justice, but also of progress, national security, world's peace and man's peace. It has to be given up. If the white people of South Africa do not give it up, they will find themselves, having rejected the evolutionary solution, heading for a revolutionary one. But most white South Africans do not see that; or if they do, they think they have more time for the evolutionary solution than they will get.

Many Americans are too pessimistic about their own country; they measure their moral strength in terms of sleeping-tablet consumption, Kinsey reports, juvenile delinquency and McCarthyism. Let them try measuring it as well in terms of the advance of the Negro. Let them try measuring it in terms of justice, which, so often defeated, has a way of conquering in the end.

Perhaps it might be true, after all, that a nation gets the Supreme Court that it deserves. ▲▲▲

If your life depended on it . . .

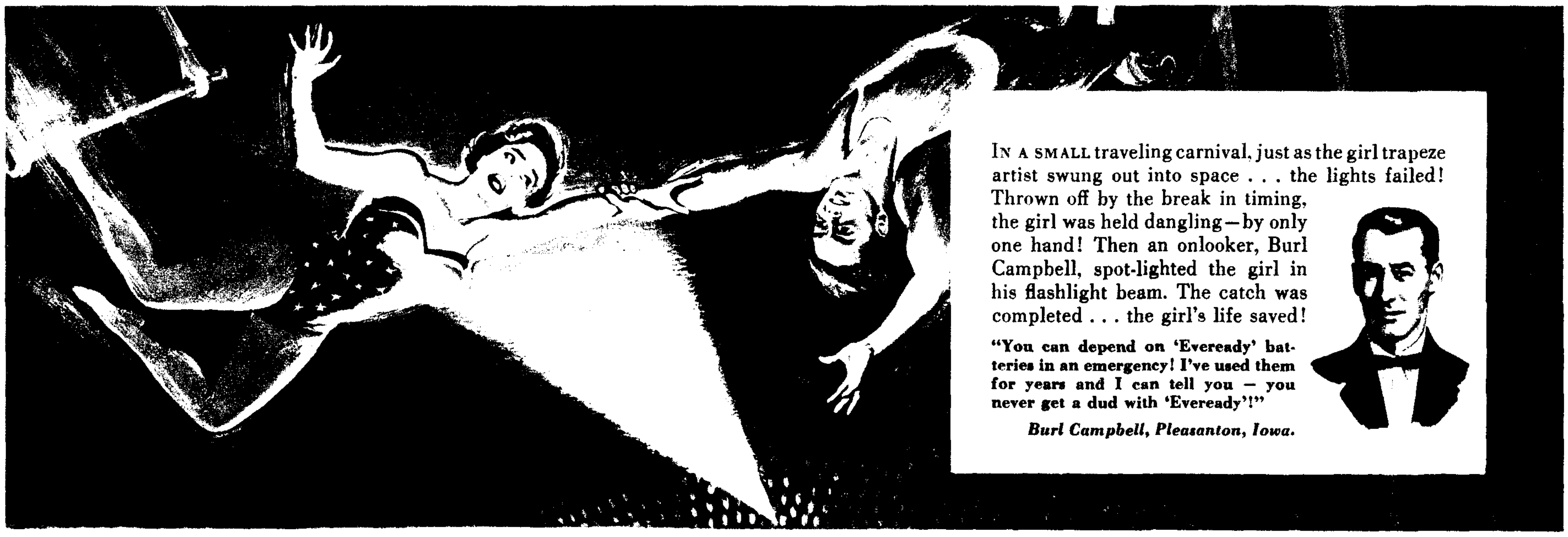


PLUNGED into dangerous waters while fishing at night and entangled in an old barbed-wire fence deep underwater, Clarence Hensley's life was saved because, when he failed to rise to the surface, his flashlight continued to shine *underwater* to guide his friend in the rescue!

"I wouldn't have had a chance if those batteries had failed! You can really *depend* on 'Eveready' batteries!"

Clarence Hensley, Manchester, Ky.

you couldn't get a better battery



IN A SMALL traveling carnival, just as the girl trapeze artist swung out into space . . . the lights failed! Thrown off by the break in timing, the girl was held dangling—by only one hand! Then an onlooker, Burl Campbell, spot-lighted the girl in his flashlight beam. The catch was completed . . . the girl's life saved!

"You can depend on 'Eveready' batteries in an emergency! I've used them for years and I can tell you — you never get a dud with 'Eveready'!"

Burl Campbell, Pleasanton, Iowa.

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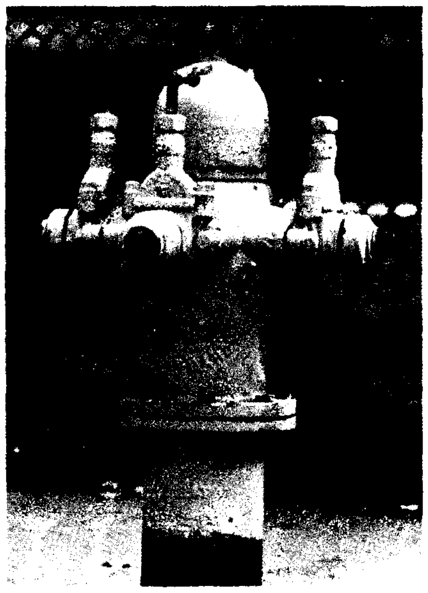
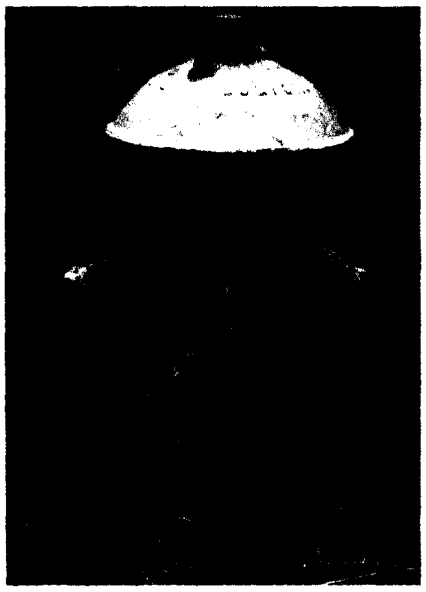


JUGGLER

BIG EARS



VICTORIAN DANDY

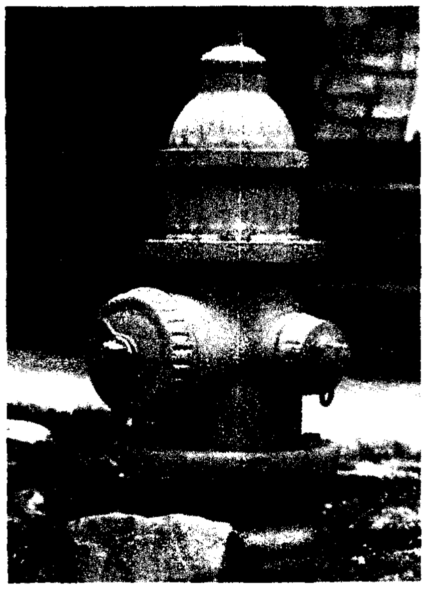
Anybody Here

Look twice next time you pass a fire hydrant. Behind

PHOTOGRAPHER Sam Rosenberg is a man who keeps his eyes open. He looks at things hard, deep and with a twinkle. During a recent trip through New England, he looked at fire hydrants. He discovered, first, that they come in all shapes, sizes and colors. Then he found that they turn up in all kinds of places—on busy streets, along country roads, in empty lots. Interested, he looked a bit harder, and "Before I knew it," he says, "I found the hydrants looking back at me." Finally, Rosenberg was convinced that fire plugs are people.

"They look like folks we all know," he claims, "I've recognized many friends among the plugs. But sometimes I think they've got the devil in them."

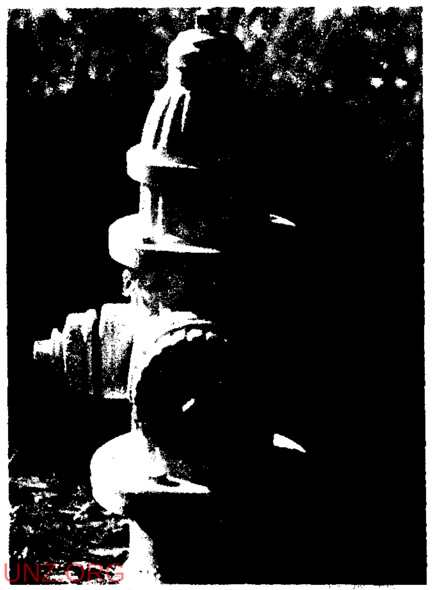
Rosenberg may be right. Certainly, fire hydrants do seem to have an impish sense of humor. Many a motorist has parked his car along a barren curb only to discover, an hour or so later, that a plug he has never met before has sneaked up and sat down beside it. ▲▲▲



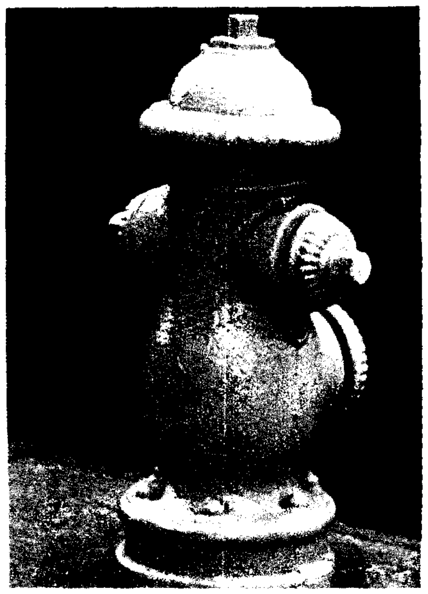
CHEF

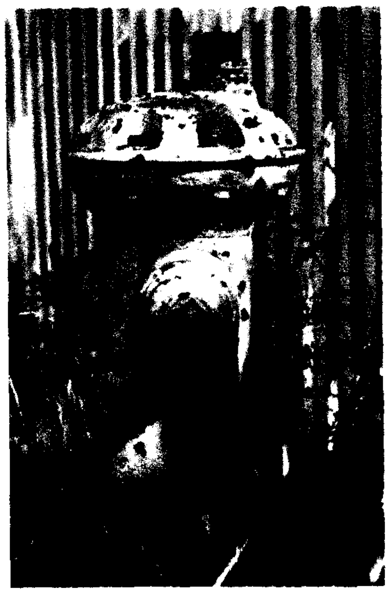
PATRIOT

PRIVATE EYE

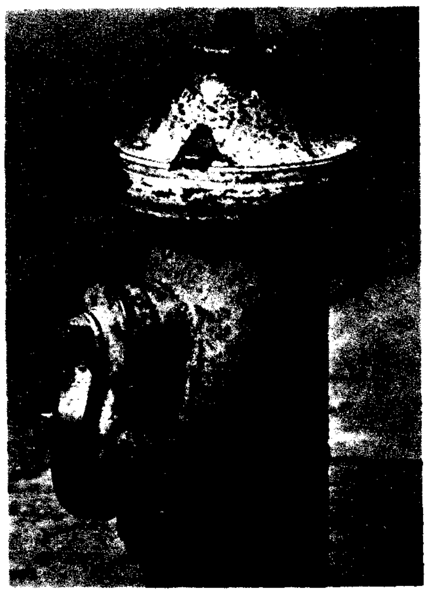


MIDDLE-AGED GENT





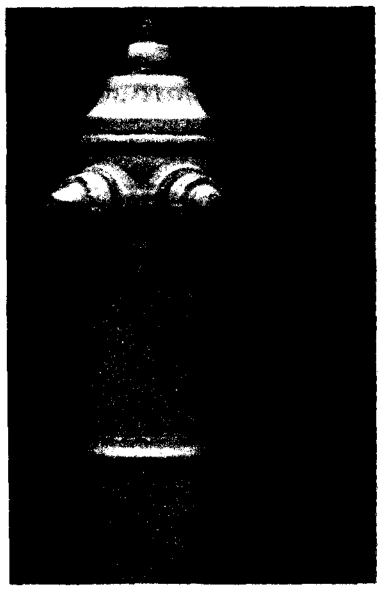
NOSY NEIGHBOR



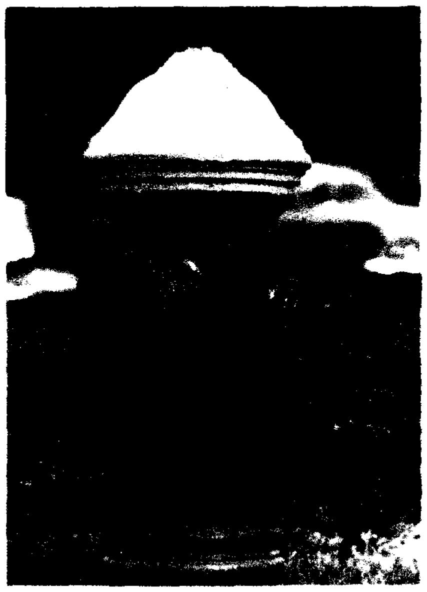
HOBO

You Know?

its placid exterior may stand a friend

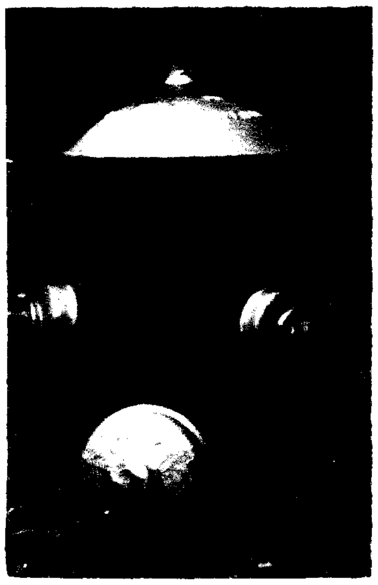


PROFESSOR



FASHION PLATE

RETIRED FARMER



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SAM ROSENBERG

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Who is Mr. Dean?

Six persons inhabit this story. All are interesting, exotic and quite self-centered. And because of the trickery of a man calling himself Dean, each one must outwit fate

By SIDNEY CARROLL

PERHAPS the most charming of Arab superstitions is that which concerns the feast day of Ali-Hadjj, sometimes called The Day of the Foreigner. The belief is that all persons of alien blood, spending this day on Arab soil, will have their heart's desire—if truly they desire it with all their heart . . .

The manager of the Asbabi Hotel in Dammuz was short and fat, and a fool about his clothing. Akbar Ammanulah Ahmad fitted this description: he was a short, fat, cocoa-colored clotheshorse. He trotted out of his office on the morning before the feast day of Ali-Hadjj in an outfit as impressive as any floorwalker's. He sniffed the morning air. He felt fine. He was proud of his new cravat (plum-colored) and the new perfume he was using.

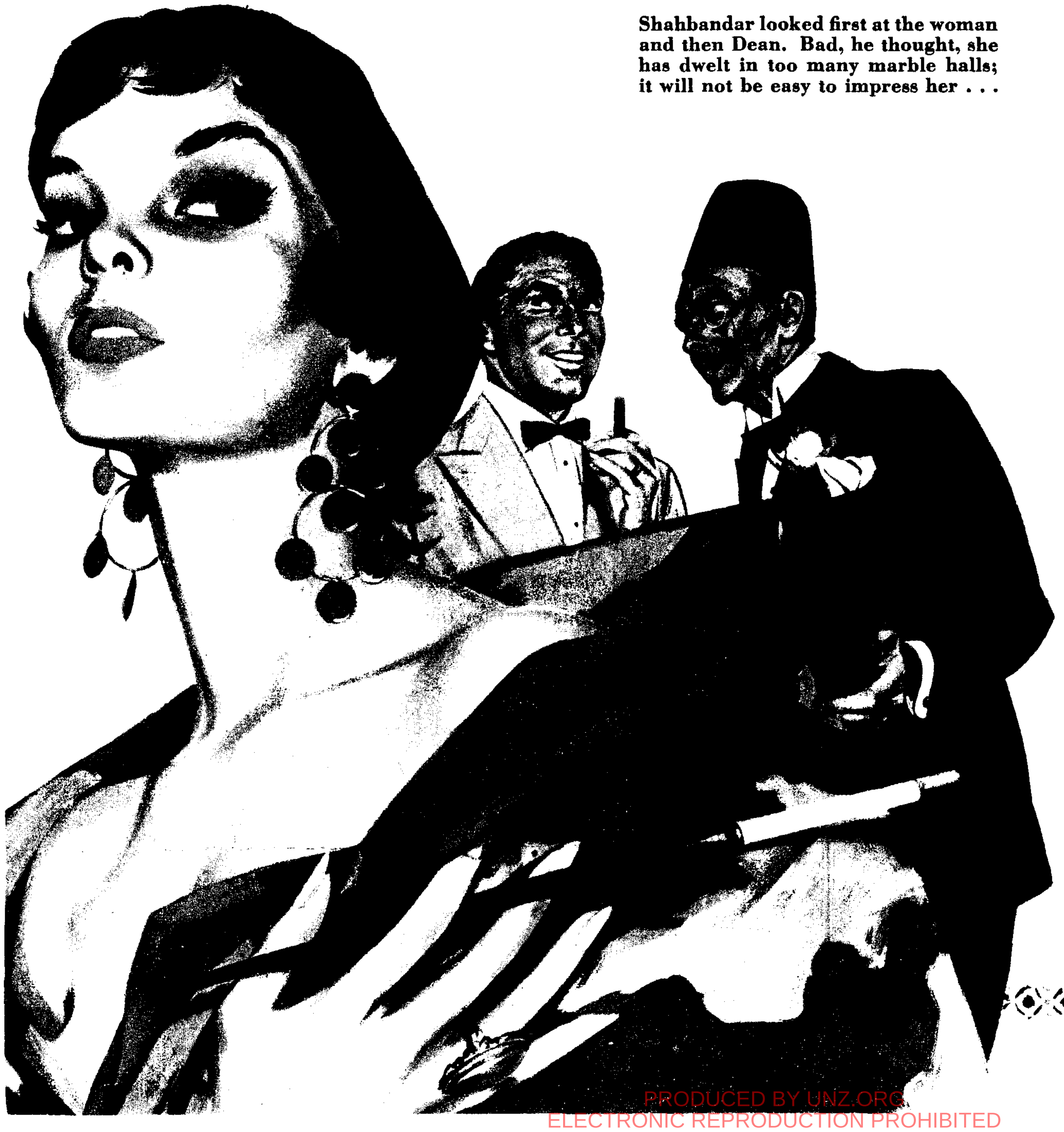
Outside, the doves on Cressi Street were cooing. Inside, the lobby of the Asbabi was bustling with business. (The feast day brings many oilmen and their families to Dammuz, which has a fine beach and a fine bazaar.) All this made Ahmad feel fine, very fine. Nothing could disturb—

Whoooooosh! go the revolving doors and there enters, first, a bellboy carrying three suitcases; second, a lady; and third, a gentleman.

Little Ahmad takes one look at the gentleman. He stops breathing.

The bellboy brings the suitcases to the desk. The gentleman follows him.

He was a large man. And, surely, beneath his exquisite tailoring, a muscular man. He was a man so obviously American that Ahmad guessed the whole pattern of his life in one glance: money, and big desks, and the kind of cigars that come in tubes.



Shahbandar looked first at the woman and then Dean. Bad, he thought, she has dwelt in too many marble halls; it will not be easy to impress her . . .

But his voice was shockingly loud: "Ah wired ahead for reservations! Name is Dean!"

"Yes, Mr. Dean," said the clerk. "We have—"

Ahmad suddenly appeared behind the counter, silencing the clerk with a wave of his hand. "Your suite is waiting, Mr. Dean!" he announced, showing all his teeth, all his breeding in one magnificent smile—looking dangerously like an advertisement for hair tonic. (Ahmad's smile is of the sort that always betrays the empty head, or the fanatic, or the superior servant of superior persons.) "Allow me, sir—I am Mr. Ahmad, the manager of the hotel."

"Howdy!"

Akbar Ammanulah Ahmad had to keep himself stiff and corseted all day long in order to keep wrinkles out of his clothing. This American had just stepped out of the limousine from the airport. He must have been lounging for several hours in the plane. Still his clothes hung like drapes at a window. (These American textiles!)

"We expected you this morning, Mr. Dean. Your wire—"

"Damn' plane was held up in Jidda! We sat in *that* damn' hole for six hours!"

Ahmad had to look into mirrors all day long. Yet this man, Ahmad knew, worried no more about the appearance of his clothing than he did over the fit of his pink, prosperous skin. "How annoying, Mr. Dean! Our air service—" Ahmad shrugged and turned his palms upward.

"You ain't kiddin', buster! Six hours in the hottest damn' depot I ever seen."

Ahmad bowed with reverence to the man's gray suit, to the fedora he wore (it was the color of moleskin with a band the color of pearl): "I am sure the rooms that we have reserved for you will suit you, sir."

AHMAD handed the key to the bellboy. He watched closely as the gentleman strode to the center of the lobby, took his lady's arm and steered her toward the elevators. He watched particularly the smooth play of the man's trousers. (Drop a pebble into a lake of cream and such ripples occur.) His impulse was to raise his voice and shout, "In the name of the ten incarnations of the twice-born—who is your tailor?"

He did not do this, of course. There are not many Hindus who have made the cockleshell voyage all the way from Bombay to oil-soaked Arabia and made their marks. And few indeed have climbed so high up the ladder to the moon as Akbar Ammanulah Ahmad, manager of the Asbabi Hotel in Dammuz—the finest hotel in the world, east of Rome. Such men do not shout; such men are masters of life. At this moment, however, poor, small, fat, poetic Ahmad, with his shining mustache and his shining brow, felt inadequate for the first time in his life. He felt—shabby. Although his hands seemed to be reaching for one another behind his back, they were actually beating against his chest.

It was a measure of his admiration, his envy, his misery, that Ahmad, always a full-blooded man, gazed wistfully only at the gentleman and paid very

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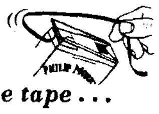
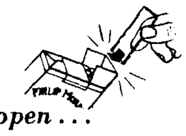
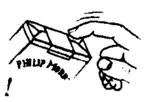


ZIP
the tape . . .



SNAP
it's open . . .



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little attention to the gentleman's lady, who happened to be beautiful. . . .

Six persons inhabit this story. All of them are interesting, exotic, quite self-centered, reasonably unhappy. Three of them have starring roles, two are character actors, and one (in a manner of speaking) merely carries a spear. This is the bellboy. He is a dark-skinned Egyptian, a fellah from Luxor, a boy of nineteen.

As they ride up in the elevator, the boy uses his eyes to stare, as if hypnotized, at the three pieces of luggage of Mr. Dean and his beautiful lady. Halfway to their destination Mr. Dean takes the cigar from his mouth. His voice is like a lion's roar. "Good idea, buster! You watch them damn' bags! They cost plenty!"

The bellboy turns his eyes upward in embarrassment.

NOW the loud gentleman and his lady are alone in their suite. The lady sits at a dressing table in the bedroom. The gentleman remains in the sitting room. He removes his jacket, throws it carelessly on a chair. He lifts the largest of the three suitcases to the sofa, opens it, removes a bottle and two silver telescope cups. He walks into the bedroom and places one of the cups on the dressing table.

"Pour vous," he says.

The woman answers with an indifferent whisper: *"Merci."*

He pours until her cup is full, then he backs away from her, out of the bedroom and into the sitting room. He drops slowly and luxuriously into an easy chair. He takes a short swallow of his drink. "How was I?" he asks.

"Loud," she answers.

"That's good." He smiles. "The louder the better.". . .

On the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth floors of the Asbabi, which is to say the three top floors, lives the rug merchant Abdul Shahbandar. Shahbandar (who owns the hotel) maintains an excellent intelligence system in the Asbabi. For example, the manager must report to him every morning.

On the morning before the feast day Ahmad sat in one of the anterooms for twenty minutes before he was ushered into The Presence. Then his conversation with Shahbandar went like this:

"Everything in order, Mr. Ahmad?"

"Yes, Mr. Shahbandar."

"How many guests on the register this morning?"

"Two hundred and fifteen."

"Increase of forty in three days. Anyone interesting?" Shahbandar had a voice like one of those machines that winds silk; even discussing business he seemed to hum.

"Two from America. A Mr. Dean and wife."

"What is his business?"

"I would say oil, sir."

"Find out."

"Yes, sir."

"What about him?"

"A fool, sir. Loud and rich."

"What makes him interesting?"

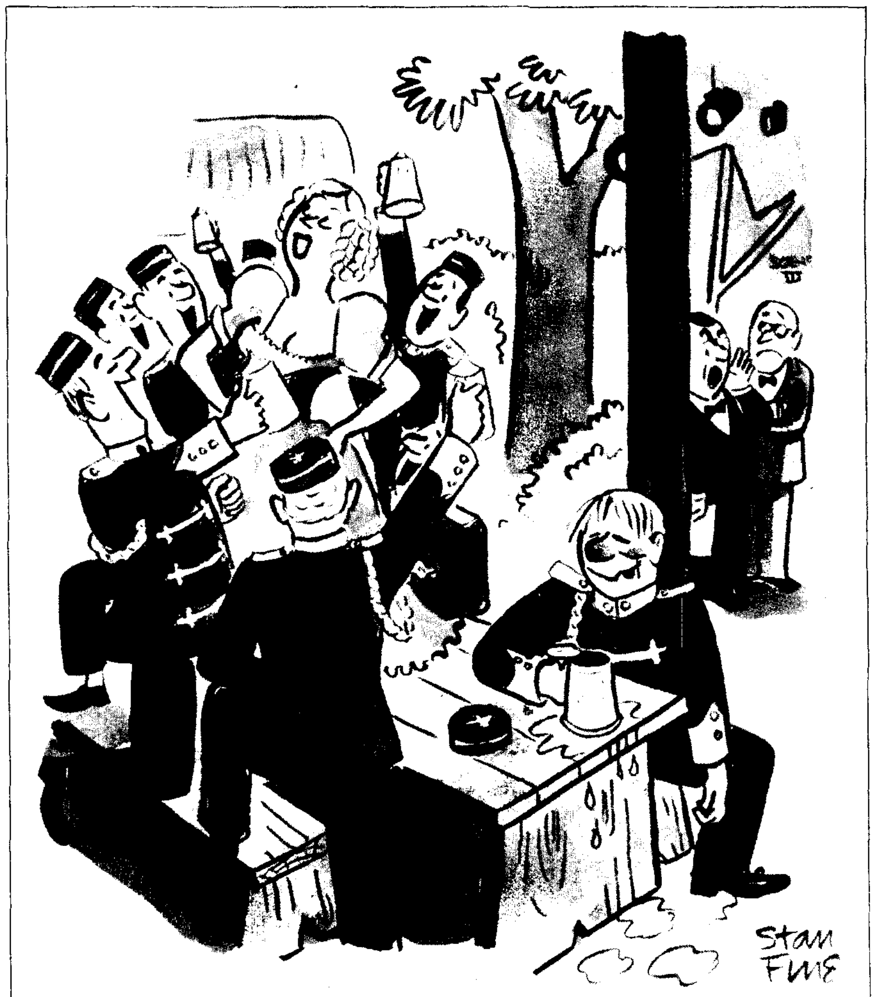
"His wife, sir."

"What makes *her* interesting?"

"She is Chinese, Mr. Shahbandar."

THE Chinese lady is—let us be honest—an outrageous cliché. She has everything the experienced reader will expect of the prima donna of an exotic opus. She has a sculptured mouth, sleep-ridden eyelids, marble neck with wavering lines in it to prove it is flesh. She also has an expression like a sleepwalker's, permanently fixed (one expression is enough for this face; two would be terribly unfair), and she is obviously soft to the touch, any part of her. Although she sits up straight before the mirror, she seems tired.

"The louder the better," repeated Mr. Dean.



COLLIER'S "Entire chorus, Harris, entire chorus!" STAN FINE

"Why?"

He shrugged.

"What I like most about you, Mr. Dean," she said, "is the fact that you don't smile mysteriously when you're being shrewd."

"I'm too shrewd to do that."

"Why do you pretend to be stupid?"

"You'll see."

She sighed, regally. "What do we do now?" she asked.

"Sit and wait."

"I'm a long way from home," she said. "I'd like to know why."

"Reminds me," he said, smiling faintly now. "I've been meaning to ask. Just where *is* home?"

She shifted her gaze so that now she was looking at the reflection of the man in the mirror. In his shirt sleeves, he showed the strength of his body. She had met many of the breed. They were fine physical specimens at middle age, big and powerful, pink and ruddy with graying temples, looking like contented bankers—but actually, *what?* Invariably they had depths; they always fooled you. They always took you by surprise. They looked like nothing but big businessmen. But when you finally learned the business, you had to shudder.

"Hong Kong," she said.

"I mean, where were you born? You talk—"

"Believe it or not—London."

"Ever had a go at the movies—some time or other?"

"I did. Yes."

"No luck?"

"You know," she said, slowly, "I now believe everything I've heard about Americans. I mean, that you're all stark, staring mad."

She watched him move his big body in the chair, settling himself in the manner of one about to enjoy a conversation. "You do? Why?"

"How long have we been together?"

"Three days."

"This is the first time you've asked me a single question about myself."

THEIR glances met in the mirror. He found himself admiring, once again, the shape of her eyes. "Little Lotus, in a pear-tree garden," he said, "you aren't by any chance asking me to take an interest in you?"

"It isn't that at all—"

"My father once told me," he said, stretching himself in the chair, staring hard at his silver cup, "that you can't mix business with pleasure. If pleasure gets in the way of business, why then you just have to get rid of the business. That was my father. He died at the track trying to steal somebody's winning ticket."

"*You* propose to die rich?"

"Let's say I propose to live rich."

"The purpose of this trip is to make you rich?"

"It might be. Now, may *I* ask one question?"

"Yes."

"Why did you take this job?"

"That's a foolish question."

"I know," he said. "Money. But that isn't what I mean. I mean—I ask you to come on a trip with me. I say it's a business proposition. You know nothing about the proposition; you know nothing about me. You accept. But you're not—you don't look like—"

"That's where you make your mistake," she said. "I am." She took a sip of her drink. "If you must know, it's the first proposition I've had in a long time."

"I can't believe that."

She turned to face him. "Look, Mr. Proposition. I'm thirty-three years old."

"You're incredibly beautiful."

"Look at me," she said. Slowly he raised his eyes and looked. "I'm a special taste," she said. "Like an exotic spice. Only the wrong men savor it. The right ones don't have the nerve—or the money."

"And did I seem to have—both?"

"You offered me a good deal of money for a few days' work. At this stage of life I'm deeply interested in large amounts of money. I don't propose to be selling bags of lavender on the Esplanade when I'm sixty."

"What you want," he said, "if I may use a disgusting word, is security."

"It's a perfectly lovely word, Mr. Dean—or whatever your name is. It's an absolutely delightful word. I want oodles of security. Sickening gobs of it. I want to get deathly sick to my stomach on security. Incidentally—"

"Yes?"

"When do I get my money?"

He laughed. "That's something else that puzzles me. How do you know you're going to get it?"

"I trust you."

"Good," he said. "Just for that—you'll get your money."

"Thank you very much, sir. I have one more question."

"By all means—"

"What do we do now?"

"We wait."

AT NINE o'clock that evening, the American and the Chinese lady appeared in the hotel dining room.

Her aura of fatigue had disappeared. A bath and a four-hour nap had refreshed her. She strode across the thick dining-room carpet exuding confidence, exuding power. And the gentleman, the handsome muscular gentleman with her, yielded to the power of her beauty by treating her as if she were absolutely helpless. He held her chair for her; he opened her napkin for her; he ordered (in a loud voice) her meal. A hundred pairs of eyes were fixed on them unashamedly—the gentleman was dressed in dinner clothes that looked as if they had been painted on him; the lady was in white, accepting his efforts on her behalf with languor, with no change of expression, gazing straight ahead of her but looking at nothing. The waiters danced ballets for them. . . .

With the salad came Akbar Ammanulah Ahmad to their table. He bowed deeply, proud of his assignment, proud to step into the light that seemed to surround their table. "Has the meal been satisfactory, Mr. Dean?"

Dean made a noise, sucking his teeth, and said, "Can't complain!"

Must he shout? Ahmad wondered, and then said, "I bring you Mr. Shahbandar's compliments, sir. He would enjoy the pleasure of your company in his suite, sir."

"Who?"

A muscle trembled in Ahmad's cheek. "Mr. Shahbandar, sir."

Dean's expression was suddenly alert. "Ab*dool* Shahbandar?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's *he* doing here?"

"Mr. Shahbandar, sir, lives in the hotel," Ahmad explained.

"Ah'll be damned! He wants us up to *his* place?"

"Yes, sir."

Dean leaned toward Ahmad, suspiciously. "What the hell *for?*"

Ahmad felt a passionate desire to scream. "He would appreciate the pleasure of your company, sir."

"Well!" Dean leaned back in his

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chair. "Ah'll be damned." He looked across the table at the woman. "Whaddaya say, honey?" His voice could be heard at every table in the room. "You wanna meet this character?"

There was no flicker of expression on the ivory face—nothing, as she said, "Whatever you wish."

Dean looked up at Ahmad. "This *is* the character I'm thinkin' about, ain't it? *The* Shahbandar—like that character, the Aga Hoozy, or sump'n. Richest son of a gun in the world—this the one?"

"There is only one Abdul Shahbandar, sir."

Dean scratched his chin. "What's his room number?"

"The special lift at the rear of the lobby will take you directly, sir."

"Special elevator, huh?" Dean smiled. "Maybe this'll be sump'n to see, honey." He shrugged, as if he were conceding a point. "Okay. We'll be up. Right after dessert. Which reminds me"—he picked up the menu—"whaddaya got for dessert?"

Ahmad drew himself up to his full height. "I shall be happy," he said, "to send the waiter to your table."

For that tuxedo, thought Ahmad, I would sell my grandmother.

Shahbandar himself was waiting in the obsidian lobby when the doors of the elevator opened. When he raised his eyes and saw the woman for the first time, his monocle fell to his chest.

Shahbandar was an elegant emaciation, six feet three inches tall. He was narrow and bony. His eyes were alert in his triangular head; his arms were long; he looked too much like a mantis. His hair was waxed and gray, and his monocle had a gold rim. Part hawk, part mantis, he was atrociously unreal. When he stepped forward to shake hands with Dean they resembled two figures in an illustration for Aesop: one the elegant insect (who must win, in Aesop) and the other the brawny lion (who is always so stupid, in Aesop).

Shahbandar said the expected words with the expected air: So few Americans in this part of the world . . . Your graciousness to accept . . . My humble . . .

He seemed suspended over the two of them, almost floating. His words were aimed indiscriminately at both his guests, but he managed to stand closer to the woman, slightly bent at the waist in the attitude of a drawn bow, just as taut, and his eyes seeming to say: This is extraordinary! Extraordinary!

WHEN he led them into his parlor Shahbandar stole a glance at the woman's eyes, searching for some sign of appreciation. There was none.

Bad, he thought. She has dwelt in too many marble halls; it will not be easy to impress her.

They sat in a triangle. Small men brought liqueurs. Shahbandar said, "Would you like to see the collection?"

"The what?"

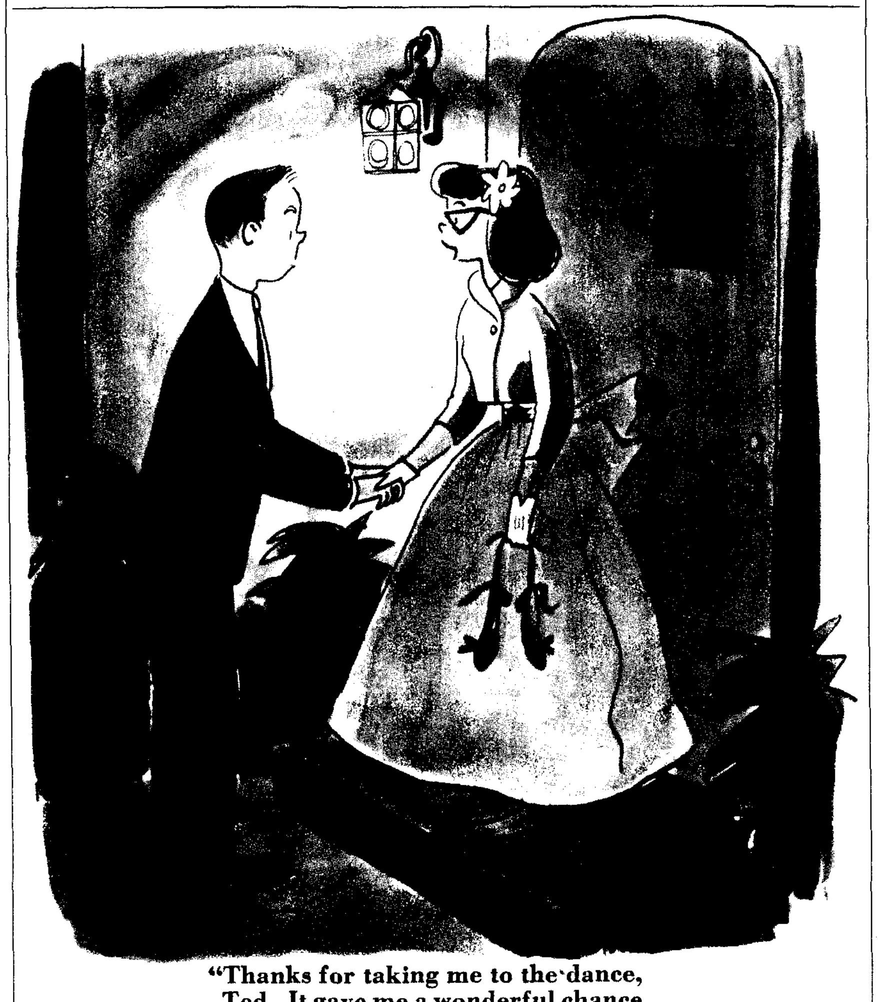
"My collection." He rose and bowed and smiled. "Small things, but they add up. Would you care to have a look?"

"Well, now," said Dean, "I'll tell you, Mr. Shahbandar, I'm a real sap about this stuff. All I ever collected was cigar bands!" His laugh was loud.

Shahbandar led the way through the galleries.

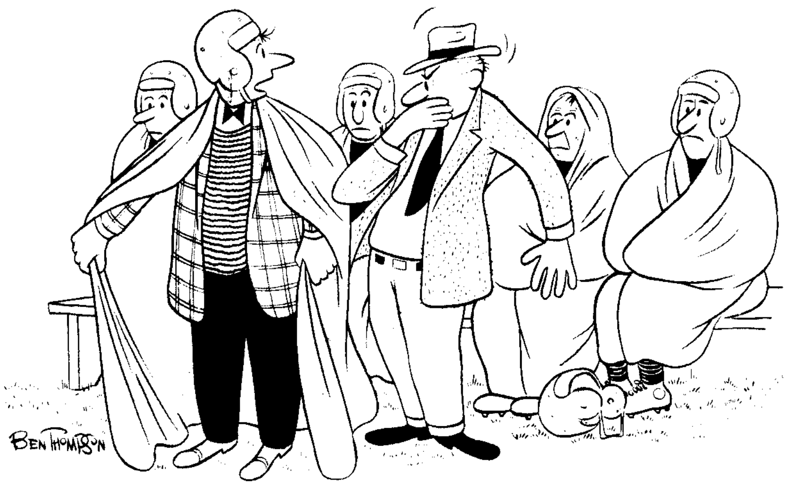
"Rug merchant" is, of course, a facetious title. The world knows only that Abdul Shahbandar started his career somewhere in Aleppo, close to where he was born, as a back-pack peddler. Since he was a Syrian, and a

TIZZY



"Thanks for taking me to the dance, Ted. It gave me a wonderful chance to meet some interesting boys . . ."

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN



COLLIER'S "To tell the truth, coach, I'd given up all hope of ever getting into a game" BEN THOMPSON

peddler, the world assumes he peddled rugs. Perhaps he did, in the beginning. That pack on his lean, strong young back might have contained a rug or two besides the cheap lace, the rock candy and the tin filigree ornaments. But that was in the beginning. Steamships are what he owns today—and oil concessions, factories, the destinies of many men, and (merely a rumor) a government or two. And art. Abdul Shahbandar owns a lot of art.

From room to room they marched, through his personal museum. They passed scroll paintings, glass of many colors, Ming gold beaten paper thin.

Mr. Dean smoked a cigar and smiled like a patron. The woman—very straight, very lean, closer to Shahbandar's kind of thin elegance—smoked many cigarettes and glided silently, and listened.

She knows, thought Shahbandar, how closely she is related to the reptile. The white dress has sequins because they glitter like scales, and the cigarette is a fang. Has this vulgarian who claims to be her husband studied my habits to learn my weakness? Is this a plot?

MEN like Shahbandar are like clocks. The gears are ceaselessly busy inside the case: the hands and face always grave and calm. Though Shahbandar kept speaking licentious nonsense to himself, to Mr. and Mrs. Dean he was reciting only proper introductions to his works of art. He explained a little; he described a bit; but Shahbandar knew enough about art and loved it enough to let it speak for itself, with only the sliest kind of prompting.

"Here is the Tang scroll of the emperor and his hundred concubines. Do you know one of the reasons why the old emperors always kept all their women around them? Because they kept the room warm. This box is amber. Do you know what your countrymen say about amber, madame? That it is the soul of the tiger turned into mineral—" He stood very close to the woman all the time he spoke, trying to maneuver one golden opportunity to touch her. "This ring is jade, you see. Made for an incredibly small finger . . ." But he lacked the courage to ask her to try it on.

Mr. Dean, he noticed, kept his arms folded across his chest and chewed on his cigar and seemed to be growing sleepy—until they came to the small room.

There was no preparation for it: he gave them no warning. Shahbandar merely opened the green door at the end of the corridor and stepped across the threshold. He said, "Now!" and turned on the switch. A single beam of light fell from the ceiling upon the only object in the room.

It was a head on a plinth, a white-clay head of a woman with a headdress of flowers.

Mr. Dean said, "Say . . ."

Shahbandar leaned as close to the woman as he dared. "You recognize her?" he asked.

The eyes and the nostrils of the head were painted black. The lips were half opened, in the Chinese manner; they were sharply defined and faintly pink.

"Beautiful," whispered the woman.

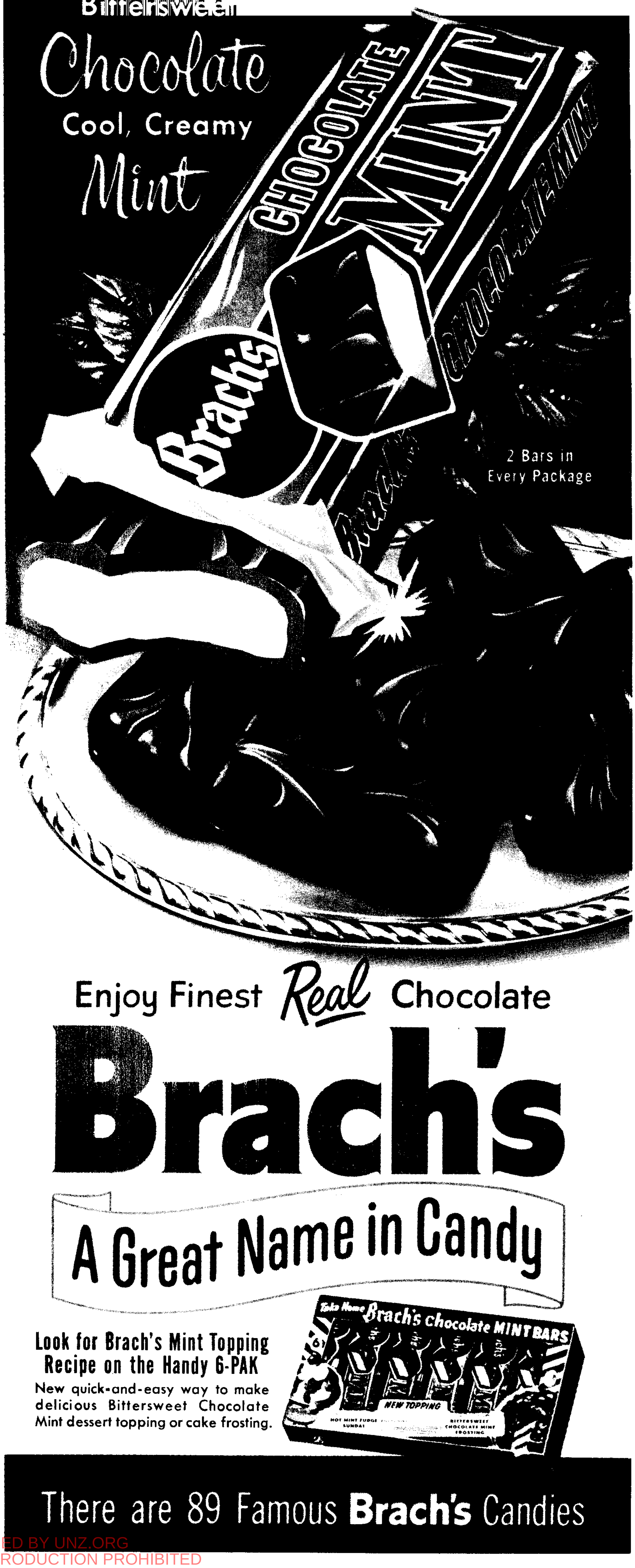
SHAHBANDAR'S hand reached toward her elbow, but did not touch her. "Come closer to her, please!" he begged. "She is not afraid of comparisons." The look in his eyes was uncontrollable now; his voice was rising: "There is one immortal lady in marble. That is the Venus of the Louvre. And one in paint—The Gioconda. This is the one in clay—no, the one in all the world! Li Ssu, the Empress Benignant, who died in the tenth month of the day of the white cock—in the year of the yellow rat—in the era of harmonious government. Of course you recognize her! No face is better known, not even in the age of the cinema and billboard." His long nose, his long fingers, his shapely pointed shoes—Shahbandar was now all erratic points, as animated as a puppet, moving gravely and calmly no longer. His voice kept rising: "Capricious time and the gods left us the Samothrace without a head. But they atoned! They gave us this bodiless head! Please step closer to her, madame! Please! Let her look at you!"

"You mean to tell me," said Dean, "this is the—uh—original?"

"Of course."

"Ah'll be damned!" He bit hard into his cigar and it bobbled when he spoke. "I seen her picture lots of times! Matter of fact, I think we used her ourself once. One of my companies, advertising a tooth paste or something. Say! Wait till I tell the boys in the agency about this!"

Shahbandar watched the woman come slowly, slowly forward until the two Oriental heads were facing each other, eye to eye. This was the moment he wanted—the woman looking fixedly at the clay, the clay staring back at an equal, but an equal in whom the blood flowed, whose red lips were parted, speechless but living. Shahbandar felt the old tremor around his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mouth, around the heart. As he expected: Li Ssu was jealous.

He turned back to look at the living twin.

Where did he ever find her? he cried to himself. How did he ever get her? I bought Li Ssu at a bargain rate. I would overpay a thousand times for this Manchu. How can I buy her from him? How? How?

It was one o'clock when they left Shahbandar's apartment. . . .

Dean came into the bedroom in his pajamas and stood by the foot of her bed. "I could sleep on the couch in the sitting room," he said.

"Don't be absurd."

He got into the other bed, turned out the light on the table between them.

"Is he the one we're waiting for?" she asked.

"Good night. Sleep tight."

Silence.

"It's hot," she said, and yawned.

"Yes."

She saw Shahbandar's face hanging like a lantern above her in the dark, his hot eyes refusing to look at her. Shahbandar. Now *there,* she thought—and then laughed, silently, bitterly. Art lover! Prime specimen of another breed she'd met before. Once they fell for art, she knew, they forgot life. He hadn't tried to touch her once all evening. Too bad . . . She turned over in bed, as lithe as an eel in water. The lovely movement was wasted in the dark—wasted on Dean, anyway. He was snoring already.

Dean kept on snoring until he could hear her breathing deeply and regularly. He lay there for another hour until he heard her whimper in her sleep, heard her pronounce out loud what sounded like one obscene word.

The man who called himself Dean got up from the bed and walked noiselessly into the sitting room. From the closet he took a dark blue suit. He dressed in the dark. The loudest noise he made was when he pulled his shoelaces tight. From the bathroom he took a large towel, folded it and placed it in the smallest of his three suitcases, a small fat valise. From the inside pocket of a gray suit hanging in the closet he took a flat tool, painted black. He made no sound when he stepped into the corridor. He was carrying the valise in his left hand, the black tool in his right.

On locks and bolts, at night, his touch was the envy of the best of them.

•

JUST thirty-one days before these events of the early morning of the feast day of Ali-Hadjj, the man we now call Dean had climbed five flights to the cheap studio of a man named Fournier. This was in the city of Victoria, in Hong Kong. Fournier first put a kettle on the stove, then sat down to face his visitor. The conversation was conducted in French:

"Well, Dorgan?" said Fournier.

"Call me Mr. Dean. I have to get used to that name."

"How have you been, Mr. Dean?"

"Fournier, what's the most famous work of art in the world?"

"The Mona Lisa."

"The next most famous?"

"Who can say? The Last Supper?"

"The next?"

"One could say the Sistine."

"Remove your mind from paint. Artists *do* work with other materials."

"I see. You mean the Venus?"

"No. Not quite. Portable, Fournier. Something portable."

"Ah, you want me to say the Li Ssu."

"Not bad. The fifth mention. Call it the fifth most famous work of art in the world. What's she worth?"

"What a question! Shahbandar owns her. She could never be bought."

"Answer the question. What's she worth?"

Fournier, small, shriveled, with a white mustache like a waterfall, merely shrugged. "What Shahbandar paid for her, nobody knows. How he got her out of Nanking, nobody knows. That would have cost him money too. It all adds up. Who can put a value on these things?"

"On the open market. If Shahbandar should put her up for sale tomorrow. How much?"

"Any figure is ridiculous."

"Would you say a million dollars is cheap?"

"Of course!"

"Now look, Fournier. Listen to me closely." Dorgan took a cigar out of a vest pocket and looked at the sharp end of it with distaste. "I hate cigars," he said. Slowly he lighted it. "I went to a millionaire last week, Fournier, a collector, a countryman of mine. I said to him, 'How would you like to own the Li Ssu?' "

"Harry—you're joking!"

"What do you think he said?"

"How should I know?"

"He said of course he would like to own her! *That's* what he said to me, my dear Fournier." Dorgan took a puff of the cigar. "Then what did I say to him?"

Dorgan held the cigar at arm's length and looked at it. "Excuse these poses," he told Fournier. "I'm in training to look like an American lout. Where was I? Oh, yes: I said to him, I said, 'My dear Mr. Millionaire, I will steal the Li Ssu for you.' "

"Harry!"

" 'I will be brief, Mr. Millionaire,' I said. 'I will steal the Li Ssu from Shahbandar, then I will take it to a friend of mine—a genius. He will make a perfect, exact, indistinguishable copy of the head. In time, in good time, I will send this copy back to Shahbandar. I guarantee no expert in the world will be able to detect the difference. Then I will deliver the original to you.' "

"Harry, this is absurd—"

" 'And this,' I told my old friend, the millionaire, 'will cost you one hundred thousand dollars.' "

FOURNIER stopped staring at Dorgan and rose to get the kettle. He poured two glasses of tea and spiked them with cognac. After his first sip, he looked up at Dorgan. "What did he do then? Call the police?"

Dorgan laughed, very loudly, "Dear old Fournier! You know all about collections, you know nothing about collectors. Now listen to me. I said to my millionaire, I said, 'Just think: Shahbandar will *think* the original has been returned to him. You, my dear friend, will *know* differently. You will own the original. *You* will own it! Keep it where you like. In a vault. On your mantelpiece. Show it to nobody—or to everybody! Why do you collect, Mr. Millionaire?' I asked him. 'I will tell you. For *possession*—nothing else. The only ecstasy for a man like yourself is ownership! For a little hundred thousand dollars—' "

Fournier had to clear his throat. "He—accepted?"

"Of *course* he accepted!"

"How Is MRS. CHASE Today?"

FOR the last 44 years, Mrs. Mary Chase has been helping to train nurses. From Boston, Massachusetts, to Changsha, China, she has helped thousands of nursing students learn the techniques of their profession. She has been stuck with a hypodermic needle tens of thousands of times, and on more than one occasion has suffered as many as 30 needles in a single hour period.

But serving as a pincushion is not her only claim to fame. Her limbs have been set in traction splints countless times by nurses and students of first aid. She has been given so many bed baths that even the most fastidious person would feel the number excessive. She has spent innumerable hours under oxygen tents and literally miles of bandages have been applied to various parts of her anatomy.

Instructors like Mrs. Chase; students like her. She is a model patient who doesn't mind being pushed, poked and prodded by eager but still inexpert and shaky hands. She patiently accepts the endless repetition, "How is Mrs. Chase today?", as each student begins to care for her ills, which change from day to day. Mrs. Chase never says a word. She's a manikin.

But there used to be a real, live Mrs. Chase. In 1910, a lady named Martha J. Chase was making dolls for youngsters in her back-yard shop in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, when a nursing instructor from a Hartford hospital heard about her. The instructor asked Mrs. Chase if she could make a life-size doll light enough and flexible enough for student nurses to practice on before proceeding to human beings.

Mrs. Chase, with the help of her doctor husband, went to work immediately. Together they produced the first model of the Chase Hospital Doll. It weighed about 23 pounds and looked real enough in a bed to cause many a quick double-take. But, more important, the doll's arms and legs were hinged, so they could be manipulated for demonstration and study.

News of this effective new training aid was spread quickly by word of mouth. And in no time at all Mrs. Chase's little shop, known locally as the Doll House, was doing a flourishing business in hospital dolls, all of which came to be called "Mrs. Chase." Now run by the founder's grandson, Robert D. Chase, the M. J. Chase Company, Inc., of Pawtucket, R.I., makes a number of different models for nursing schools throughout the world.

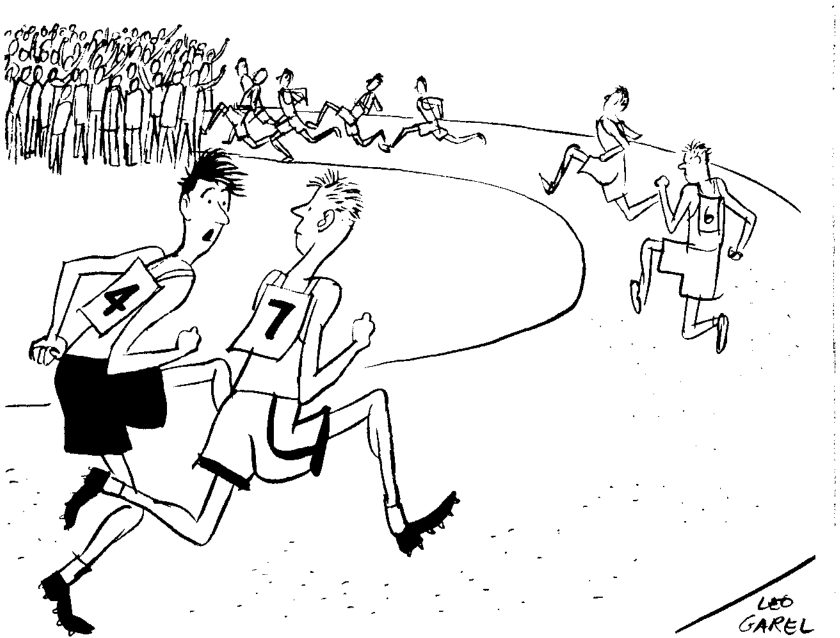
Through the years, "Mrs. Chase" has been constantly improved, while her family has been enlarged to include a male dummy, "Mr. Chase," and several children whose special features make them ideal for instruction in pediatrics. The latest model "Mrs. Chase" has very cleverly articulated limb joints, is covered with a lifelike vinyl skin, and contains internal reservoirs and external openings which permit instruction in intimate bed care.

While learning technical skills from Mrs. Chase, students talk to her and reassure her as if she were a real person. In this way she helps them learn also how to fill a complex prescription that means a great deal to a great many patients. When scrawled on a patient's chart by a busy doctor, it reads TLC—for Tender Loving Care.

—WAYNE GREEN

RALPH ROYLE

Mrs. Chase gets solicitous care from student at New York's Bellevue Hospital under direction of nursing arts instructor Margaret Caller



"I didn't expect to win, but I was hoping to be up where I could get a good view of the finish"

COLLIER'S LEO GAREL

"But I am a painter! I have never—"

"Oh, Fournier, shut up. Don't go humble on me. Any idiot of an art student can make a cast of a bust—a simple head and neck! It's the *painting* of the head that takes talent. In this case—genius. That is why I have come"—Dorgan rose and bowed—"to the first forger of the world!"

Fournier closed his eyes. "How much for me?" he asked.

Dorgan sat down again. "Learn to stop interrupting, Fournier. Listen. Just sit still and listen to me. Lend your old ear. It's time to tell you I've been lying to you. I haven't seen a single millionaire—"

I knew it, thought Fournier, and the scaffolding he had been building in his head began to topple. I knew it, I knew it, I knew it! It is always the same. There is always this bitter end to every dream. Knowing that he cared for nothing but his paints and his art, these Harry Dorgans, these brisk men, these men with muscles and wills of iron, they could never resist tormenting him with their elaborate jokes. Dorgan was laughing now. He'd had his joke. Well, let him . . .

"Old friend, put your cup down. You tremble too much. Listen to me! What I said was that I have not negotiated with a *single* millionaire. The fact is, I've made this deal with three of them. Each unaware of the others, of course. You are to make *three* copies of the Li Ssu."

Fournier was old. "Please, Harry—"

"Fournier, forgive me! I go too quickly. I apologize. I'll make it plain and simple. Listen. I have offered the original Li Ssu, on the basis just described, to three separate and distinct millionaires. Each waits for me now to arrive with the Li Ssu. Is that part clear, Fournier? I'm a terribly dishonest man. When you lie as much as I do, you find yourself getting other people all mixed up. Have I made the situation clear?"

"Harry, do you know Shahbandar?"

"No."

"How do you propose—"

"That's *my* problem. Now listen: in a month, two months at the latest, I'll be here in this room with the Li Ssu. You will be ready to start work immediately. Start getting ready now. Familiarize yourself with the lady in every way possible. The old Hanfstaengel reproductions are the best. Find out all about clay—how do you make it one thousand years old? Maybe manure's the way to do it, the way we used it on the bronze frame that time. You find out. You'll have to turn out four copies as quickly as possible."

"You said three."

"Did I?" Dorgan asked. "Well—I just had a thought. Still have my quick fancies, you see. I've just decided—I want one too! Three for the millionaires and one for me!"

"There will be a terrible scandal when the head is stolen! Shahbandar can scream very loudly—"

DORGAN shook his head. "Fournier! Innocent lamb! What would you do without a great criminal mind like mine to do your thinking for you? I *want* him to scream! Shahbandar announces the theft; papers in twenty languages start to roar. Net result: my three millionaires know I've kept my word! Oh, Fournier—really, you shouldn't be allowed out in the street when I'm not here."

"How will you do it, Harry?"

Dorgan experimented with a smile while the cigar was still between his teeth. "How nice to see the old fire in you, Fournier! The old genius. The old insanity. But you mustn't clutter that incomparable one-track brain with details that don't concern you. Will you be ready—in, say, a month?"

"Yes!"

"That's the Fournier I know! That's the way to say yes! Fournier, do you understand the real cream of the jest? The whole plan is a perfect circle! My three millionaires will die happy, and Shahbandar will get his lady back. I'm not even stealing from him! I'm only borrowing."

"Are you sure of your money?"

"The financial details are sewed up very tightly. Again, they need not concern you—"

Fournier's nose twitched. "One of them might."

"Ah." Dorgan smiled. "Dear old friend. Well—I've teased you long enough, haven't I? All right. Remain seated, Fournier. Here comes your villa on Victoria Peak, the little Degas you've always wanted, and a real dowry for all the granddaughters. Fifty thousand dollars American, Fournier."

Fournier wept. . . .

The whole grandiose plan had started in Dorgan's head two weeks before the meeting with Fournier.

He had gone one night to one of

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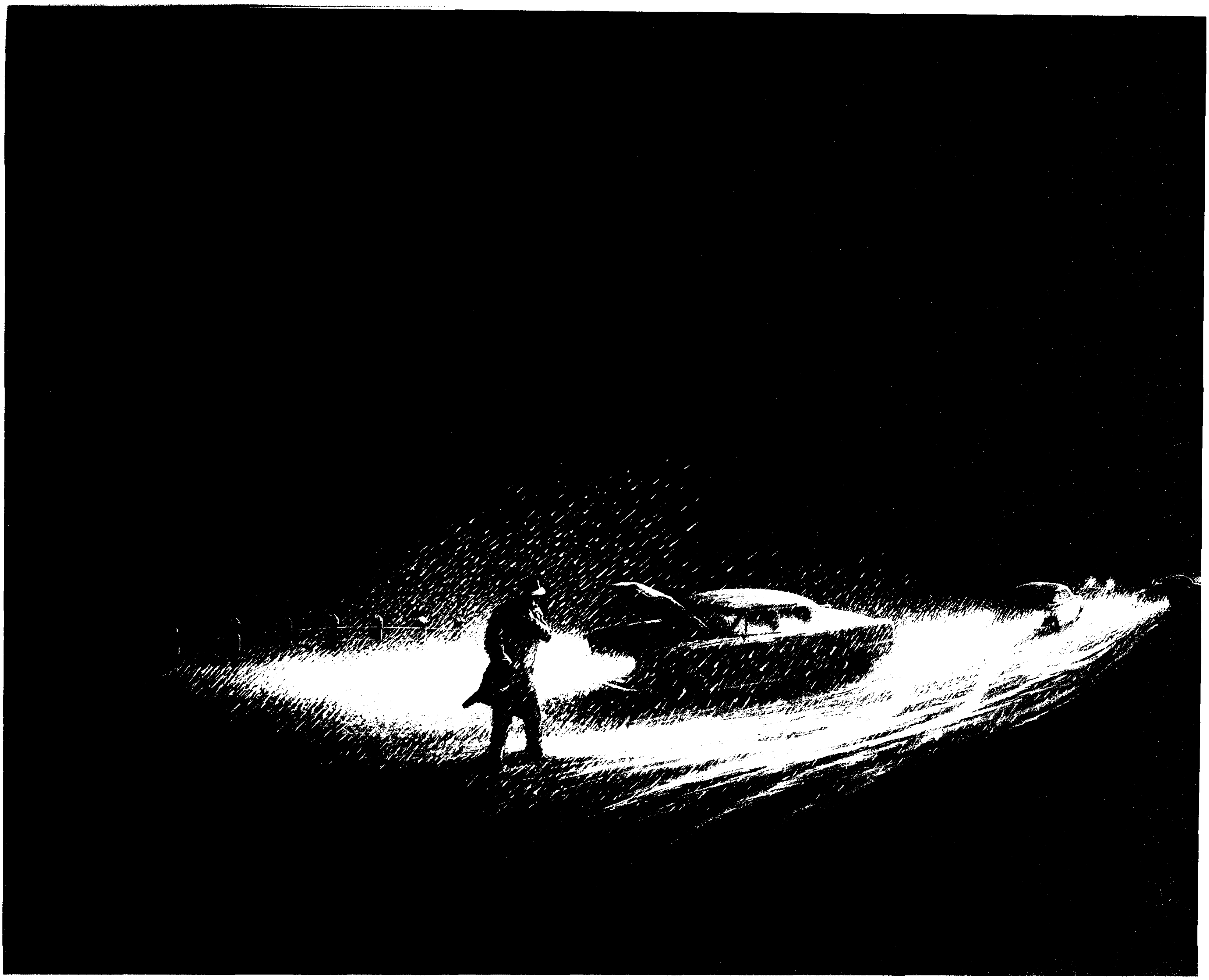

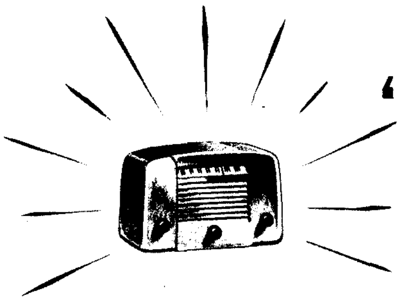

"CLEAR AND COLD TONIGHT...SNOW TOMORROW"

The storm struck at midnight . . . eight hours early. Cars crept along, skidded, stalled. Those without either good tire treads or chains cluttered hills and slight grades. Faulty windshield wipers and defrosters left many drivers "blind." Motorists who had neglected their batteries trudged home in the snow—along with some of those who had put off putting in anti-freeze. Hundreds of cars were abandoned till roads were cleared.

Sometime this winter, *you* probably will be caught in a storm. Whether you ride or walk home depends on you. So, play it safe! Have your serviceman "winterize" your car *now*. You'll be glad you did—when the snow flies.

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those comically sinister dark *boites* on the Esplanade, in the company of some fat boys he'd met at the track. They were too damned much on the *qui vive*, oilmen from the States on their way to tell Ibn Saud how to dig, and living it up like a cageful of college kids let loose for Christmas. They stank of oil but they also stank of money, so he'd consented to go along with them.

AFTER dinner they staggered from bar to bar, seeking the fabled beauties who are supposed to lurk around every corner in Hong Kong. They had come to the café off the Singapore Road. It was a bastard place: American neon, Russian food, Portuguese bottles. Additional nationalities were represented by the women of the house, those who sit alone, looking aloof, waiting for stray men to join them to order food and drink. Strangely, only one of these women was Chinese.

Dorgan paid little attention to her at first, but as he became more and more bored with his new friends, his eyes kept turning to the Chinese woman. Not merely because she was beautiful (so few of these women of the house are beautiful) but because she reminded him of something—someone. He couldn't place her, and that annoyed him. His memory was usually so sharp; it was part of his business to place anything, anyone, immediately. When the answer came to him, he was a little disappointed: she resembled the head of Li Ssu.

But all the next morning, Dorgan's thoughts kept going back to her, and to Li Ssu. There was a link somewhere between them. It was necessary for him to find that link or he'd go on suffering, like a man hungry for some food he can't name. He was becoming more and more annoyed with himself for not guessing it; these Oriental things were never any more elusive to him than . . . and then he got it. The link was Shahbandar—of course! Shahbandar owned the Li Ssu!

It was then that Dorgan started his week of intensive research on the life and time of Abdul Shahbandar. A newspaper friend pulled out the files for him. Facts about the man were scarce, as they invariably are about the Eastern rich. One fact, however, struck Dorgan hard.

The fact: in twenty years, Shahbandar had had two women in his life. One had been a Kabuki dancer from Tokyo. The second had been bought, cash on the line, from the manager of a teahouse in Shanghai.

Then, by enormous luck, he came across an old photograph of Shahbandar stepping off his yacht. Directly behind him on the gangplank was an Oriental woman. (The Kabuki girl? The one from Shanghai? It made no difference.) The telltale fact was that she looked, even in the hard grain of the old photograph, amazingly like the bust of Li Ssu.

Ah, thought Dorgan. Luck—as somebody has said—is the residue of design.

So he went back to the café on the Esplanade. He found the Chinese woman at the same table, still impassively awaiting company. He sat down next to her. He spoke to her in French. She answered in kind, with an English accent. He slipped immediately into English, with an English accent. A waiter appeared. She asked for more cognac. Dorgan ordered a lemon shandy for himself (very British, that) and then began twenty minutes of his best talk, incredibly small, incredibly smooth. He did all the talking and she the listening—but she listened with such immobility that he began to wonder about her. Was she slightly deaf? Or drugged? When he finally got down to business, when he asked her if she would be interested in a trip to Dammuz, she showed no reaction at all. It would be for a week, maybe two weeks. She would be posing as his wife. He emphasized the word "pose."

Then she swayed slightly, like a cobra in front of a flute. She turned her head and fixed her eyes steadily on him and said, "You're not English, are you?" He laughed and said no, he wasn't. He was, he started to say—

"American," she finished for him. "No Englishman could work this fast. All right. How much?"

"I want to be fair," he told her, leaning forward on the table, opening his eyes wide, giving her the old Honest-John look. "One thousand dollars a week. How's that strike you?"

Like lightning, he said to himself, looking hard at her. Like a ton of bricks. You're not kidding me with the inscrutable Oriental look. Any dame who's down to working the side wall of a stinking small café—

"How much now?" she asked.

"Nothing. You get paid at the end of the trip. In the meantime, of course, all expenses paid."

"I'll need clothes."

"That we can manage."

"When do we leave?"

The next day he had started seeing his millionaires.

After the millionaires he had gone to see Fournier.

IN THE hotel, on the morning of the theft, which was the morning of the feast day, two men besides Dorgan were wide awake.

Shahbandar lay in bed for a long time, plotting:

There is the possibility that the American idiot deliberately brought her here. To what purpose? To gain access to me? Too ingenious for a stupid man. If he is a smart man pretending to be stupid—no, that is too absurd an idea for a smart man to have. Still—it is a possibility. Keep it in mind. Probabilities all point to sheer coincidence, but don't misplace the "possibility" file.

Dean has no embarrassment about her at all, Shahbandar thought: we thereby learn two important facts: He is not rich and they are not married. No rich American would have the gall for such a misalliance. She would be his European summer, his Arabian weekend, but not his wife—not in America. Never! Not if he is rich—him and his tooth-paste companies. He is a professional swindler, pretending wealth for a purpose I shall soon discover. And such men as that don't travel with wives. They can't afford it.

So they are not married. Proceed:

I occupy every minute of their time. This will not be difficult. What can I do for them here? How long do they plan to stay? "Just passing through," he said—a phrase very popular in a country whose inhabitants think they can walk through walls. I can delay them, of course. In two days she will understand my intentions. Carriage trips through the bazaars, a motor trip into the desert—I will be at her side, every minute. In two days she will understand me. One day is all I need to make myself clear, and then a trip to Suez in the yacht. I show her the jewels. I hint how Miruki loved when she was alive. She has intelligence, she will

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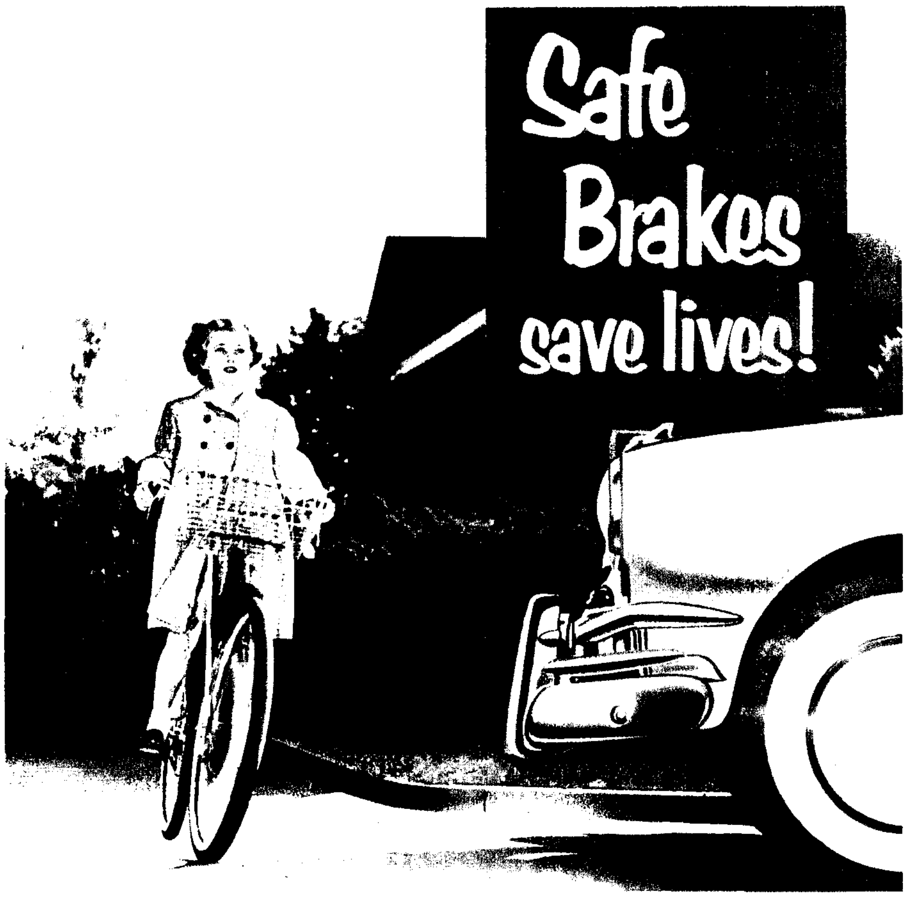
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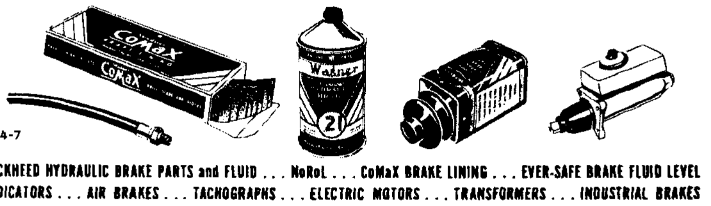

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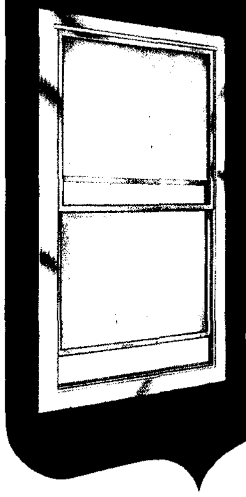

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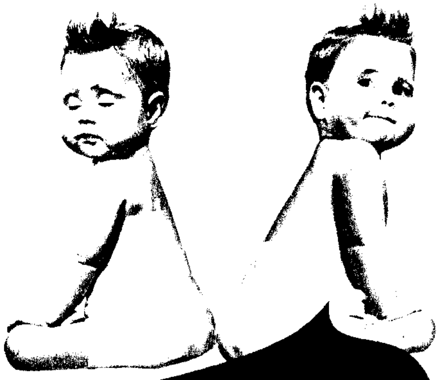

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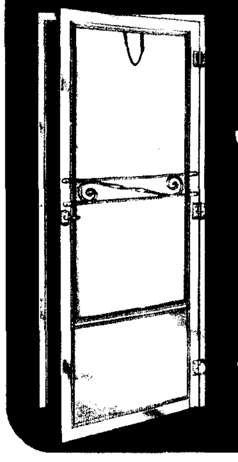

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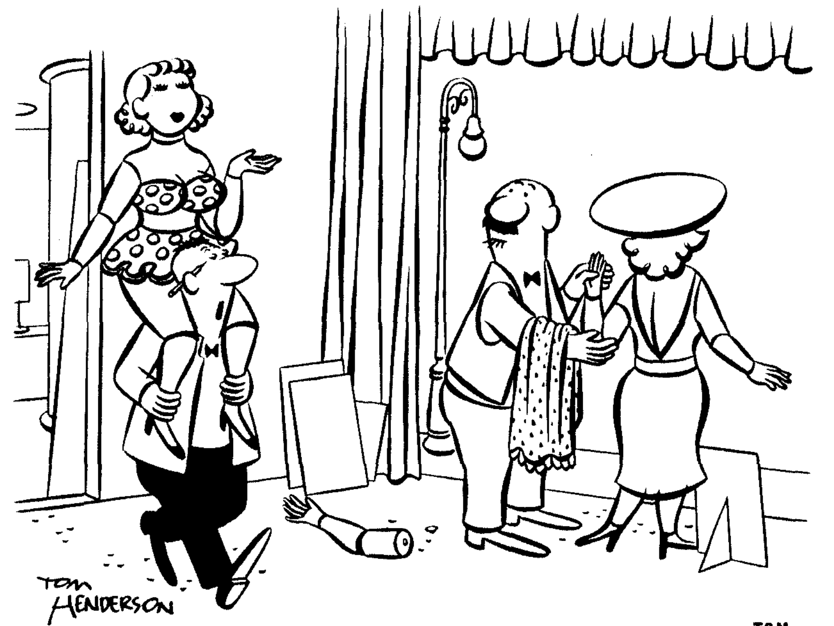

COLLIER'S "Where do you want this one, Mr. Grimes?" TOM HENDERSON

quickly understand. He placed his hands over his eyes—I will now try to imagine her begging me for kisses . . .

Someone else in the hotel lay wide awake at that hour, dreaming.

Ali, the bellboy, was handsome, but a year away from his full beauty, as his ancestors, sand now in the Valley of Kings, had been beautiful. But he was a good, true and efficient bellboy.

He was ambitious. Ali had always had passionate plans for the future. And twelve hours earlier, when he had seen the big American and the Chinese woman, his plans had matured. Now his heart burned within him as an ash in the fire. What he coveted from them was a single piece of their luggage—the largest piece.

To the eye of a boy who looked at luggage all day, this was the most beautiful suitcase he had ever seen. It was a fat brown bag, the color of a better saddle; and it was decorated with two locks, locks the color of gold—and the fat bag itself was girdled by straps stitched in white. It was a brand-new bag, and Ali's fixation on it was a direct result of the great dream of his life.

SOMEDAY Ali would return to his home in Luxor, open a little shop in the bazaar and, when the little shop became a big one, he would marry. There, in a nutshell, was the climax of the dream. But it had a prologue.

In this prologue Ali would ride up to the front door of his mother's home—in a taxicab. He would be carrying a fine leather bag.

His mother would rush into his arms; they would kiss and cry in the presence of all the neighbors; she would lead him into the house, the house of the best of his youth, the best of his memories. This was all the beginning of the prologue. Now for the rest of it:

He would rise from the table, from the feast of dates and meat; he would reach nonchalantly for the leather bag he had brought with him; he would lift it to the table and open it (casually, never interrupting his lecture on the ways of the foolish world he had so quickly conquered); and he would open the fine bag and it would be packed with money.

The bag was the essential part of it. It would have to be a bag suitable for such a dream.

Now Ali lay in bed suffering the heavy beating of his pulse. He had the money, the clusters of it. For five years he had lived frugally, putting every bit of his savings into the bank. All he needed now was the bag. He lay in bed, sleepless all night, in agony. He had finally seen the perfect bag, and he knew it would take all his money to buy one exactly like it. So the whole prologue to the dream, the dream itself, was jangling in his head now, clicking mercilessly, like the film in the cinema when something goes wrong with the machine upstairs.

DORGAN crept back into the suite downstairs, soundlessly, gracefully, the way certain husky men can dance. He turned on one of the small table lamps in the sitting room. He looked at his watch. He still had one hour. The car would be on the quay at 4:00 A.M. Now it was almost 3:00 A.M.

Dorgan had to shake his head at the miraculousness of it: the whole business accomplished within the first twenty-four hours! How he would enjoy watching those little blue eyes of Fournier's when he walked into the studio, watching those eyes when he opened the bag and took the Benignant Empress out of it and placed her on the pedestal in the center of the studio! Those eyes would pop like cuckoos on a clock. Dorgan could even anticipate Fournier's little swallows of appreciation, the sounds he made when he was too dazzled to speak. Poor old Fournier. Old master. Old fool. Jerk.

Dorgan carefully placed the bag upon a chair, then sat down in a chair opposite to enjoy his hour by himself. He took out a cigarette (no more cigars, ever) and he smoked and smiled.

Oh, what the hell—there was plenty of time.

He got up and walked to the other chair. He opened the bag and carefully removed the head from the towel. He placed her on the small table beside the lamp. He pulled a chair close to the table, and he sat and looked. The film of paint on the plaster was frighteningly like skin; the brows were like two clean, black calligraphic strokes. He looked into her eyes and ran the tip of his index finger down her nose.

What's missing in the world, great Queen? he asked her. Women like you? Or artists who make women like you? Why the sad, sad look? Are you a long way from home?

He looked at his watch. "What the hell," he finally said. He got up and

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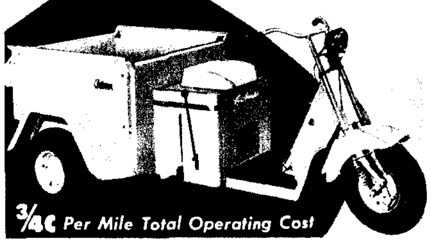

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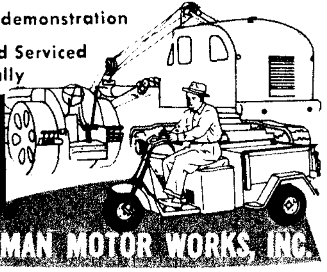

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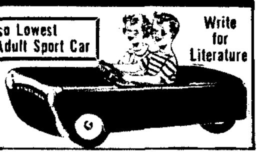

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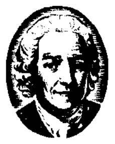

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went to the door to the bedroom. It took nine seconds to open the door.

She lay on her side. The bed covers were on the floor. The thin light from the sitting room was enough to make her skin glow. Dorgan tiptoed back to Li Ssu, lifted her off the table, and carried her into the bedroom. He placed her on the table between the two beds, and then he squatted on the floor in front of her. He compared.

He turned his eyes to the sleeping woman. Then he looked up at Li Ssu.

Clay and paint. She had as much as any woman, in the final analysis—plus money. *She* could finance his dreams. He leaned forward, not even smiling, and kissed jealous Li Ssu on the mouth.

He picked her up and took her back to the sitting room. Before he wrapped her in the towel again he held her face close to his. "Don't worry," he told her, "you're going home now."

THREE hours after daybreak, just as Akbar Ahmad arrived at his office, the telephone rang.

"Yes?"

"Is this the manager?"

"Yes, madame."

"This is room ten-oh-two."

Ahmad sat up straight. "Ah, yes! Mrs. Dean!"

"Can you come up here, please?"

They had been guests of Shahbandar last night . . . "Immediately, madame."

She was standing in the center of the room, wearing a yellow dressing gown. Her face was ready for company, elaborately ready.

Tall ladies made Ahmad uncomfortable. His discomfort increased when she said, "Please sit down." Of course he had to accept. She remained standing in the center of the room, a woman, he admitted to himself, of enormous desirability—but too tall, far too tall. Then she seated herself and he was able to admire her legs.

"I am sorry," she began, "I have a very bad memory for names . . ."

"Ahmad," he said, with a smile.

"Of course. Mr. Ahmad, what I am going to tell you is not pleasant."

"A hotel manager, madame, must learn to accept the pleasant with the unpleasant."

He sat there, in his impatience, like a fat, neat child, with his hands in his lap. The toes of his shoes just touched the floor. He wore his smile. A hotel manager learns to take the pleasant with the unpleasant. He also learns all the camouflage of noncommitment. He practices a smile that can turn into a frown, or a laugh, at the slightest change of temperature. The temperature, when he entered the room, had been decidedly tepid. It was still tepid . . .

"I know your time is valuable, Mr. Ahmad. I will be brief. You remember Mr. Dean?"

"I do, indeed, madame."

"He has left me."

Now the thermostat registers cool; it is the moment to frown.

"Mis—tuh Dean?"

"Yes."

"Your—husband?"

Not the oldest system, Ahmad was thinking, nor the newest. Husband departs. Wife remains to seduce the manager. Account paid in full.

She stabbed her cigarette into an ash tray, a very dramatic gesture at such a moment. Now was the time for a dramatic sentence . . . "I did not say he was my husband."

"I see," said Ahmad. Look at those legs! Who am I? How many times in the life of a short man like me does a woman like this—

"He has left me without money."

"No money." You have nothing to worry about! The bill will be paid! I, Ahmad, the manager, whose duty it is to enforce the rules and regulations, will gladly, for the first time . . .

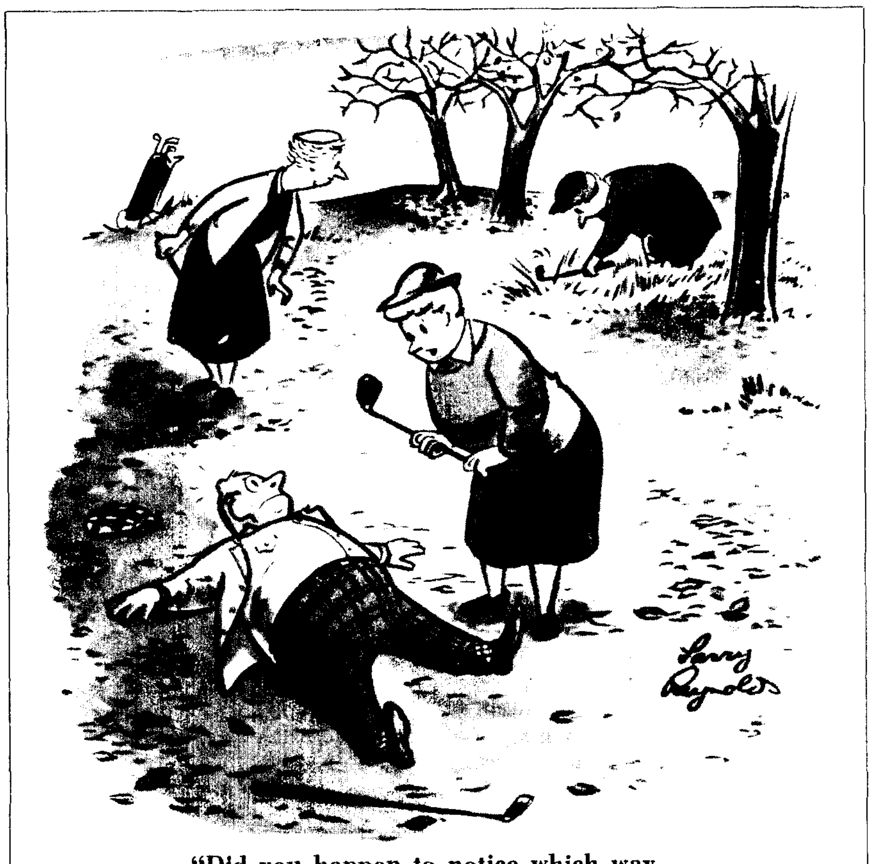
"But I've never made it a practice to grovel and beg," the lady was saying. "I have a proposition to offer you."

"Yes, madame?"

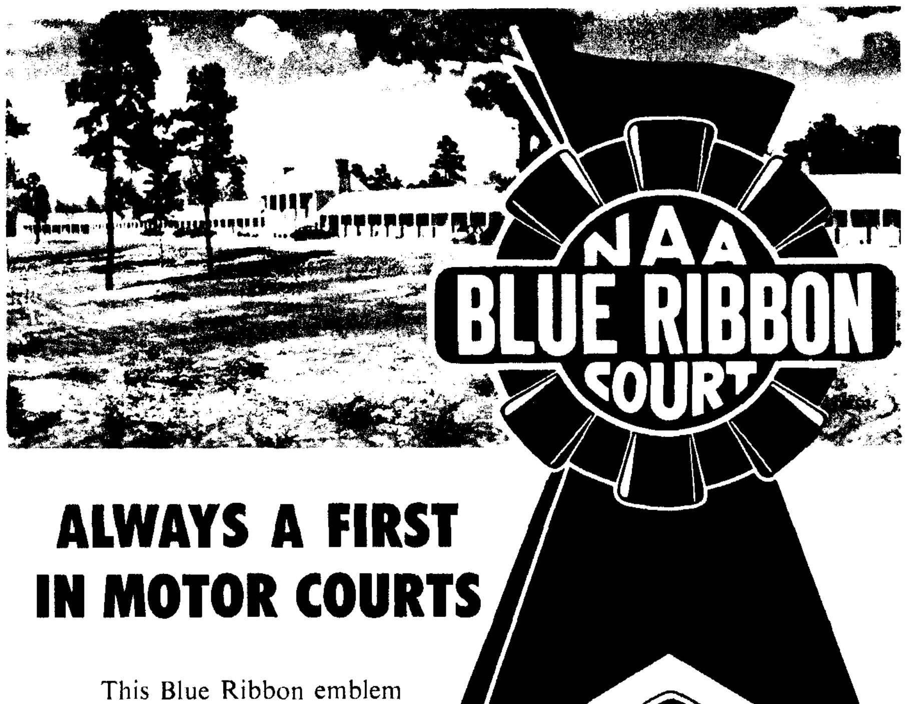
She uncrossed her legs and rose from her chair. "Would you come with me, Mr. Ahmad?" She turned and walked through the doorway into the bedroom.

Ahmad trotted after her.

She went to the closet in the bed-



COLLIER'S "Did you happen to notice which way the ball bounced after it struck you?" LARRY REYNOLDS



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room and pushed the sliding door to one side. "Mr. Dean left three suits of clothing," she said. "A gray one, a brown one and the tuxedo. Also this gray hat. Also two pairs of shoes."

Ahmad could not trust his thoughts—or his voice. He simply stared.

"Mr. Ahmad, what I want to ask you is—embarrassing . . ."

"*Ask*, madame!"

"Could you—sell these for me? Pay the bill with the money—and buy one ticket to Hong Kong on the midnight plane tonight?"

AHMAD held the sleeve of the brown suit between his fingers. He was rolling the cloth; it was like the skin of the doe where the folds hang loose under the jaw. He wanted to close his eyes and croon his appreciation to Brahma—but a hotel manager must never lose his head. "Madame, it is a very—uh—unusual request—"

"Mr. Ahmad, I learned a long time ago that managers of hotels are great diplomats. *Nothing* is unusual in your profession. Nothing is impossible." Ahmad bowed. The woman was simply fantastic. Her habit of looking right through one's own eyes made him uncomfortable no longer. "Besides," she said, "I know I'm not cheating you. Mr. Dean had expensive tastes."

Ahmad turned to the gray suit.

"There is also his bag," she told him. "You may have that for yourself. It's little enough."

"I have no use for it, madame."

"You'll have to have something in which to carry these suits out of here."

"True, madame."

"You *will* attend to the ticket?"

"Be assured, madame."

Ahmad put the suits into the bag, quickly, lovingly. He packed the shoes into the corners. He carried the hat in one hand. He bowed to the lady, and he walked briskly to the door. . . .

When he removed everything from the bag, he kicked it to one side. First he tried on the gray hat. It fitted exquisitely. The shoes were a little large, but two pairs of heavy socks would take care of that. He did not try on the suits. He knew they were too large, but he also knew a Bombay tailor around the corner who could fit trousers on an elephant.

He picked up the telephone. "Send a bellboy in here," he ordered.

He was locking the suits, hat and shoes into his closet, he was singing a song of thanksgiving, when the telephone rang.

"Ahmad speaking."

"Call the police."

"Sir?"

"I said call the police. Something's been stolen."

It is a well-known fact that the minds of hotel managers work very quickly. It is a vocational quirk; they have a genius for association; the moment the skin prickles, the brain begins to tick.

"Yes, sir, right away, sir, but before you hang up—"

"What is it?"

"About the American—Mr. Dean."

"What about him?"

"Fooled us all, sir!"

"What do you mean?"

"Gone, sir! Left the hotel! Without paying his bill!"

Ahmad thought he could *hear* the monocle fall out of Shahbandar's eyes, but he did not come immediately to the great man's rescue. A little man's moment of ascendancy over a Shahbandar is a precious event; a man tries to hold onto such moments. We can excuse Ahmad's little sadistic tendency while he waits, saying nothing, feeling Shahbandar's tension over the wire. And then the tension breaks:

"Ahmad! Tell me, did they—leave no trace at all?"

"Oh, sir"—enough is enough; there is a time to withhold and a time to tell—"*they* did not leave! I did not say that! Only Mr. Dean is gone."

"What!"

"The woman is still here, sir." Was that a little whimper he heard from the great man? Did greatness too utter tiny cries of delight? "It seems—"

"What is it?"

"It seems he has forsaken her, sir. With no money to pay the bill."

There was no answer, so Ahmad babbled on: "She has offered me some clothing he left behind, to sell for her. She wishes me to buy a return ticket to Hong Kong."

"Hong Kong?"

"On the midnight plane, sir."

"I see," said Shahbandar.

"And, sir—"

"Yes?"

"They were not married, sir."

Another silence. Then: "Ahmad?"

"Sir?"

"Sell the clothes. Keep the money."

"Thank you, Mr. Shahbandar!"

"Forget about the police."

"Yes, sir."

"And keep your mouth shut."

"Oh, yes, sir!" He waited for Shahbandar to hang up first, and then he leaned back in his chair.

So, she had learned to rely on the discretion of hotel managers, had she? Wise, wise woman! But had she ever read Machiavelli? Had she also learned that the first law of diplomacy is to play both ends against the middle?

There was a knock on his door. "Come in!" called Ahmad, happily.

The bellboy came in.

"Ah, Ali!" said Ahmad. "You! Good morning! That bag against the wall. Take it away."

"Sir?"

"I have touched it and I am unclean. It will take at least one return to Benares to purify me. 'Genuine cowhide'—" He turned his head and spat into the air. "Genuine obscenity! Take it, Ali. Get it out of here. You Egyptian Copts care as little about slaughtering the sacred beast as our Occidental friends. Get it out of here! I don't care what you do with it!"

Ali picked up the bag without a word and left the office. Ahmad did not see the wings on his feet.

THE legend says that all persons of alien blood spending this day on Arab soil will have their heart's desire—if truly they desire it with all their heart . . .

Oh, it is a good legend. It works. Of course it works!

It worked for Ahmad, the Hindu—did it not?—who became on that feast day of Ali-Hadjj the best-dressed man in the world, east of Rome.

It worked for Ali, the Egyptian, who shortly took his clusters of dinars from the Dammuz bank, packed them in the new suitcase, and went home to his mother and glory.

It also worked for Shahbandar, the Syrian.

Four months after the theft of the Empress from his suite, Shahbandar was lying within the canvas enclosure on the top deck of his yacht, the Miruki, flashing in a gentle sea off Jidda. He was wearing bathing tights and black glasses, and he was reading aloud to his companion. Somebody coughed outside the canvas. Shahbandar said,

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"Come!" A sailor lifted up the flap, handed Shahbandar a cablegram, then bowed, and vanished. Shahbandar tore it open and read it. "Now here," he said, turning to his companion, "is something really quite extraordinary."

The Chinese woman, lying on cushions beside him, turned at the sound of his words: "What is it, dear?"

"Our friend Mr. Dean," he said. "You remember—my benefactor?"

She smiled. "You mean mine."

"Mine," he said, taking her hand. "He must be an extraordinary person."

"Why?" she asked, not caring. To her left lay Mecca, which they would explore this afternoon. To her right lay Cairo, which he would show her next week. "Why, darling?" she asked Shahbandar, her tall mountain of security.

"Li Ssu arrived at the Asbabi this morning!" Shahbandar lay back. "It's extraordinary. I'd like to meet him just once more."

"Why?"

"To find out what the devil this was all about. It baffles me."

"Does it?"

"What did he want her for in the first place, if he meant to send her back?"

"Please kiss me," she begged. . . .

It worked for Dorgan—the promise of the legend of Ali-Hadjj. On the day he sent Li Ssu back to Shahbandar, he put 600,000 francs on a horse at Longchamps on a hunch. He didn't win, but he didn't care. He had finally entered the kingdom of heaven on earth: he is a rich American in Paris. He is rich, handsome, retired—*and* the owner of a certain treasure no money can buy.

When he had gone on an appointed day to Fournier's studio to pick up the four copies and the original head, he found the five heads lined up in a row on a long table. Dorgan passed down the line, rubbing his jaw, shaking his head. "Fournier, it's fantastic! I couldn't tell one from the other in a thousand years! Which is the original?"

Fournier pointed her out to him. It was marvelous—beyond his wildest expectations. The five heads were exactly, precisely, perfectly alike. And it was because of this that, when he got them all to the place where he had arranged for packing and shipping, he had—at the very last moment—one of his quick fancies. He decided to keep the original for himself. What he sent to Shahbandar was one of the copies.

The legend worked even for the absentee foreigners in the conspiracy.

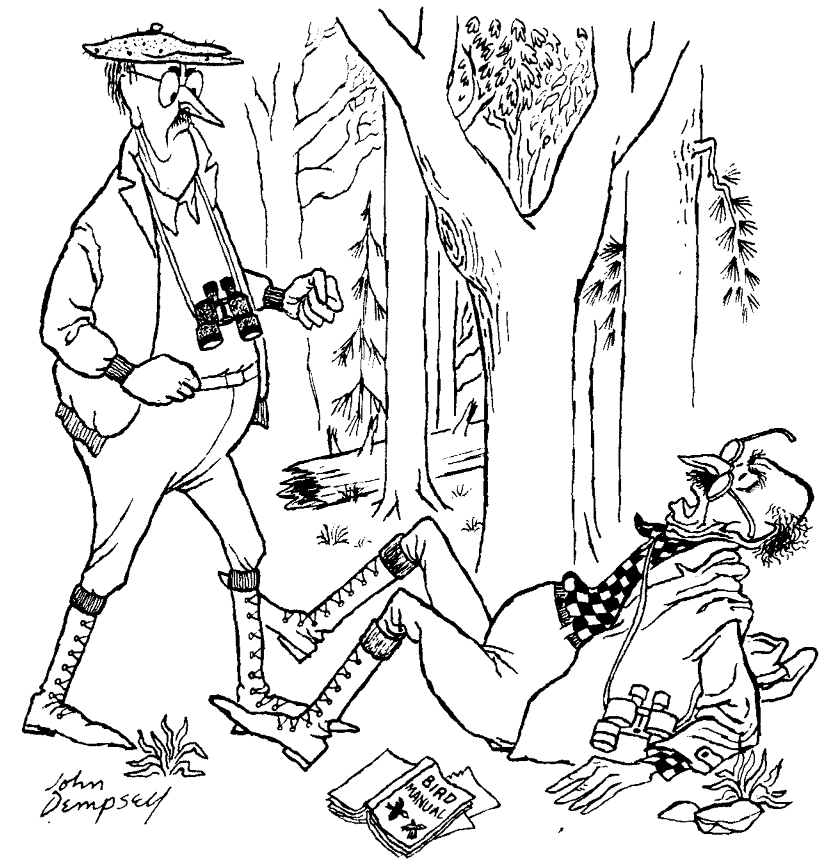
Each of the three millionaires believes that he owns the one, the only original Li Ssu.

AND it worked for old Fournier too. The dear old man first collected his fifty thousand dollars from Dorgan. Knowing Dorgan, he had refused to part with the five heads until the money had been deposited to five separate accounts in Zürich and Geneva. Then he endowed his granddaughters with dowries that dazzled his new grandsons. After that he packed his paints and brushes and moved to a pretty little house on Victoria Peak, which is the tiara over Hong Kong. He has a lovely view of the city and the bay. He watches the freighters come in and the sampans go out. He tends his garden. He paints seascapes. At eventide he smokes in his garden. He is the happiest of men. He also has a secret.

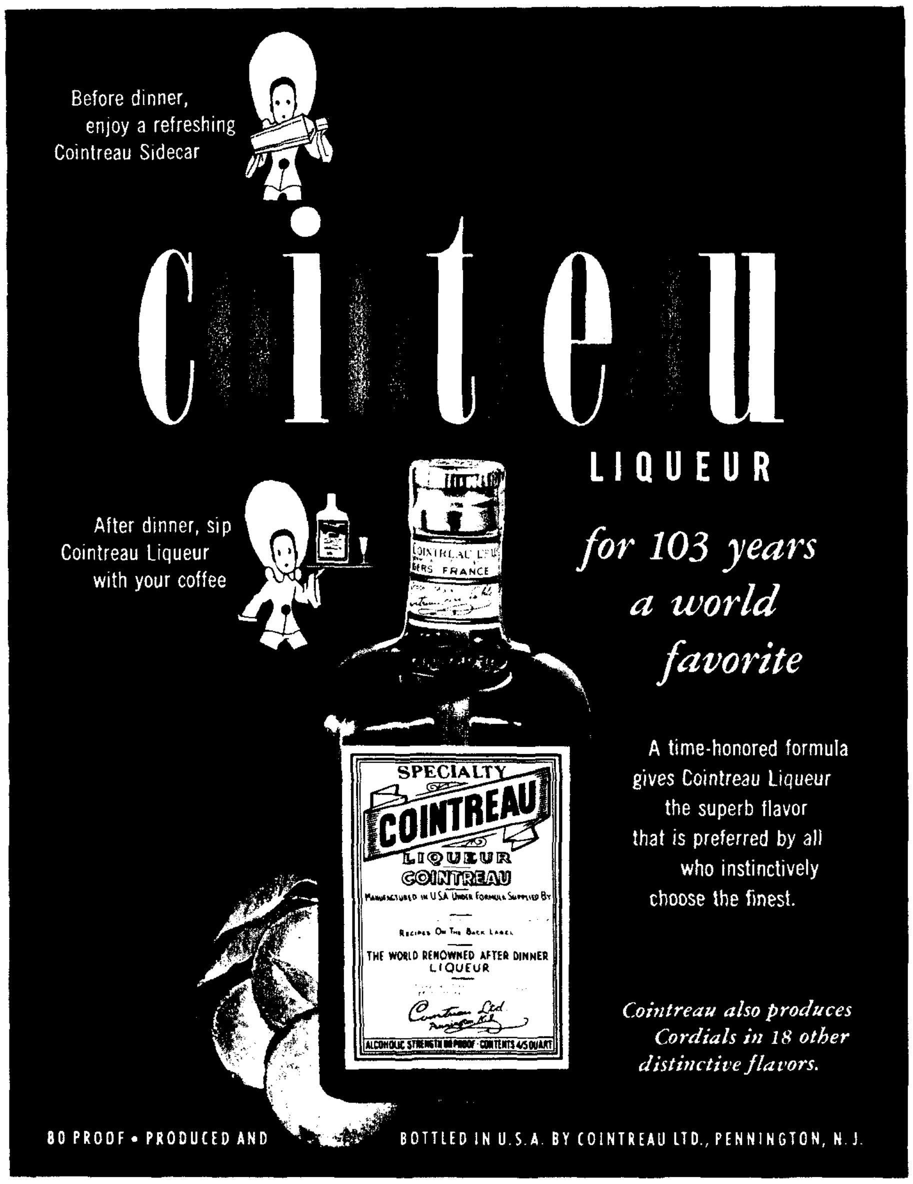
Fournier made five copies of the head, not four. He gave Dorgan the five copies. He kept the one, the only original Li Ssu, for himself.

So the Benignant Empress sits on a new plinth now, beside a window in the old man's bedroom. She looks incessantly at the bay, toward Kowloon and the mainland beyond. No more is the sad, sad expression on her face; in her eyes, no more is the jealousy of those who live and breathe. The legend worked for her too—for the most foreign of all the foreigners on Arab soil that day. She, who would seem to have no heart (because she ends abruptly below the neck), also got her heart's desire. She has come home.

—SIDNEY CARROLL



COLLIER'S "All right, all right then, so it *was* a chestnut-sided warbler" JOHN DEMPSEY



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PEACE has descended on the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico. The rifles of the shrimpers are put away and the guns of the Mexican Coast Guard boats are shrouded. The crews who fly the Stars and Stripes and the Eagle and the Serpent fraternize merrily over beer and tequila while the jukeboxes squawk and the guitars strum. From Key West in Florida and Brownsville in Texas to the sandy Mexican beaches of Tampico and Campeche, fishermen are happy again as they cast their nets and court their women in the way of fishermen through the ages. The great Yankee-Mexican shrimp war is ended.

The peace is permanent, everybody hopes. But the shootings and the arrests and the angry diplomatic protests that marked one of the strangest wars in the Americas are still very much alive in the memories of the shrimpers.

Not long ago I stood in the pilothouse of the little shrimp boat Hush Puppy watching as the captain known as Mule Train, a lanky, graying figure at the wheel, sent the vessel through the brilliant green waters of Key West Harbor. Three shrimp boats bound for Campeche glided past, their graceful nets swaying from the masts like great brown sea gulls flying before the wind. Mule Train waved in salute.

"Looks like there ain't going to be no shooting this trip," he remarked. "That is, unless some of them crazy fishermen starts acting up. You can't figure out which way a shrimper's going, any more than you can figure a cockroach walking over a saloon floor."

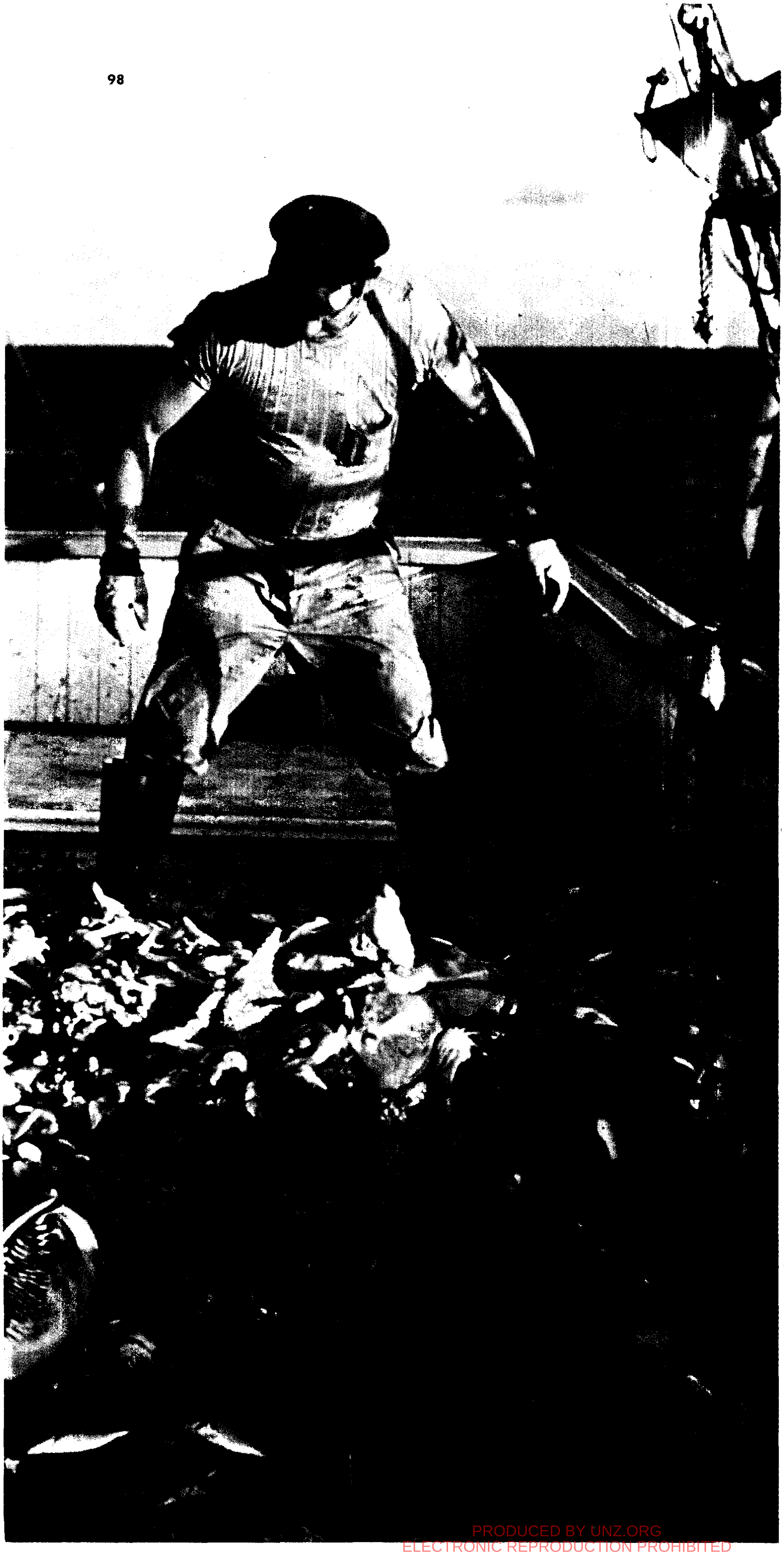
Overhead, a blimp from the nearby Navy Yard drifted through the blue sky. Far to port, a destroyer sailed off toward the horizon on maneuvers. Mule Train studied them a moment, then went to the door, vigorously spat a cud of tobacco over the side and observed: "Yessir, for a while them crazy Americans and Mexicans was fighting so bad looked like we was going to need all them balloons and destroyers and everything else we got."

The captain concentrated on his steering as we sped past a buoy into the open sea. The coral beaches of the Florida shore vanished. Our little boat began to roll and pitch heavily. A school of porpoise raced along beside us, so close I felt I could almost reach over and touch their glistening skins.

Another boat bound for Mexico passed, brightly painted and a little larger than those which had gone before.

Mule Train shook his graying head in disapproval. "Shrimping ain't what it used to be," he muttered. "All these fancy boats with radios and going off to Mexico and then China next maybe. You make a pile of money now. But it ain't good living."

He spat another cud of tobacco into the water. "Old days you'd go in a boat a couple of miles and catch your shrimp and be back home for supper. You'd shrimp that way six months and oyster three months, and the other three months you'd go bootlegging. Them was what I call good times."



A deck hand looks over marine life dredged from bottom of Gulf by net. Shrimp will be stored in hold and rest thrown in sea

with the SHRIMPERS

By
BEN LUCIEN
BURMAN

naval war with Mexico is over, but they still battle the sea in their bid for riches

The blue sky suddenly clouded. One of the great waterspouts so common to the Keys began to form in the distance. The sky darkened and the wind howled shrilly through the rigging. The boat began to reel wildly, the bow now and then burying itself in a huge green wave.

A burly Texan called Campeche Jack emerged from the galley. "Hope it ain't going to be too bad," he drawled. "I should have stayed in the Panhandle roping cows instead of shrimp."

A sudden sea sent the boat almost on its side. As it righted, the foamy tip of a wave slapped against the pilothouse window. Campeche Jack studied the ever-blackening horizon. "I'm sure glad I ain't making Mexico this trip. If it gets much worse, some of them boats ahead of us ain't coming back. We ain't neither, maybe."

A Yen for Life in a Sausage Factory

Mule Train swung the wheel sharply to keep the boat heading into the towering waves. "I don't want to go to Mexico any more," he said. "If shrimping keeps on like it's going, I'm quitting and getting a job in a sausage factory or something."

Our short-wave radio crackled noisily as we listened to the voices of the captains of the Campeche-bound boats discussing whether to return to the harbor. Then the storm lulled as suddenly as it had begun. The Gulf grew quiet. The waterspout moved farther and farther away till it seemed a giant tree growing on a distant island.

The voices on the radio grew cheerful. Other shrimp boats nearby sent bantering messages. "Tell that fat girl in the bar at Campeche to wait for me, Big Chris." "Joe, tell Blondie in the beer joint at Carmen I'll come back to her if she don't pick my pocket no more."

I thought of the 600 miles of stormy seas that lay between these boats and their goal, and of the bitter war these fishermen had caused. As we sailed over the calming water, I discussed the conflict with Mule Train.

"Wouldn't nothing have happened if the shrimp had stayed home way he ought to," he said. He pulled the throttle and sent the boat speeding forward. "But if there's anything crazier than a shrimper, it's a shrimp. He's got to go someplace different every minute. That's what started all the trouble."

He cast an expert eye on a swaying block that had begun striking against the mast. "Back in forty-seven, things was kind of slow over in Texas and Louisiana where I was shrimping and everybody was wondering what they was going to do next. Then all of a sudden came the big shrimp strike off Campeche, and right after that, another strike down between Brownsville and Tampico. A shrimp strike's when they find a lot of shrimp, same as when they had them gold strikes in Alaska. Fifteen hundred shrimpers and three hundred shrimp boats come from all over to Port Isabel over by Brownsville to go fishing down in Mexico. Guess I don't have to tell you we got the three-mile limit in the ocean around the United States, but in Mexico it's nine miles. So things begun to happen. Pretty soon the Mexicans was saying we was stealing their shrimp. And they begun grabbing American boats, saying they was fishing in Mexico."

Campeche Jack nodded in confirmation. "Brother, things got plenty hot," he said. "Taking shrimp off the boats and putting Americans in jail and mobs yelling outside trying to break in 'cause somebody said the Americans was pirates who'd killed a Mexican soldier. Shrimp boats heading for Mexico had a tommy gun for every man on her. And they was shooting all the time, like Dewey at Manila."

These tiny fishing boats at Key West, Florida, seek shrimp as far away as the Mexican coast

A Coast Guard boat glided past on patrol duty. "What them Boy Scouts want today?" muttered Mule Train. "We ain't smuggling no wetbacks or Chinamen. . . . Well, in fifty the Key West strike hit. We come here then, and so did plenty of others —too many for the shrimp that was around. So the fellows that couldn't catch anything started right off to Mexico again. And then last year the Mexicans grabbed four more boats and right after that they grabbed twenty-one, and eighteen of 'em was from Florida. Brother, that drove the people here crazy."

I had happened to be in the area at the time and I remembered how events seemed to be moving toward a climax that might even see a naval battle between armed shrimpers and the Mexican fleet, with tragic consequences. Then the war suddenly ended in a way that had few parallels in recent history.

"Way I heard it all the Americans that owns the shrimp boats was going down to Washington to get Congress to keep Mexican shrimp from coming into the country," said Mule Train. "That would have been good-by to them Mexican shrimpers, 'cause they got to sell all their shrimp up here. Mexicans don't eat nothing but *tortillas* and *tacos.* Just about then some of the Mexican shrimpers come to the Texas shrimp fellows and said they didn't want to fight no more. They said instead of the Americans spending plenty to get a law against the Mexicans passed how about putting the money in a kitty? The Mexicans said they'd put up the same amount, fifty-fifty, and the money'd be spent advertising shrimp in the magazines and newspapers. That'd make more people eat shrimp and everybody'd be happy. Well, them big Texas shrimp fellows talked it over, and they said okay."

When International Good Sense Prevailed

What Mule Train had heard was right. The final result of the Mexicans' approach to the Texans was the formation of the Shrimp Association of the Americas. Florida shrimpers joined the association later, and it now includes the great majority of Americans in the shrimp trade as well as their Latin neighbors. The association is a remarkable example of what international good sense can accomplish, for there is no more rugged individualist than a shrimp operator.

I marveled as I looked at the card (framed by statuesque pin-up girls) in the pilothouse of the Hush Puppy declaring that the boat was a member of the Shrimp Association of the Americas and that its crew would abide by the rules and laws of Mexican waters.

"Ain't easy to watch them signs all the time though," drawled Campeche Jack. "A shrimp's a hobo, goes anywhere, and you want to go after him. It's natural for a fisherman to go chasing after any kind of fish."

It is true that in the excitement of the chase American shrimp boats occasionally still violate laws governing Mexican territorial waters and are taken in charge by Mexican naval vessels. But if the offending fishermen are members of the associ-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARVIN KONER

A gourmet's guidebook to tast

No matter where in the world you travel, you're rarely far from shrimp; they're found in almost every body of water. And, because of this universal availability, there are many fine international recipes for the little shellfish.

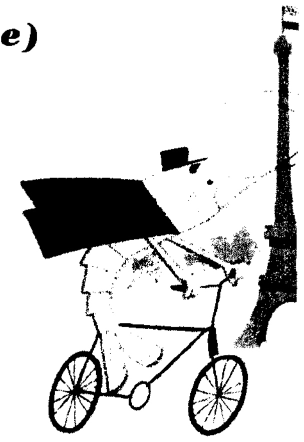
Americans usually give shrimp a sort of combined cold shoulder and hot foot—by serving them iced, then dipping them in cocktail sauce. The result, known as shrimp cocktail, is not particularly happy. Chilling numbs the delicate flavor of the shellfish and highly seasoned sauces overpower it.

For shrimp at its best, try some of the recipes on these pages. They were collected from all over the world by Helen Worth, head of the nationally known cooking school bearing her name. All call for gentle and brief stewing, a simple process that not only preserves but enhances the flavor of the succulent little shellfish.

Shrimp Meunière (France)

2 cloves garlic, diced
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup melted butter
¼ cup olive oil
2 pounds raw shelled shrimp
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon parsley, cut fine

In a large skillet, crush garlic to a paste with salt. Add butter and oil, and heat. Add shrimp and fry gently, stirring often. Cook 5 to 10 minutes, or until done. Remove from flame, add lemon juice, and garnish with parsley. Makes three to four servings.



Portuguese Shrimp

2 cloves garlic, diced
6 peppercorns
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons vinegar
2 bay leaves
1 pound raw shelled shrimp
2 tablespoons olive oil

In large pan, crush garlic, peppercorns, salt. Add vinegar, bay leaves, shrimp; marinate 10 minutes. Add boiling water to cover shrimp, simmer 5 minutes. Remove shrimp. Boil pan liquor until only enough remains to cover bottom of skillet. Add oil, stir to loosen scrapings. Add shrimp. Cook, stirring frequently, about 5 minutes, or until done. Serve with pan liquor. Makes two servings.

Shrimp Marinara (Italy)

2 cloves garlic, diced
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon hot red pepper
3 tablespoons olive oil
1 8-ounce can tomato purée (1 cup)
1 teaspoon orégano (optional)
1 pound raw shelled shrimp
2 tablespoons parsley, cut fine

In large skillet, crush garlic to a paste with salt. Add pepper, oil, purée, orégano; boil slowly 25 minutes. Add shrimp, cover skillet, and cook gently until done—about 10 minutes, depending on size of shrimp. Garnish with parsley. May be served with buttered spaghettini, if desired. Makes four servings.

ation, no grave crisis is apt to follow; their fate is largely determined by their friends, the Mexican members of their fraternity. There are some shrimpers who have refused to join the association, but their numbers are decreasing rapidly.

Our conversation was interrupted as the sky blackened again. The waterspout twisted nearer; the boat began to rock crazily once more. The waves rolled in foamy masses over the bow. But the storm ended as suddenly as had the first. The wind slackened, patches of blue appeared in the sky, and the waterspout grew hazier and hazier, finally dissolving into the horizon.

Soon a shrimp boat showed ahead, and then another and another, until they stretched in all directions as far as the eye could see.

"Here's where we try to do some fishing," said Mule Train. He slackened speed and, taking a rope, lashed the wheel with the rudder fixed at an angle that would send the boat in a wide circle. He hurried out on deck. Twilight was spreading over the Gulf.

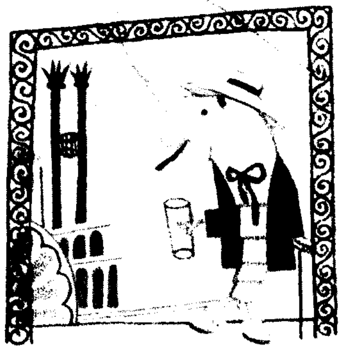
A small net three feet long, known as a trial net, hung suspended from a metal cable. Quickly Mule Train dropped it over the side, and gave a signal to Striker Joe, the third member of the crew. Joe threw a lever on a rusty winch, and the net disappeared under the waves. For five minutes it lay hidden from view, dragging the muddy bottom where the shrimp makes his home. Then came a clattering of the engine and the dripping net was hauled aboard.

Mule Train expertly counted the shrimp inside. They were leaping about like exploding pink firecrackers. "Okay," the captain grunted. "We'll try it."

He hurried to the great net draped from the mast and, with Campeche Jack, slung it over the rail. There was a new clanking of winches and a shrill

shrimp dishes around the world

Shrimp Creole (New Orleans)



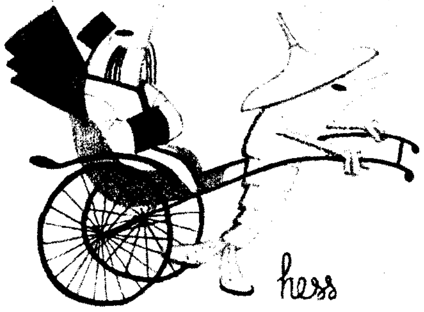
1 clove garlic, diced
½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon flour
1 pound raw shelled shrimp
2 ounces tomato paste
1 small onion, diced fine
1 small green pepper, diced fine
1/16 teaspoon cayenne pepper
¼ teaspoon thyme (optional)
¼ cup hot water

In a large skillet, crush garlic to a paste with salt. Add butter, and melt. Add flour gradually, stirring to a smooth paste. Cook slowly about 5 minutes, or until mixture browns, stirring almost constantly. Add shrimp and stir until well coated with flour mixture. Stir in tomato paste. Add onion, green pepper, cayenne, thyme and water. Cover pan and cook gently about 10 minutes or until shrimp are done. Thin sauce with additional water or dry white wine if desired, and serve with rice. Makes two servings.

Hai Choy (China)

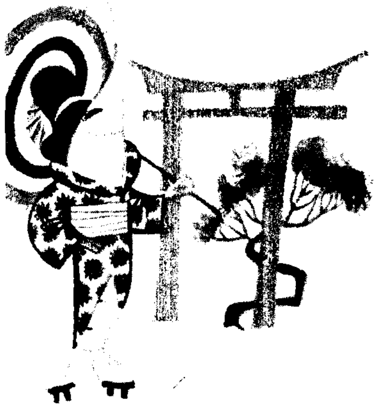
1 tablespoon oil
2 cups vegetables (canned Chinese vegetables, or any combination of fresh vegetables: sliced kohlrabi, peas, diced celery, diced onion, carrots cut match-stick-size, etc.)
1 pound raw shelled shrimp
1 cup chicken stock or water
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon cornstarch
2 tablespoons soy sauce or water

Heat oil in deep skillet. Add vegetables. Fry two minutes, stirring to coat them with oil. Add shrimp, stock, seasonings. Cover pan; cook gently for 5 minutes or until shrimp are done. Dissolve cornstarch in soy sauce or water; when smooth stir into shrimp mixture. Stirring constantly, cook 2 minutes longer or until thickened. Serve over fried noodles. Makes two servings.



Hamanabe (Japan)

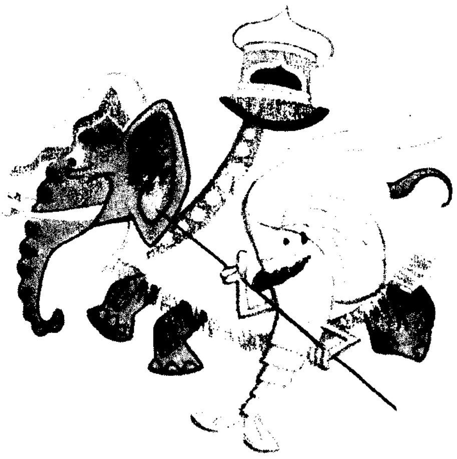
3 tablespoons oil
1 bunch scallions cut fine
1½ pounds spinach torn coarsely
¾ pound sliced mushrooms
¼ cup soy sauce
½ cup chicken stock or water
1 teaspoon sugar
1½ pounds raw shelled shrimp



Heat oil, add scallions, spinach, soy sauce, mushrooms, stock, sugar; simmer 5 minutes, or until vegetables wilt. Add shrimp. Cook 10 minutes, or until done. Makes four servings.

Shrimp Curry (India)

1 clove garlic
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup olive oil
2 medium onions, diced fine
2 branches celery, diced fine
2 tablespoons curry powder
2 cups chicken stock
2 pounds raw shelled shrimp



In large pan, crush garlic to paste with salt. Add oil, onions, celery. Dissolve curry powder in stock and add. Cover skillet; cook gently 10 minutes or until vegetables are tender. Add shrimp; simmer until done—usually about 10 minutes. Thicken stew if desired—one tablespoon flour for each cup of liquid in skillet. Give diners a choice of any or all of these condiments: coconut shreds, chutney, preserved ginger, chopped nuts, chopped egg. Serves four to six.

LOWELL HESS

whining of cables. The net floated on the water an instant like a tangled mass of brown seaweed, then vanished.

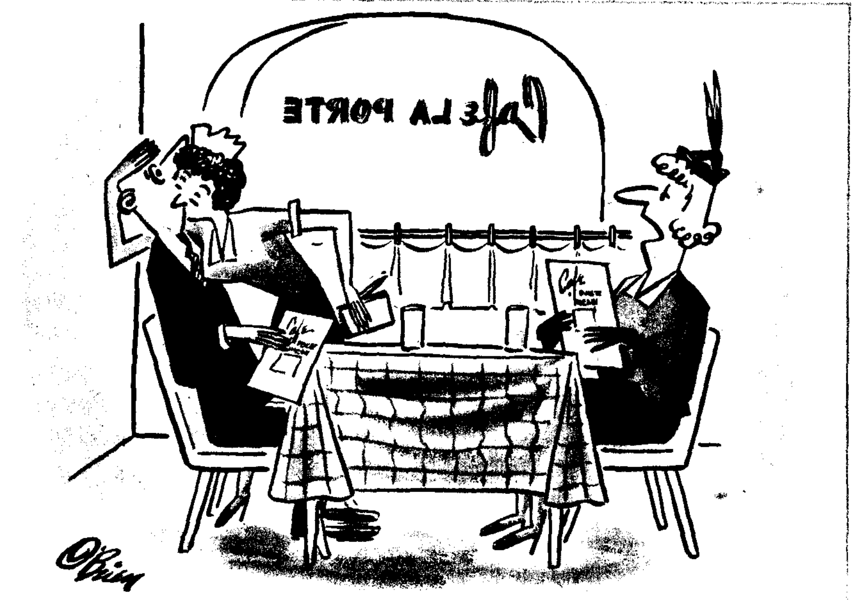
Darkness fell. Mule Train clicked a switch. Our boat was flooded with light. Other boats followed our example. The black Gulf glowed everywhere with patches of golden brilliance.

There was a period of quiet now. On the short-wave radio, fishermen continued to banter with the boats bound for Mexico. "Don't you go to Matamoros, Doggie. There's a redheaded girl in that big dance hall's waiting for you with a knife and a baby." "If they start shooting again, sing La Paloma, Frenchie. That'll stop a Mexican from fighting every time."

For two hours we trailed the net behind the stern. We went outside and the cables began to whine again. Slowly the great bag emerged and lay like a huge brown whale alongside. The three men worked feverishly for a moment. The engine labored madly; the taut cables squealed like pigs in agony. With a thud that shook the boat, the net dropped onto the deck. From it tumbled a rainbow-colored avalanche—bright-patterned parrot fish and fish like blue-dyed silk, richly striped sergeant majors and angelfish with lacy wings, sponges and crabs and sea horses and sea toads like bad dreams. I put on rubber gloves and helped the crew pick out the shrimp and toss them into a basket; with boards we pushed the other wriggling creatures back into the sea.

The deck was soon cleared and Mule Train studied our catch. "Ain't half a basket," he muttered in disgust. He dumped the shrimp into the ice-filled hold.

Over the short-wave radio came the shrill voice of a shrimper talking aimlessly about the hot dogs he was eating. Mule Train's unshaven face brightened. "That's Cookie Johnson," he chuckled. "He's



COLLIER'S "I think you'd better order from the English side of the menu!" JACK O'BRIEN

talking to the fellow they call Black Pete that's his buddy. When he gabs about hot dogs that way it means he's catching plenty and telling him to come over. He thinks nobody else knows, but Black Pete told me one night when he was full of whisky. Cookie's on the Grey Goose, five boats down there. We'll go on over and catch us plenty of shrimp."

I wasn't surprised, for I knew that shrimpers were full of tricks and watched one another's movements like rival horse trainers before a big race.

Mule Team Ignores a Protest

We steamed across the water to the boat he indicated and dropped our net again. A protesting shout came from the Grey Goose. Mule Train paid no attention, and we recommenced our steady circling.

I looked out at the glowing lights around me and reflected how I had watched similar fleets of boats collected all along the southern coast of the Atlantic and the wide expanses of the Gulf—at Savannah and Brunswick in Georgia, at Fernandina and Tampa in Florida, and Biloxi on the Mississippi Sound, at Lafitte and Morgan City in Louisiana, and Galveston and Brownsville beside the dusty Texas plain. Shrimping is now big business, and it's still growing. In 1953, the last year for which records are available, 173,000,000 pounds were set out on home and restaurant tables, with a total pay to the shrimpers alone of roughly $85,000,000. But despite its bigness shrimping possesses a romance and color that have all but disappeared from our sternly mechanized life of today.

I stood at the rail and watched as the crew of the Grey Goose opposite us hauled up her net and attacked the great mound it left on her deck. Mule Train joined me and rubbed his hands gleefully. "Brother, this time we're going to catch shrimp," he chuckled.

My eyes drifted to the cable at our stern and I wondered what our own net would bring up. The profits of shrimping, when luck runs with the shrimper, can be enormous. At Brownsville, in a good year, it's not unusual for a shrimp hand who cannot read or write to earn $8,000 to $12,000, and sometimes more than $1,200 in a single week. Automobile dealers in Brownsville, rumor in the town declares, have their own short-wave radios to listen to the shrimpers talking with one another at sea; when a boat returns after a good trip, half a dozen auto salesmen are at the dock, each with an expensive new model waiting to be driven away. One shrimp deck hand in Brownsville is reputed to own three Cadillacs.

But luck can fail as quickly as it comes. Many an experienced shrimper has arrived at Brownsville with his boat full of hope and ended by selling his fishing gear for the fuel to go home. The nets of the Grey Goose might be filled with shrimp; our net 300 feet away might come up empty.

The cables whined again and the great bag dropped onto our deck. Mule Train strode forward to exult over his prizes. He darted back as a monstrous gray shape leaped from the spreading strands, like a big torpedo. It was an enormous shark.

For a moment the huge fish floundered wildly on the deck, its half-opened mouth revealing rows of cruel teeth that could lop off a man's leg with a single bite. Then it gave a final desperate bound and plunged into the sea.

Mule Train moved to the net and gloomily ran his fingers along one of the great holes that appeared everywhere in the brown webbing. "Tore it to pieces," he said.

Campeche Jack nodded sardonically. "It's like they says. Shark's the netmakers' traveling salesman."

Only a few shrimp remained. Glumly Mule Train tossed them into the hold with the others.

Campeche Jack's Suggestion

Campeche Jack helped the captain hang a new net on a cable. "Guess we got to travel to Campeche to catch shrimp," he said. "Looks like all the shrimp's gone to Mexico."

Mule Train spat a cud of tobacco somberly over the side. "They'll stay there if it's me that's going to catch 'em. I told you I ain't going to Mexico no more."

I went into the cabin for a brief nap. When I wakened the sun was shining brilliantly. Everywhere shrimp boats still showed against the horizon. But they were silent now, like ghost ships, for their crews were lost in sleep. These fishermen were hunters of the pink shrimp, which can be caught only in darkness.

I went into the galley. Campeche Jack was cooking some breakfast. On

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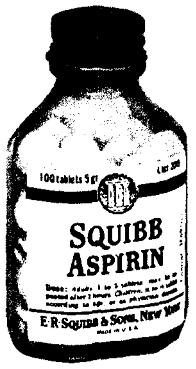

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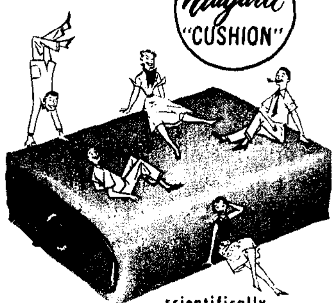

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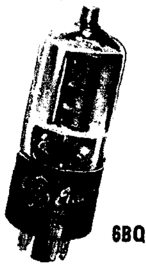

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the radio I could hear the wife of a shrimper trying to get a message through to her husband in the fleet.

Campeche Jack flipped some eggs in a frying pan. "Them women sure won't let you get away," he muttered. "Plenty of 'em has got short-wave radios in the house and listen to what you're doing every minute. A few of 'em does it because they like you. But most of 'em is just plain gold diggers. They'll listen to you telling the boss every day how much you've caught, and add it up to a nickel. Then when you get back, if you don't give 'em every penny, things are going to be bad. Them radios can cause a man plenty of trouble."

Mule Train appeared, rubbing his eyes sleepily. "I'm getting out of here," he announced. "If we can't find no pink shrimp I'll try catching some white."

"White shrimp's got more sense anyway," said Campeche Jack. "You can catch him in the daytime. He don't go chasing around all night."

Letting the Nets Down Again

For several hours Mule Train steered while the other shrimp boats vanished into the distance. We came in sight of a long coral reef, and he dropped the nets again.

As we moved slowly along the reef, Mule Train took out the net torn by the shark and tried to make some repairs; nets are the key to a shrimper's success or failure. The thoroughness with which they scrape the bottom is astonishing. They will pick up a pair of eyeglasses dropped miles behind; they have recovered a set of false teeth lost a week before by an elderly captain.

We pulled up the bag hanging over the side and, finding it empty, moved on again. The sky began to cloud once more, with the threat of another squall. Two shrimp boats sailed by on the way to Mexico.

I watched them disappear against the ominous horizon and wondered how they could ever reach their goal, and if they did arrive, how they would ever return. Most of these shrimp captains were originally country boys who never intended to sail beyond the sight of land. Many, like Mule Train, steered only by instinct; they could read neither charts nor compasses, and all formal navigation was a mystery. Occasionally they did not return. Within a few weeks of the time I write, three boats were lost off the light at Port Isabel marking the channel into Brownsville. A fourth went down in stormy seas below the border.

The storm struck us and a heavy rain began, blotting out the sky. Suddenly some jagged rocks appeared ahead, black, menacing. Mule Train threw the engine into reverse. The boat hesitated an instant, then swung away.

"Looks like them rocks at Twenty Four Ten above Tampico," said Campeche Jack when we were out in deep water again.

"Wouldn't be so funny if they was," answered Mule Train grimly. "You get up on them rocks and them wild Indians'll tear your boat to a bone, just like buzzards'll do a dead cow."

There are wild stories of Twenty Four Ten and the bleak shore that stretches beyond it to the border, a waste of stone and sand barren of villages or harbor. It is a wreckers' coast, fishermen say, dreaded by Yankee and Mexican. Fierce men, runs the story, hang a lantern from a horse and let him walk a shallow reef on a night good for trawling. A shrimper thinks it is another boat fishing, and is lured to his destruction.

The boat rocked crazily as the swells grew higher. The rain ceased, to be followed by swift scudding clouds so low at times it seemed we could almost touch them. There was a queer sensation of tightness in our ears.

Mule Train looked anxiously at the troubled sky. "Hope we ain't going to get a hurricane. This here Gulf can cook up a hurricane fast."

Striker Joe, who had come up from below, slammed the pilothouse door to stop it from banging in the wind. "If there was going to be a hurricane we'd have seen it in the shrimp. A shrimp can tell a hurricane every time."

Campeche Jack's eyes followed an inky queer-shaped cloud sweeping across the water toward us. "That's sure right. Before a hurricane he'll turn purple red like a whisky nose and his eyes'll shine red like a wildcat. I ain't ever seen it fail."

I would have smiled had I not known that their theory is supported by many keen observers. Some oddity of barometric pressure that is a prelude to one of the great blows seems to affect the shrimp beneath the surface; his complexion turns apoplectic in sympathy.

The oncoming cloud surrounded us, so thick, so smoky we could scarcely see the plunging bow. A fierce rain battered the pilothouse roof and beat noisily against the windows. Drops of water began to fall rhythmically from a leak in the ceiling. We plunged on steadily through the blackness.

The storm subsided.

"Could have been worse," said Mule Train as he relaxed his hold on the wheel. "We could have been going to Mexico. Six hundred miles and not a hole to hide in anywhere."

New Orders From the Boss

From the radio came a shrill voice. "Moxie calling the Hush Puppy. Come in, Hush Puppy."

Mule Train picked up the radiotelephone quickly. "Okay, Moxie. What you wanting?"

"The boss says he wants you to come in right away."

Mule Train put down the telephone. His weather-beaten face was anxious. "Wonder what he's up to? Sure don't look so good." He sent the boat plowing through the heavy rolling sea.

Night fell again. We sailed on slowly, now and then passing a flare where a lonely shrimp boat was trawling and lowering our net to see if our luck would change.

It was shortly after dawn that we sighted Key West Harbor. Between the shrimp boats and the fishing boats and the Navy destroyers we moved, and came to the shrimp docks where three other boats like our own lay moored. Nearby a delivery truck loaded with groceries was waiting.

A stout figure with a jovial air came forward as Mule Train made fast. "Ice trucks'll be along in a few minutes," he announced. "The boss is sending you and the other three boats to Mexico."

The ice trucks arrived soon after. The unshaven trio that formed the crew of the Hush Puppy began to shovel the glistening ice down the hold.

The stout figure noticed Mule Train's unhappy face. "Ain't going to be too bad, Mule Train. Think of all the money you'll have when you get back. . . . The boss says to tell Campeche Jack to leave them tommy guns home this time. The shooting's all over."

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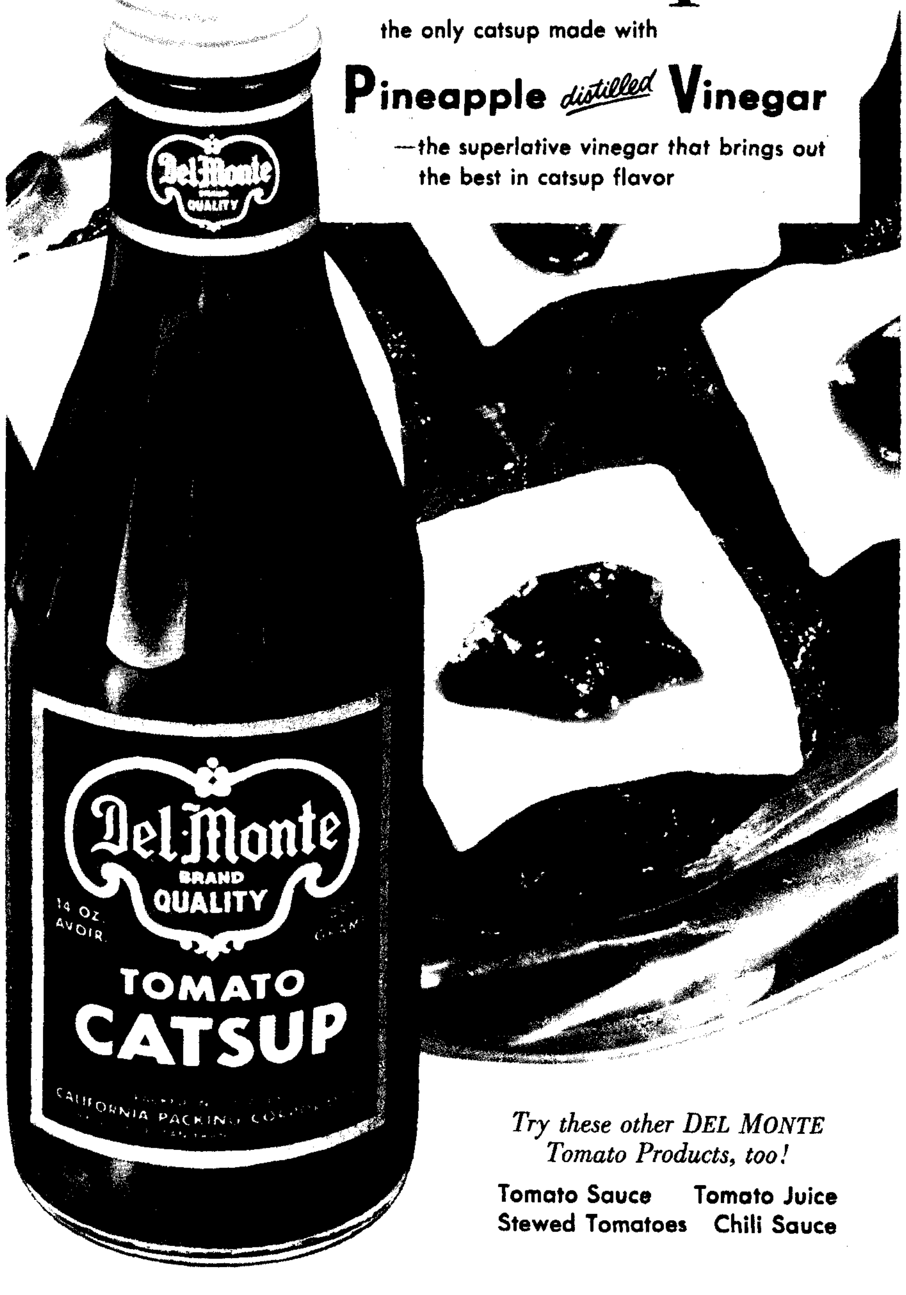

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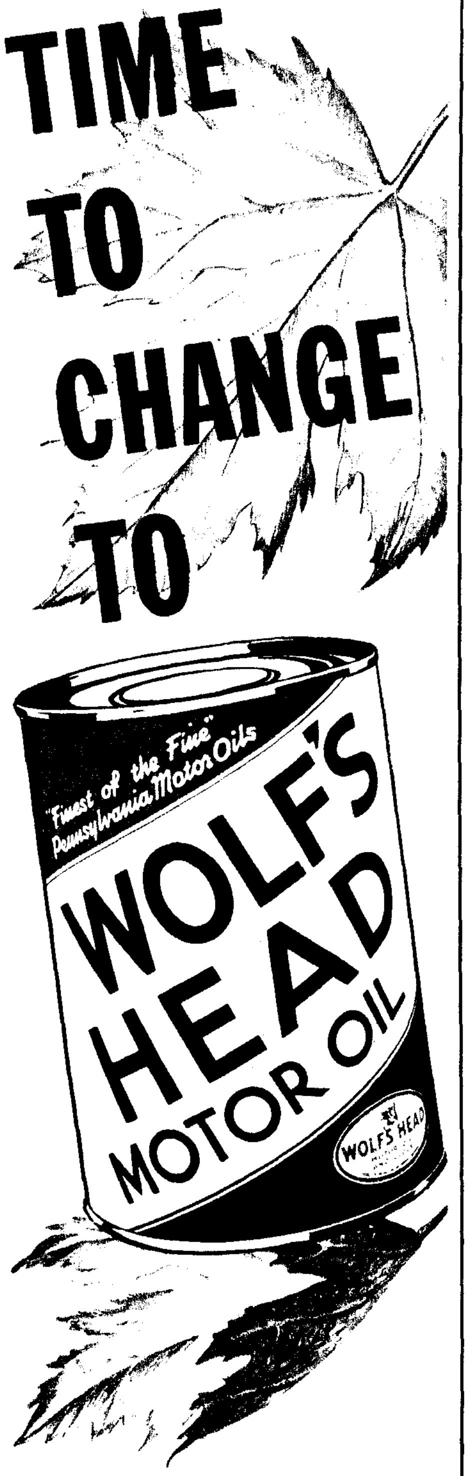
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Young Man in a Hurry

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

I guess I made up my mind one day when I blew into town, went to the hotel, and Melba wasn't there. I went over to her mother's house, and there was Melba—I hadn't seen her for two months—sitting in the kitchen, rocking a little baby. The sun was coming in the window and shining on her hair, and I saw her face as she rocked her baby sister. And then I knew, like I've always known: she's the greatest in the world. She looked great with that baby. She looked just right, as if there had been something missing *all* the time and nobody knew what it was; but when you saw it, you knew. She was made to be sitting in the sunlight with a little baby in her arms and that look on her face. But it was meant to be her own baby—our baby.

WE HAD three days' layoff before we opened at the Pennsylvania, and all those three days I knew this was it. I'd finish out the booking at the Pennsylvania and then I'd go out as a single. To tell you the truth, though, sometimes I'd come to that conclusion in the morning and then be scared of it by nighttime.

I'm a guy who goes nuts until he makes a decision. I see all these guys who know how to wing it, how to mosey it along, how to ride with the punch, but it's not my kick. I got to get in there and slug until there's a decision. And when I'm doing that, I'm a nasty guy. I get tough with myself and I get tough with everybody else.

But I never got tough with Forty. I say I learned a lot from the bands I was with, but the guy I learned more from than anybody else was Forty. He played piano, but that's a hell of a way to describe him. That's like saying Babe Ruth played baseball, or this guy Rembrandt painted pictures. It's true, but what does it tell you?

All standard pianos have eighty-eight keys, all piano players have got ten fingers, and you can buy all the music in any music store. But when Forty put those ten fingers down on that keyboard, he never—in the whole time I listened to him—picked out any but the absolutely right notes. Anybody who listened to him at all, even the squares, knew he was good; but you had to be another piano player, or a musician, or at least a guy who'd listened to a lot of piano, to know just how good he was. Forty was the best, and I'm not taking any arguments on it.

There was no flash to Forty, no finger-busting, no con. It was as if all the music in the world was lying right under those keys, and Forty just pressed the right ones to let the music come out. The reason I can sing the way I can now—and I'd be a fool if I was a singer and didn't think I was good—is because I always tried to sing the way Forty played: simple, easy—oh, hell! What I mean is that Forty was an honest man. I try to be too.

I talked to Forty about leaving the band. He didn't say much; he just listened to me. It was late one night, after we were through at the Pennsylvania. He came back to the hotel with me, and Melba kept opening beers for us until she got tired and went to sleep.

I remember I was standing in the corner of the room, talking and banging my fist into my palm, trying to work myself up enough to blow the job the next day. There's this about a band, besides the money being somebody else's business: in a band, you belong to a gang, there are a lot of people like yourself on your side. But being a single—that's pretty lonely.

Forty listened to me and didn't say much. Then he said it: "You got to do what you want to do, Paddy, and not be scared. I mean, not be scared either way, to win or to lose. Me, I'm not cut out for a big man. I just want to play piano in the band—my way. And I'm not worried about whether I'm a big man. I'm not scared of being nobody. But you, I think you want to go make it big. So try it. And don't be scared. You dig me?"

"Yeah, some, Forty. I think I do."

"Kid," he said, "you got to do what you want to. That's being a success. Not what *they* want you to do—what *you* want. They're all the time telling me I'm a bum, I should try to be a big shot. Not for me, Paddy. I know what I want."

He got to his feet then and shambled to the door. "Well, kid, got to go," he said. Then he turned and added: "What I mean, kid, don't get hostile with yourself." Then he walked out.

Well, I don't have to tell you what happened. I quit, and it was pretty rough for a while. I did bits on TV shows where the whole band was an electric organ and the pay-off was automatic toasters. I sang in gin mills where you were a bum if you didn't know Springtime in the Rockies, and I sang in the few roadhouses where you were a bum if you sang anything older than number three on the Hit Parade. Once I did a TV bit, they could bill me in Pittsburgh as "a TV star direct from Broadway." And once I did Pittsburgh, I could play Philly as "fresh from his Pittsburgh engagement." There's no other way to do it, and it's rough.

ONE time in Chicago, after I got through at the club I was working, I heard that Jerry Packer's band was playing at the Palladium, and so I went over. I said to myself I was going to cut up some touches, but in the back of my mind was the thought that maybe I could get back with them. But Jerry told me his troubles before I could tell him mine, and what singing there was was being done by the tenor sax anyhow. The band business was getting hungry.

Forty and I went out to a joint afterward and had a couple of drinks. The place was pretty empty, and the later we stayed the emptier it got. There was an old beat-up upright in the corner, and I asked Forty to play me some piano. There was nothing like it in the whole wide world, ever. I leaned against the piano and listened, and after a while, hardly knowing I was doing it, I was singing.

With some of the creeps I'd been up against in the joints, I'd have to fight all the way—fight to hold the tempo, or fight to keep it from being a piano with vocal accompaniment, or fight just plain bad piano playing. And when I got through, instead of feeling tired and good, the way you feel when you've been doing a hard job, I felt tired and bad, and my throat hurt, from bucking all the way.

This time, in the joint with Forty, I was working as hard as I knew how, to sing as well as he played, and I sang for an hour straight, every tune we

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could remember. I sang for an hour, and I wasn't tired; I never felt so good in my life. . . .

We went back to the table and had another drink. We were just sitting there, too busy smiling to say anything, when a fat little guy without any eyebrows sat down at our table. "I'm the Creamer," he said.

It didn't mean anything to me then, and it maybe doesn't mean anything to you now. But this fat little guy without any eyebrows—what he doesn't know about the talent business isn't worth knowing.

They call him the Creamer because breakfast, lunch and supper he lives on sour cream and pot cheese. He had a dish of it with him when he sat down with us, and he sat there and talked for an hour while he went through three more dishes of it.

Forty and I watched him making the dairies rich and listened to him, and when he finished he was sour cream right up to the eyes and I had a date to sign a contract with him. Forty was coming with me.

THAT was the beginning. Like I said, the band business is hungry; the way you make money is with records. The Creamer set it up, Forty got a five-piece band together, and we started. We made a living—not good, but a living—for two years. Then one day we had an extra side to fill, and the Creamer came up with a hillbilly number that was so awful it was a joke. So help me, the tag was: *I can't forget, sweetheart / though we are far apart / I bear the memory of / your footprints in my heart.* Well, we were tired and it hit us funny. Forty played a saloon piano, and we had Artie playing a slap-tongue clarinet, I broke every syllable into three, and Joe DeBonis hit that guitar like it was a mail-order special in the greatest little jug band in Deaf Smith County. It was a mess.

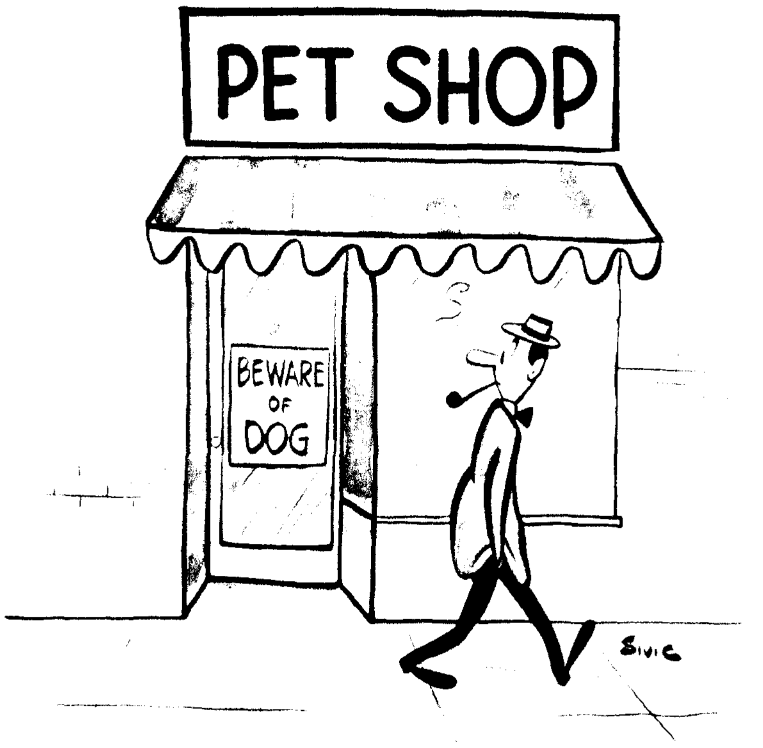
Well, you know what happened: it was a hit. They didn't know we were kidding. It made a lot of money, and that came in handy when Melba came out of the hospital. Little Paddy was three by then, and with our new little girl too—well, we needed a back yard. I want to tell you, it was just like the movies when I took Melba and the baby home. She couldn't understand why we weren't going right to the apartment, and when she saw the house, and Paddy on a swing in the front yard—well, between the baby crying and Paddy screeching and me shouting and Melba saying, "Oh, oh, oh, oh," it was a ball.

The Creamer had me organized. It had been his idea to get the house. He was nuts about kids; he used to be underfoot at the apartment all the time with little Paddy. He was nuts about Melba too, and there was always sour cream and pot cheese in the icebox. I think half the reason the Creamer worked so hard to get me going was because he thought the kids needed a yard to play in, and with the second baby Melba would need help.

When he first braced me about the house, I hollered for thirty minutes straight. I'd never owned much more than I could pack in a suitcase—even the apartment had seemed like a big deal for me—and I thought a house would get me in right over my head.

"That's right," the Creamer said. "I'm going to put you in the bag right now. I'm gonna start you off so deep in hock you'll have to make a bundle. If you're gonna make it at all, it's no harder to make it big, and if you can make one G you can make two just as easy while you're at it. What's the matter with that? You wanna be a bum like Forty all your life?"

Forty and the Creamer never got on so very good. All Forty wanted to make was music, and all the Creamer wanted to make was money. I was working both sides of the street; I wanted to make both. And we did. We made some of the most horrible records you ever heard in your life. We made them with banjos and tambourines and a mixed choir of thirteen hollering down a rain barrel; we had echo chambers and oscillators and I sang everything but songs, and the dough came in like



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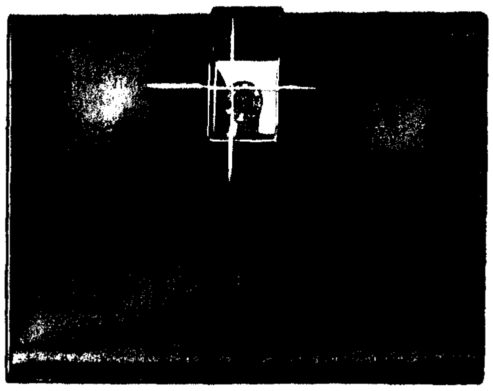

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crazy. I was working hard—it's hard to sing junk all the time.

One day we were in the recording studio and Sam Taylor—he was the recording superior now, the big genius in charge of funny noises—asked Forty to sit the side out, he wanted a special effect. He had a kid who played the fakiest piano I ever heard in my life, loud and dancy and finger-busting runs, and no beat at all whatsoever. Forty listened and then he walked right out of the studio.

I found him later that night at Hurley's. He was drunk as a monkey. He said he was checking out. I argued. We argued a lot. I got a little drunk myself. I told him how much I needed him, and he said he was sorry but it was no dice. "Look," he said, "you're doing great. But it ain't for me."

"Why, just because Taylor moved that idiot in on you for one side? Why, it had nothing to do with you—it was just for a special effect. He's no piano player, he's just a gimmick."

"Yeah, I know," said Forty. "That's what I don't want to be. I'm no special effect. I play piano. I play it because I like it. It's kicks. But it's no kicks doing what we're doing."

"But, Forty, it's just till we get on top. Then we'll play it the way we want it. This is just to get a name."

"I don't like the name. I got a name. Look, Paddy, let me tell you. You're beginning to sing like a bum. You got a fake vibrato sounds like nineteen twenty-six. You phrase like a slob. I don't *want* to play piano for you."

Well, after you get that, you don't argue.

I NEVER heard from Forty again. Six months later, the word came through. He'd been playing in some gin mill in Chicago—playing real bad, they said—and he got drunk one night and fell down a flight of stairs.

I didn't have much time to cry. I was a very busy man. I was hot stuff. I was, with my own TV show and those miserable records going like crazy, and a movie shot coming up.

Then, just today, when I woke up about noon in my fancy hotel—I had to get a place in town because of some late TV rehearsals—I realized I hadn't seen Melba or the kids in two weeks. They can do that to you, those promoters; they can get you going so fast you really think it's more important to sit around and be a big shot in a night club than to be a big shot in your own house.

I called the Creamer and told him to shove everything I had to do for a couple of days—I was going home for a while. He screamed some, but I didn't listen. I went home.

I felt like a fool in my own house. All Paddy asked was if the Creamer was coming and what present did I bring him, and then he blew. My daughter didn't even know who I was.

MELBA watched me pacing up and down the house, like a wife and two kids and a house and a lot of money was nothing. There was a test record in the mail, another one of the sure hits. I put it on the fancy record player, tuning in the highs and the lows. I sat there and listened to it like it was something, and then I said to Melba, "What do you think?"

"You mean that? You really want to know what I think?"

"Sure I mean it."

"I think it's awful," Melba said.

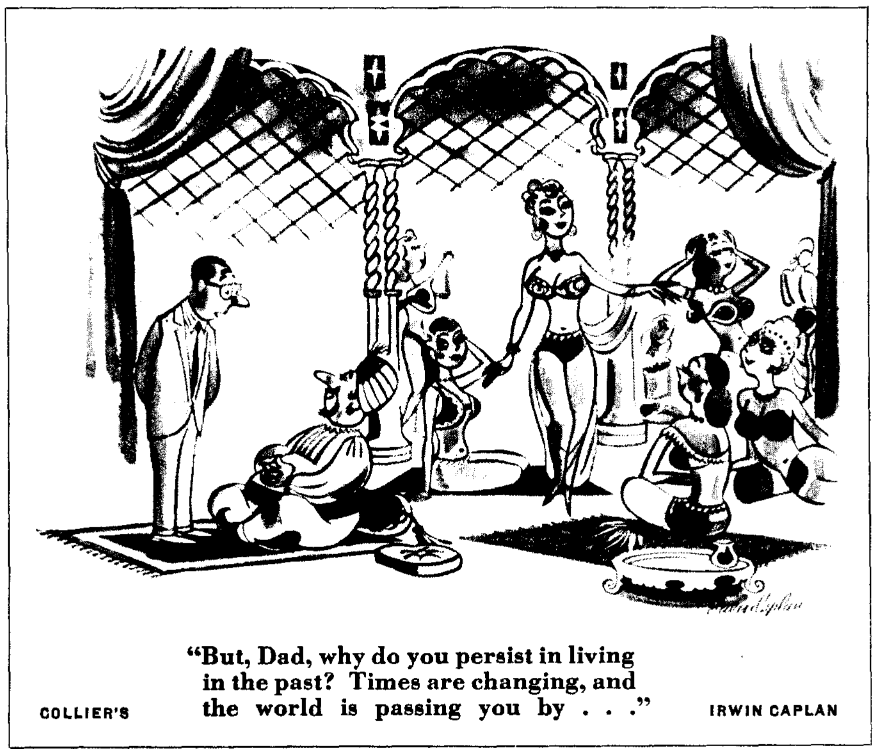
I said it before: she's the greatest. I smiled, really smiled, for the first time in three months. Then I laughed right out loud. "Boy, it really is, isn't it?" I said. I threw the record away.

Melba and I went into the back yard with a couple of bottles of beer, and after a while my little girl sat on my lap and jabbered with me and then Paddy came and we raked up a big pile of leaves and played in them. There was steak for dinner.

The Creamer is on his way out, screaming all the way. I called him this evening and told him what the next record was going to be. A five-piece band, and me singing a real song. There's a kid I heard who plays piano just like Forty.

Forty, you saved my life. You're right: you've got to do what you want to do, whether you make a million or a nickel. You've got to be sure you don't get hostile with yourself. And you know something? I don't see how I can lose. In the first place, I'll bet you that we do five records my way and they're okay; I'm a good singer. And if they don't make a million, so what? If I do it my way, I can wind up with a hundred people remembering me, like Forty.

I never thought about it before, but a hundred people remembering you is a lot of people. —ROBERT PAUL SMITH



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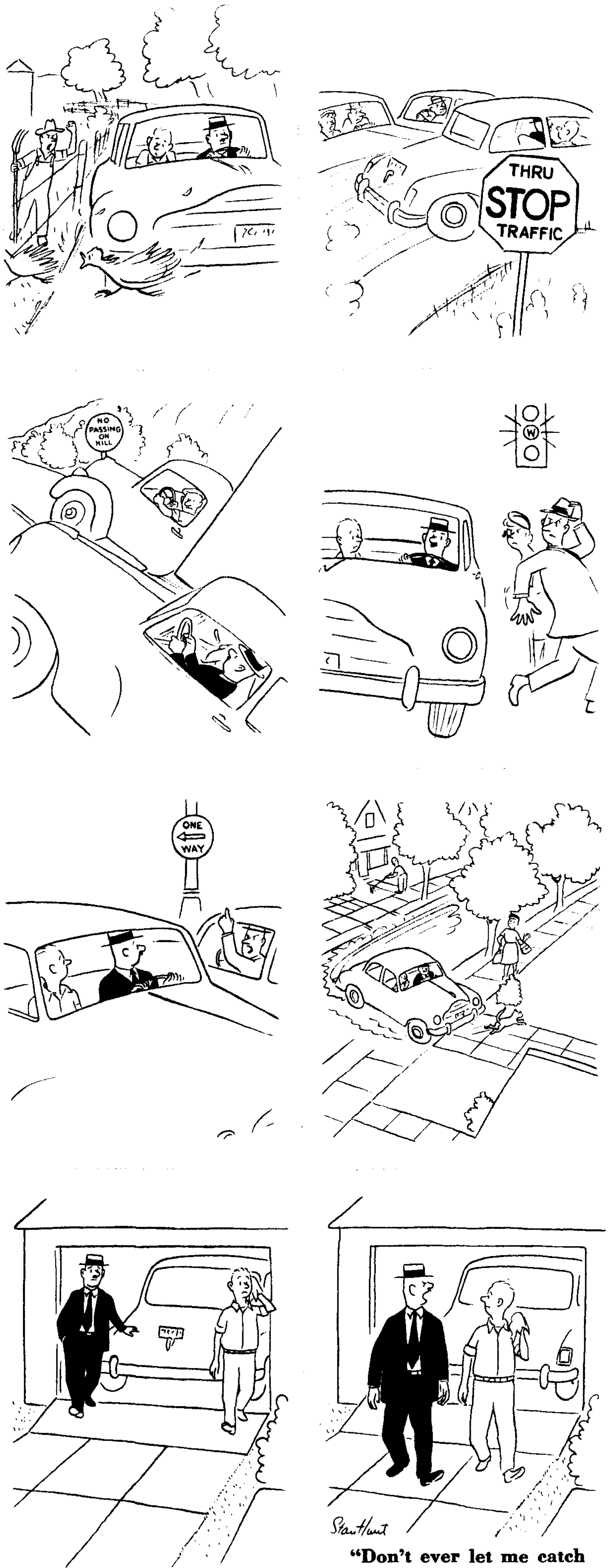
DRIVER

BY STAN HUNT



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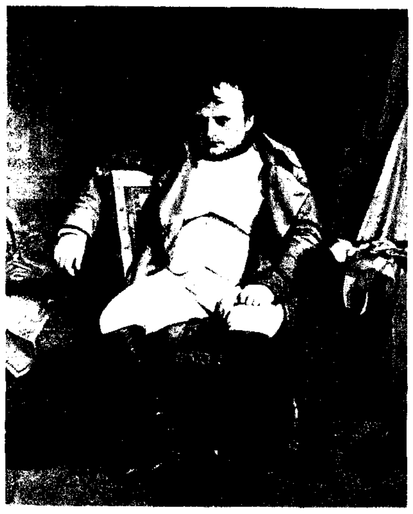
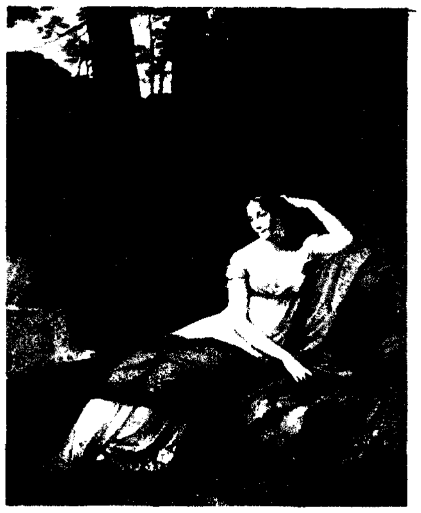
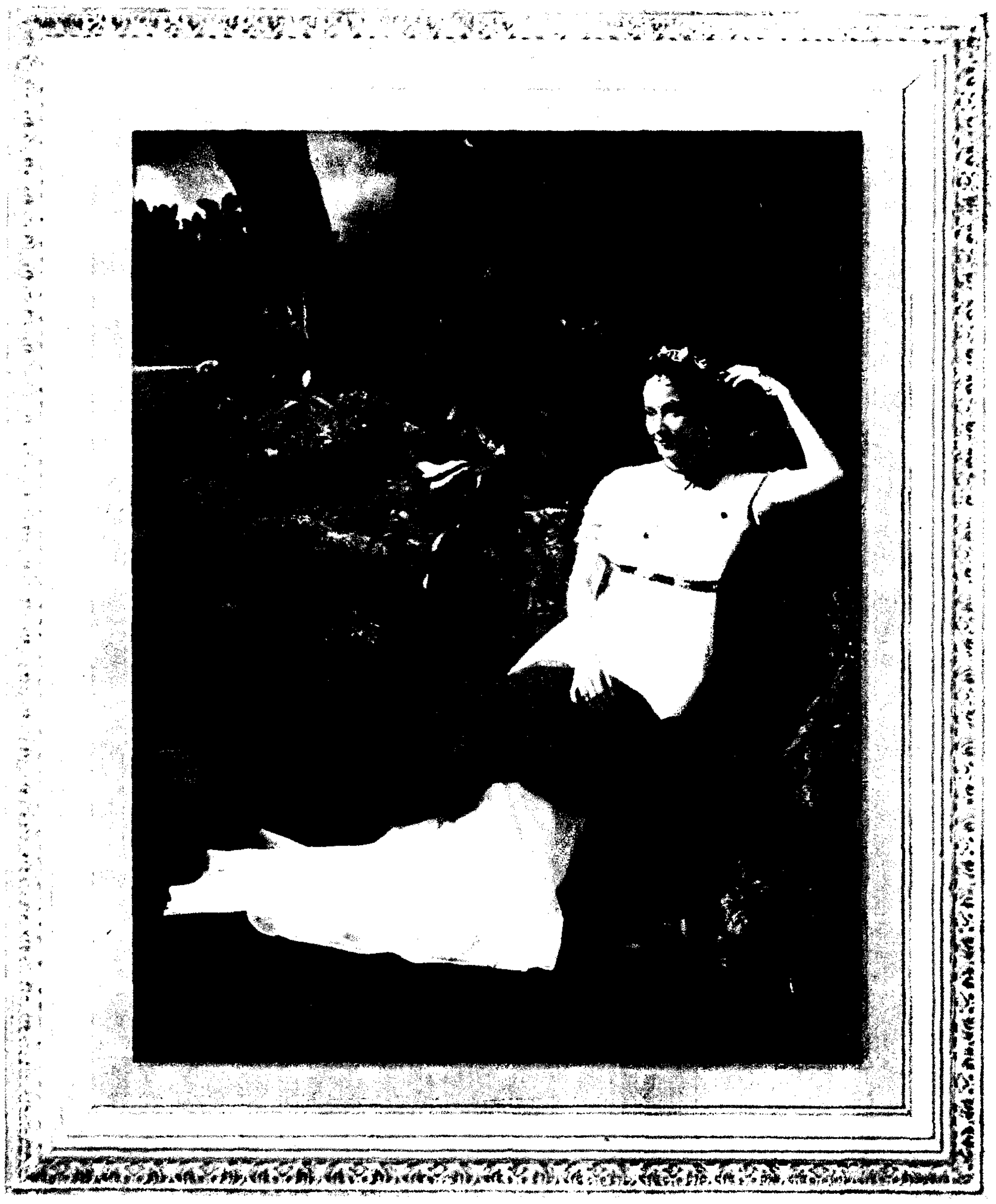
Napoleon BRANDO

Complete with frown and forelock, an actor in a gilded frame and a conqueror's clothing sits for a twentieth-century imitation of a nineteenth-century museum piece





Top, Napoleon at Fontainebleau, by Delaroche; Prud'hon's Portrait of the Empress Josephine, below



Real moss and 40-foot tree help to simulate pastoral look of Malmaison painting. Merle Oberon said, for exact copy "my arm would have to be three feet long"

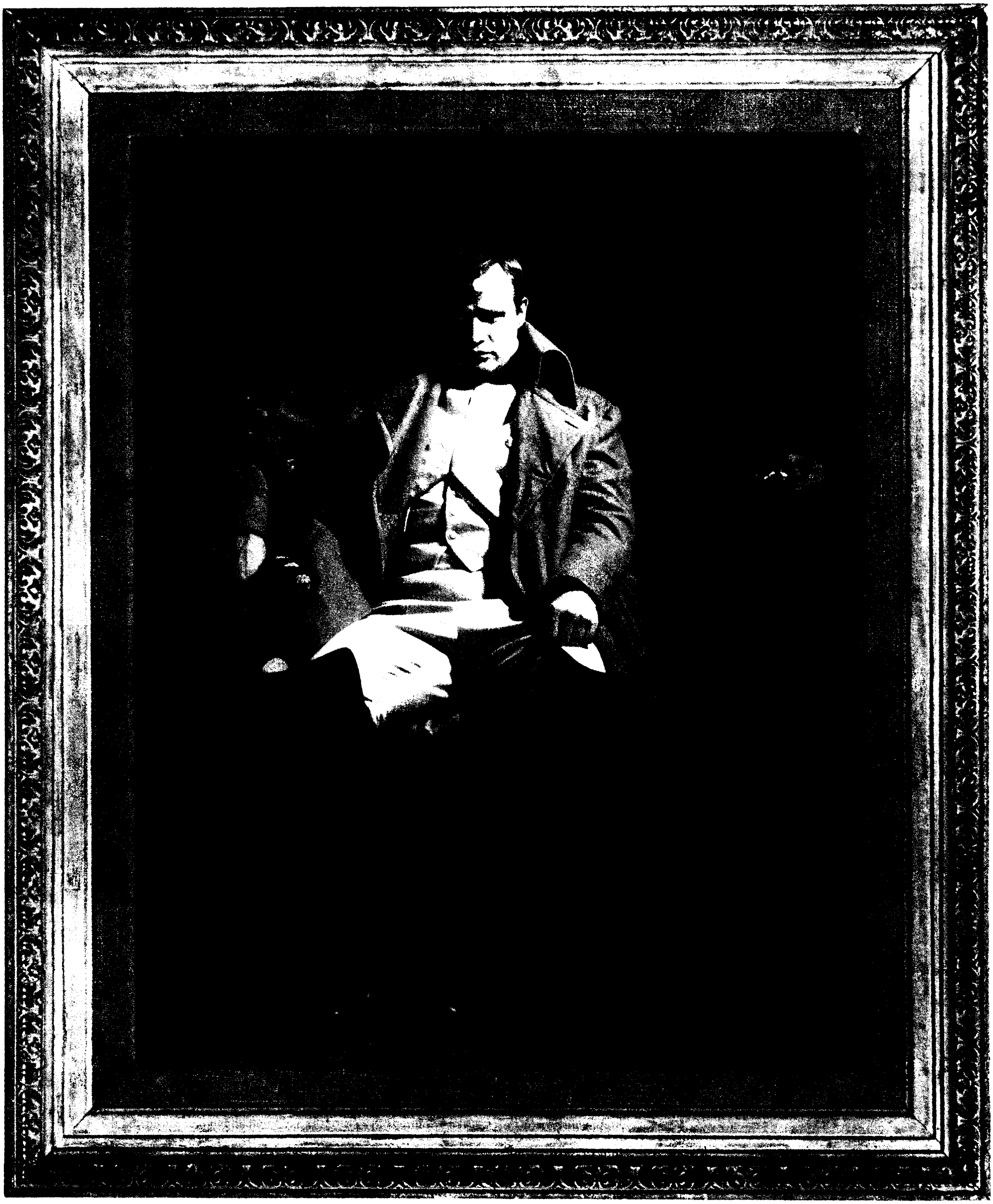
NO ONE is interested in seeing an exact likeness of a great man," said Napoleon to court painter Jacques Louis David. As history has proved, Napoleon could be wrong. For 150 years, artists have diligently duplicated the brooding gaze and arrogant posturings of the conquering Corsican. His image, staring out of gilt frames and tattered textbooks, has been a constant spur to writers and collectors of Napoleonana, and to less learned folk a reminder that Napoleon was something more than a label for a pastry or an after-dinner drink.

Now here we go again. Latest to dig deep into Napoleonic lore for popular consumption is director Henry Koster (The Robe). He's filmed Annemarie Selinko's best-selling novel Désirée. The story deals with the off-battlefield adventures of the little Emperor (Marlon Brando), his inconstant consort Josephine (Merle Oberon) and a temptress named Désirée (Jean Simmons) who distracts him from his military and amatory path. The film will be released by 20th Century-Fox next month.

In the movie, Koster, like Napoleon, has been wary of slavish imitation. At no time does Brando sneak a hand inside his vest. But with built-up nose, exaggerated foam-rubber waistline and extraordinarily accurate uniforms, the actor seems more like the Emperor than the Emperor himself.

So that his actors might develop true insight into the characters they played, Koster brought to the studio some of his own collection of Napoleonic art. A copy of one familiar portrait was placed in Brando's dressing room. And as the actor's face took on the Emperor's darkly contemplative look, Koster bowed to temptation. Result: these carefully contrived "live" copies of famous paintings of the imperial pair. —EVELYN HARVEY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FRANK POWOLNY



Duplicating shadowy lighting of early 19th-century art, director Koster turns Marlon Brando into a living copy of portrait, left. The campaign coat was aged, buttons cast from originals, boots made extra thin so feet would look small as Emperor's own

Did You Stop Reading

By LEONARD A. STEVENS

Most people still read as they did in primary school—haltingly and without a clear understanding. If you do, it may be costing you time, money, even a better job. Here's how you can improve your ability

MOST people think of reading as relaxation. They look forward to settling down in an easy chair with a good magazine or book, and they care little whether it can be finished in a few minutes, a few hours or even a few days. What difference does it make whether they are fast or slow readers?

Probably none at all, so far as leisure reading is concerned. But for many people today reading has become more than a luxury; it's a necessity. To keep up with their work, they must read letters, technical reports, trade publications, research findings, interoffice communications: a never-ending flood of words. In getting a job or keeping one, the ability to read and comprehend quickly can mean the difference between success and failure.

Yet the unfortunate fact is that most of us are poor readers. How good a reader are you? Your answers to the questions listed opposite the title above will give you an indication. There's a fair chance that you're reading this article as an elementary-school pupil would—slowly and rather haltingly.

Bad reading habits can slow you down, lessen your comprehension. Above: a finger reader

Even a good education is no guarantee of good reading ability; corporation executives, public officials, doctors and lawyers frequently have bad reading habits. As many of them have found out, such habits can cost money, steal valuable time, prevent advancement on the job, even disrupt family life.

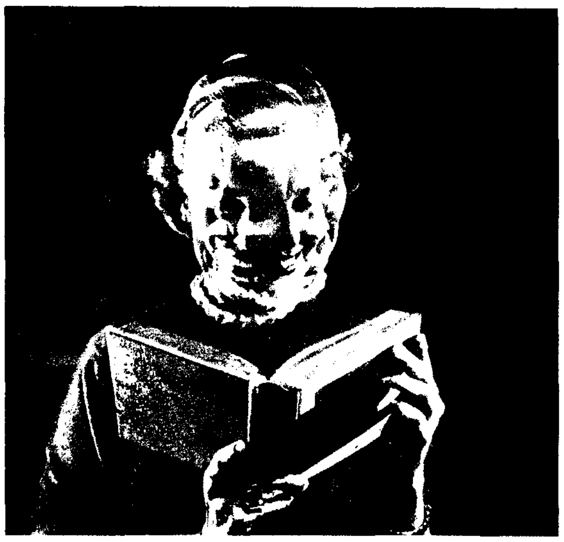
Fortunately, almost anyone can learn how to read faster and comprehend more of what he or she reads. Thousands of adults already have been helped by reading clinics, which have sprung up all over the country in the last few years. You can even train yourself at home, and perhaps double your reading speed.

Why are so many people poor readers? Dr. Nila Banton Smith, director of New York University's Reading Institute, has made a study of the question. She believes that most reading faults go back to early school training. Basic reading instruction for the average adult, she says, ceased before he reached the sixth grade, and most often ended in the third grade.

Even that training often was not of the best. According to Dr. Emmett A. Betts, director of Temple University's Reading Clinic in Philadelphia, two persons out of five in school were forced to read material too difficult for them to understand at the time. They struggled with one unfamiliar word after another, a frustrating experience which left them with bad reading habits.

Today most of these people still struggle with words rather than ideas. While reading, they stop frequently every line to consider the meaning of individual words. The procedure is slow, tedious and inefficient.

Actually, the main object of reading is to grasp the ideas presented by a writer. Ideas seldom are found in single words; they're conveyed by groups of words. When a reader pauses over individual words, he's likely to miss the main theme. He sees only the parts, not the whole. A good reader's eyes pause only to gather groups of words that embody ideas.



Swinging your head from left to right as you scan line of print is also bad reading habit

The ability to scan reading matter quickly and extract its main ideas is especially important in management jobs today. William H. C. Lehmann, manager of the Marketing Training Program for the General Electric Company, puts it this way: "In today's competitive markets, there's a great need for information, and most of it is obtained by reading. It's hard to do a good job and not spend all day reading."

An informal survey among executives and supervisors at the pharmaceutical firm of Johnson & Johnson in New Brunswick, New Jersey, showed that on the average they read four and a half hours a day—and all but one considered themselves poor readers. As a result, the firm introduced a reading-improvement program.

Similar programs have been started by the Atlantic Refining Company, International Business Machines, Esso Standard Oil Company, Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company, National City Bank of Cleveland, Western Electric Company and General Electric Company.

Suppose you should move into a job and find the

in the Third Grade?

If you answer "yes" to any of these questions, the chances are you don't read as well as you should

1 Do you read every word in every paragraph?
2 If you miss a word, do you begin all over again?
3 Do you sometimes think of other matters while reading?
4 Do you move your lips while reading?
5 Do you swing your head back and forth as you move from line to line?
6 Do you follow the lines of print with your finger or a pencil?
7 In a book, do you automatically turn to the first sentence in the first chapter and start reading?
8 Do you always try to get every single fact from everything you read?

reading load too heavy. What then? You might be fired, you might decide to quit—or you might, as most bad readers do, fight a never-ending battle to keep up with it. To most of the battlers that usually means increased irritability, emotional upsets, undermined health.

Temple University's Dr. Betts told me of an executive who came to him not long ago. This man finally had been promoted to a top management job he long had wanted. On the first morning, his predecessor's secretary handed him a huge pile of mail and waited, stenographer's pad in hand, for him to dictate answers. The new executive realized it would take him most of the day just to read the letters; moreover, he discovered a similar pile would confront him every morning.

The executive asked the secretary to leave, and pondered the problem. He really had no choice; he had to read every letter. In desperation, he consulted Dr. Betts. A reading test showed the executive was reading only about 160 words a minute. Checking into his background, Dr. Betts found that he was an engineer who had spent years plowing through difficult technical material. He had been forced to go slowly to get the meaning. Soon he began reading everything, even light fiction, at the same turtle's pace. Dr. Betts also checked into what the man had to read on his new job. Most of it was mail written in a simple style, presenting only one main idea per letter.

Dr. Betts diagnosed the executive's reading problem as a common one—inability to "shift gears." He failed to adjust his reading speed to the subject matter. If the subject matter were difficult, careful reading was justified; when it was easy, he should have shifted into high and zipped through it.

The treatment was simple. First Dr. Betts gave the executive some first- or second-grade material and forced him to read it exceptionally fast. Then he gave him increasingly difficult texts until the former engineer was in the range covered in his work. Soon he was reading on his job at about 900 words a minute—and his problem was over.

Most bad readers fight such a problem with a brief case. They trudge home, brief cases bulging with material that should have been read on the job. To keep up with the flood, they sacrifice sorely needed recreation and relaxation, even disturbing the foundations of their home life.

Recently, the vice-president of a large New York company conferred with Paul D. Leedy, adult adviser at New York University's Reading Institute. Nights and weekends, he said, he had to isolate himself from his family to catch up on reading he should have done at the office. He feared his wife would leave him unless he devoted more time to her and their children.

After testing his reading speed and comprehension, observing his eye movements and questioning him about his reading background, Leedy decided the executive was a word-by-word reader. "He felt that to be a good reader he had to read every single word," Leedy said. "We had to re-educate him."

Leedy gave the vice-president special assignments to help him recognize phrases instead of individual words, urged him to speed up his reading by imposing time limits and also gave him assignments on a reading accelerator. The accelerator moves a curtain down a page at a predetermined rate of speed, forcing the student to read faster to keep ahead of it. At first the executive felt he was reading only superficially. But as his speed picked up, he found he was getting more out of his reading. Soon he was reading nearly 1,200 words a minute, compared to 225 when he started.

"I phoned him a while back," Leedy said recently. "He told me he doesn't have to carry work home any more. He also has a clear office desk for the first time in his life."

While reading ability may be important in your present work, it can be even more important if you're thinking of trying to get a better job. Your future occupation may depend upon how you make out in a group IQ test designed to indicate your general intelligence—and such tests, which are often based entirely on reading, are frequently unfair to bad readers.

"Many group IQ tests are designed without considering that a lot of highly intelligent people have a reading problem," Dr. Betts says. "Some 80 per cent of the poor readers coming into our clinic have normal or superior intelligence. The person with a reading problem may take a group IQ test and end up with a low score though his intelligence is high. It's like testing a good mechanic without giving him the proper tools. In the case of these tests, reading is nothing more than a tool; without it, you're likely not to do well."

For example, a New York City model who had always wanted to be a nurse had an opportunity to take what is called a psychometric examination for nursing—a test of general intelligence and aptitude for nursing. The test lasted nearly a full day, and most of the time was taken up in reading. The model failed the examination, but fortunately a hospital official recognized she had a reading problem. She was told she'd be given another chance if she'd take a reading-improvement course.

At New York University's Reading Institute, a diagnosis showed that the model not only was a word-by-word reader, but a "rereader." She would read several words, one at a time, then read them over again before proceeding to the next set.

Guided by the institute's instructors, the model

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UNDERWATER FUN
ARE ALL PROTESTANTS UNITING?

Another bad reading habit: forming the words with your lips as you read a magazine or book

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HOWELL CONANT

Improved reading ability can help anyone to work better and faster—from

If you are a:	You make the mistake of:	To read better, you should:
One-Cylinder Reader	Reading one word at a time, making sure you understand its meaning before passing on to the next word.	Read for ideas, not words. Read whole groups of words at a time to make sure you grasp the author's point.
One-Gear Reader	Reading everything, light fiction as well as technical articles, at the same pace.	Pace your reading speed to the subject matter. Read technical works or cookbooks slowly; zip through fiction.
Rereader	Going back to reread words or phrases you think you've missed.	Read only once; you'll find you haven't missed anything after all.
Lip Reader	Forming each word with your lips as you read, slowing you down to a snail's pace.	Place a finger on your lips and hold them firmly until the habit has been broken.
Head Swinger	Moving your head from left to right as you scan a line, slowing you down.	Scan a line only with your eyes; lock your head between your hands as you read.
Finger Follower	Following a line of print with your finger, another delaying habit; your finger can't travel nearly as fast as you should read.	Rely solely on your eyes to scan the printed page. To break yourself of this habit, grip the sides of what you are reading firmly with both hands.
Word Lubber	Stumbling over unfamiliar words; people with small vocabularies are usually poor readers.	Increase your vocabulary by trying to guess the meaning of a word from its use in context; check the meaning in a dictionary later.
Babe in the Books	Turning at once to the textual matter and reading straight on through, ignoring headlines in a newspaper, subtitles in a magazine and chapter headings in a book, as well as the author's style.	Take advantage of all these aids to a quicker understanding of what you're reading. A study of the author's style will show where in a paragraph you're likely to find the key sentence expressing the main idea of the paragraph.
Daydreamer	Allowing your attention or thoughts to wander while you're reading.	Avoid distractions; force yourself to concentrate on what you're reading.

found it really wasn't necessary to read everything twice. Her reading improved rapidly, and she was admitted to a nursing school. She was graduated this year and received an award as the best bedside nurse in the senior class.

The wide range of professions represented by students who enroll in reading classes sometimes surprises even the instructors. At the New York University clinic, one student was a weather forecaster; he was taking an advanced course in meteorology in another school and wanted to speed up his reading and comprehension in mathematics and physics. Another student was a blonde fashion model; she wanted to be a fashion designer, but found she took hours to read one chapter in a fashion-research book. A third was an artist; assigned to paint a series of historical murals, he feared he would not complete them in time unless he could read the necessary background material much faster.

Good reading habits also benefit housewives. They enable them not only to read more about such household interests as child care, cooking and interior decorating, but to keep up with the world outside their homes through magazines, newspapers and books. Many women recognize this fact and have enrolled in reading courses.

One such housewife is Mrs. Margaret O. Benson, of Poundridge, New York. "I run a ten-room house and I have three children in school," she says. "I chauffeur for the family, cook, clean and do the entertaining. That doesn't leave much time for reading, although I've always been very interested in American history and biography. In order to squeeze more reading into the limited time I have, I decided to take a reading course along with my husband, who is studying reading to help in his work."

Mrs. Benson found that she was a slow reader because she, too, was a "rereader." Furthermore, she was reading everything far too carefully, light fiction as well as difficult technical passages. Besides overcoming these faults, Mrs. Benson adjusted her reading to the styles of various authors. She learned where in paragraphs she could usually find each author's most important sentences—those which summarized his main ideas. Each paragraph usually has such a sentence, but bad readers fail to recognize it easily.

"I'm now able to read faster and cover much more of what I want to read in the short time I have," says Mrs. Benson. "We recently bought a colonial house, and I've read a lot of material on interior decoration. The reading course has helped in many other ways, too."

If you are a poor reader, you may have found your difficulty duplicated in one or more of the cases I have cited; or your trouble may lie elsewhere. But regardless of its source, there is probably much you can do to improve your reading speed and comprehension.

The best way, of course, is to find a reading clinic and enroll. Most clinics are sponsored by universities or colleges, but some are private commercial establishments. Courses usually are short, lasting only a few weeks, and the tuition is about $100. Instructors frequently use several mechanical training aids. Besides the accelerator, already described, there are an ophthalmograph, which records on film the movements of your eyes as you read, and a tachistoscope, which flashes numbers and phrases before your eyes at speeds up to 1/100 of a second to train you to grasp groups of words quickly.

New York University's Dr. Smith, whose reading clinic is possibly the largest of all, says the average adult who enters her classes reads only 200 to 250 words a minute and comprehends only 50 to 60 per cent of what he has read. In 28 training hours, Dr. Smith says, the average student increases his speed to at least 600 words a minute and boosts his comprehension to between 80 and 90 per cent. In 21 training hours at The Reading Laboratory, Inc.—one of the largest commercial reading firms, with main offices in New York City—most adults more than double their reading speed and increase their comprehension by about 30 per cent.

Let's see what these statistics mean in terms of what you're reading right now. A typical issue of Collier's includes approximately 60,000 words of stories, articles, editorials and special features. A poor reader might need four or more hours to read everything in the issue, exclusive of time spent studying illustrations and advertisements, and might not remember the meaning of much more than half of what he'd read. An average good reader would need only two hours, and he'd remember nearly twice as much.

Some reading-class students achieve amazing reading speeds. Dr. George D. Spache, head of the University of Florida's Reading Laboratory and Clinic at Gainesville, says that a good reader can cover 900-1,000 words a minute of light material with good comprehension. And he has one pupil who, when scanning for isolated facts, has hit 10,000 words a minute, after 15 hours of instruction. Some skeptics might question whether anyone who reads that fast could retain any understanding of what the reading matter is all about, but Dr. Spache has a ready answer for them. He says the student took a test on two pamphlets, answering 20 questions about the contents of each. The student scored 80 per cent on the first pamphlet, 100 per cent on the second.

An engineer who attended New York University's Reading Institute also reported graphic evidence that faster reading improves concentration. He told of working with a reading accelerator in a room outside of which children were playing noisily. At first, he said, he couldn't keep up with the pace set by the accelerator because of the clatter. As an experiment, he set the device to scan the pages even faster. He soon found that he was concentrating so hard on keeping up with the machine that he no longer was aware of the racket.

Age makes little difference in the ability of reading-class students to improve their reading habits, according to a recent study of 138 students at The Reading Laboratory, Inc.

"Despite a span of 30 years between the oldest and youngest, they all read at very close to the same rate before training," a report on the study said. After the courses had been completed, the report went on, "All age groups showed a marked increase in reading rate—ranging from 93 per cent for the 50-59 age group to 142.5 for the 20-29 age group. The percentage of gain grows less as age increases; however, the oldest age group almost doubled its reading rate."

If there's no clinic handy or you can't afford special training, most experts agree you can improve your reading ability yourself without mechanical equipment—providing you have no psychological or pathological difficulty such as eye trouble. (If reading tires you easily or makes your eyes or head ache, you should consult a competent doctor.)

Here are some suggestions on how to train yourself:

- Read in a quiet spot, as free from distractions as possible.
- Read a wide range of subjects. Constantly seek out new ideas.
- Make your eyes literally leap over lines of print and try to grasp the meaning of whole phrases at a time.
- Race an alarm clock. Estimate the number of words in an article or book chapter and set a time limit on how long you should take to read it. Set the alarm for that period of time. See if you can finish before the alarm goes off. Gradually increase your target.
- After reading a section as fast as you can, pause and summarize in your mind the author's main points. Check yourself by reviewing the section.
- Don't read the same words twice. Pretend the words disappear as your eyes pass over them. You'll probably be surprised to find that you didn't miss anything important.
- Try glancing only at nouns and verbs in sentences to see how much you can get out of reading this way. Underlining these key words may help you get started, but stop underlining as soon as you catch on to the technique.
- Try reading only the first sentence in each paragraph; usually it expresses the main idea of the whole paragraph.
- Draw a line down the center of a newspaper column. Center your vision on the line and try to grasp the meaning of the words on each side as you move down from one printed line to the next.
- Read "between the lines." See if you can discern any hidden meaning not expressed in so many words.
- Read critically. Don't accept controversial statements unless the author cites convincing supporting evidence.

For more detailed suggestions on how to remedy specific bad-reading habits, see the chart on page 112.

But whether you are trying to correct a specific fault or just improve your reading generally, the secret of success is constant practice. The pay-off will be worth the effort. It could be a better job and higher pay.

WHEREVER YOU ARE...

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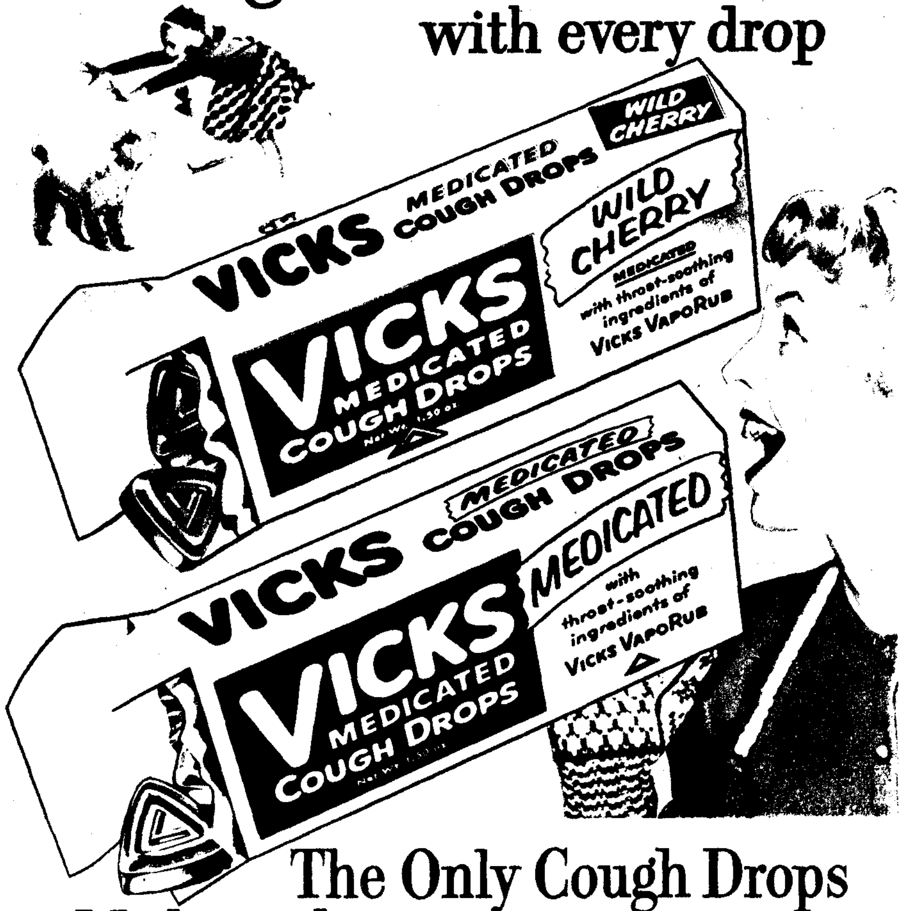
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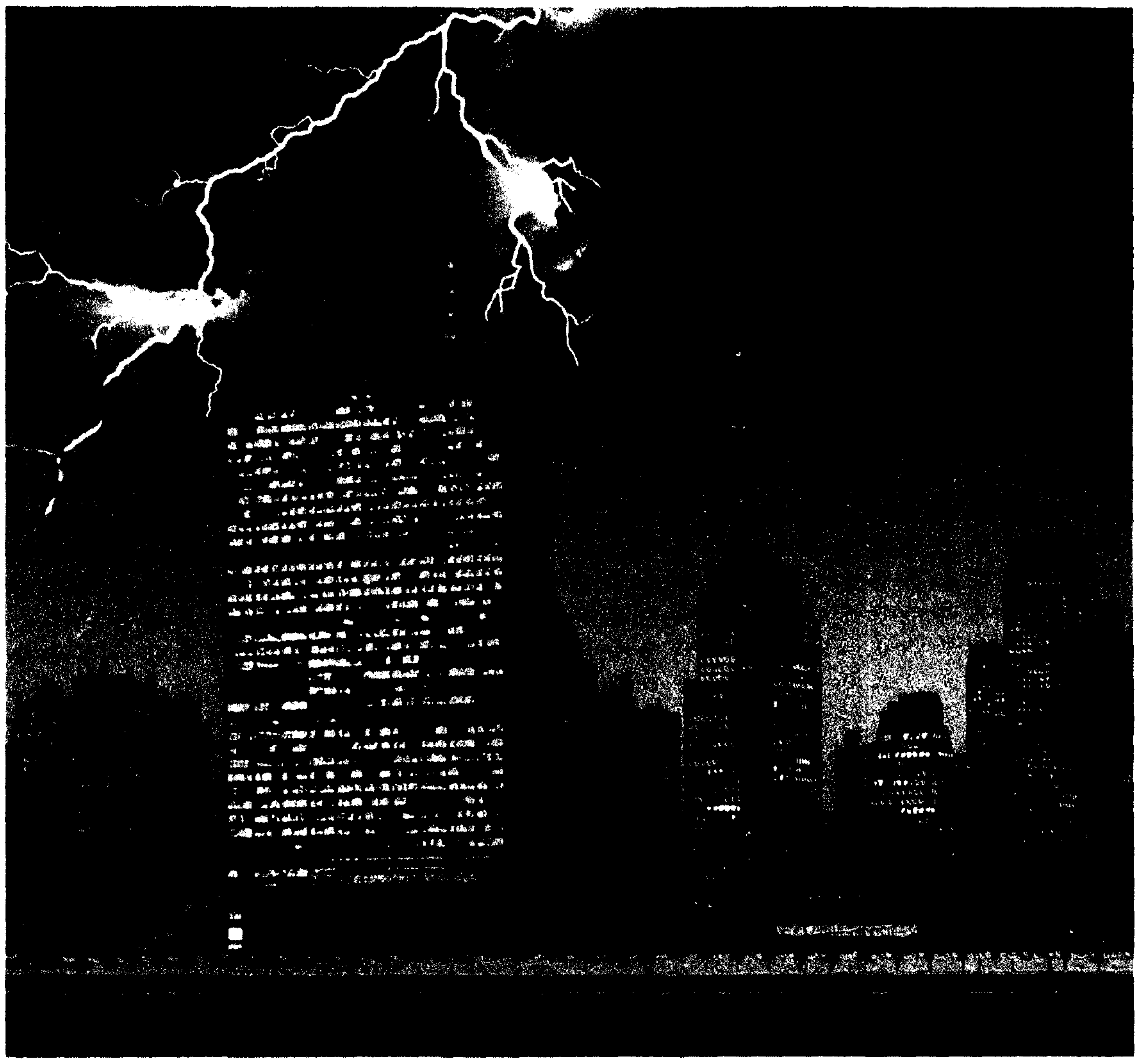


The United Nations at Nine

THE UNITED NATIONS' ninth birthday finds it plodding along no great distance from the starting point. No fair-minded comparison of its triumphs and failures would justify the conclusion that it has been a smashing success.

On the credit side it persuaded Russia to back down in Iran, had a hand in ending the shooting in Indonesia, and negotiated peace in Palestine. Thanks mainly to American strength and the tough backbones of the South Koreans, it cleared the Communist armed forces from South Korea. It has meanwhile launched some promising but modest-scale projects aimed at relieving some of the poverty and ignorance that are root-causes of war.

Its failures have been more spectacular. It has failed to halt the expansion of the Communist empire. It has given the Communists a platform from which to broadcast lies to the ends of the earth. It has seen Russia, perverting the mechanics of the Charter, block the doorways to a just peace. The Charter proclaims a "faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person." Russia, which has openly scorned the Charter since the day she signed it, continues to try to pry the doors open to a Red China whose contempt for UN principles is written in blood across the whole face of Asia. The clamor to scrap the United Nations is understandable. But in spite of the record, withdrawal of American support would be unsound policy at this stage.

The United Nations serves an inescapable need—the need for moral man to try to bring himself abreast of technological man. Science has lashed the world into a tight bundle, where every man is the close neighbor of every other. At the same time science has handed mankind weapons of such power that a real neighborhood Donnybrook could destroy civilization.

The United Nations is the global town-meeting place where these ill-assorted neighbors can seek the means to escape that destruction.

It is no conclusive indictment of the UN that men have failed in nine years to discover the elixir—the basis for understanding—that men have been seeking for 50 centuries. It is not a cause for despair that flaws have shown up in the UN. The problem is formidable. The solution never promised to be quick or easy.

To belabor the United Nations for the failure to solve the problem is to whip the wrong horse. The main fault is not UN weakness; the main fault is human weakness. The Kremlin's leaders have refused—because they have not dared—to raise the iron curtain behind which flourish fear and suspicion fed by ignorance. The free world's statesmen have failed to muster the wisdom and unity to mount an effective assault against this blockade.

To scuttle the UN now would be little more than a public confession of defeat in this struggle. Ambassador Lodge has said it would lead inevitably to war; at least it would arbitrarily seal off a possible avenue to peace.

There is a spark in the soul of mankind that compelled creation of the UN as a symbol of its hopes and an instrument for their fulfillment. As long as the hope lives, there will be need for such a symbol and such an instrument.

Public Keep Out?

Admit One, Admit All

THE SPECIAL SENATE committee's ban on television and radio coverage of the September hearings on charges against Senator Joseph McCarthy transgresses the American doctrine of equal rights.

The ban was imposed on the ground that microphones and TV cameras might embarrass and confuse witnesses, tempt extroverts to show off, and so impede the search for facts.

The argument is completely beside the point. A meeting transacting public business is either public or it isn't—by no tenable logic can it be something in between. Some kinds of meetings, like grand jury sessions, must, by their nature, be kept confidential. But in any case where a single person is admitted who is not an actual participant—in any meeting opened to a single reporter or other private citizen—160,000,000 other Americans have an unalienable equal right to attend if there is room in the hall.

The science of electronics has now expanded the hall, making it possible for the first time for a majority of these 160,000,000 to attend a given meeting. These millions—barred by the Watkins committee—have exactly the same right as anyone physically in the room.

Aladdin Was a Piker

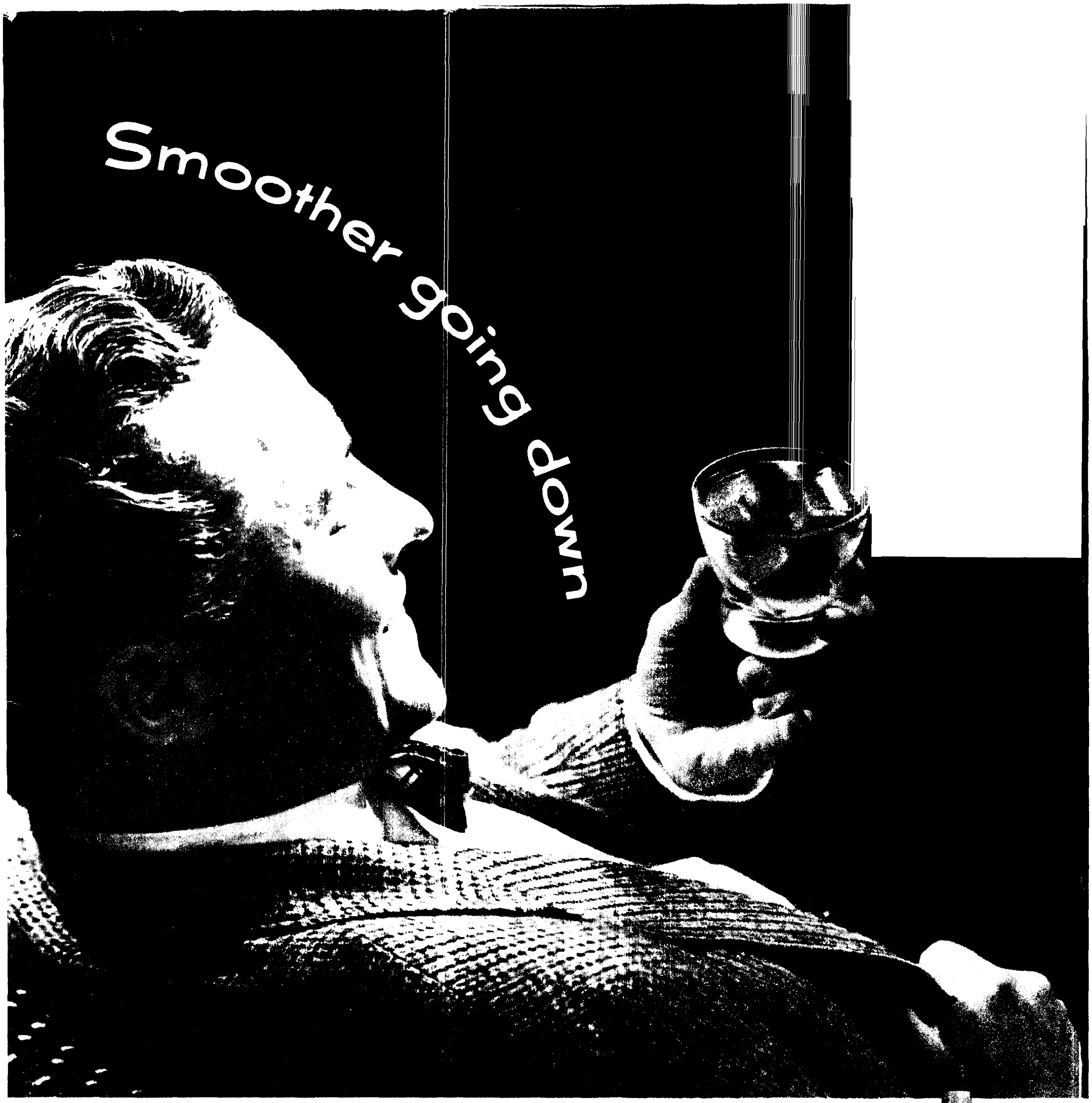
ALADDIN, THE STORY RUNS, rubbed a lamp and brought forth a mighty genie to do his bidding.

In Menlo Park, New Jersey, on October 21, 1879, a thirty-two-year-old scientist touched another kind of lamp—a carbonized cotton-thread filament sealed in a crude glass bulb—and produced the bright, steady glow of energy that changed the face of America and the world.

Out of that lamp, in due time, came the regiment of electrical servants that speed and illuminate and ease the day's work . . . miracles in medicine . . . the great powerhouse of energy that turns the wheels of mechanized America . . . the wizardry of electrical computers . . . the new revolution of electronics, with its radar and its television, its facile capacity to set whole factories humming smoothly without benefit of human hands.

Out of that lamp came the energy that endows the average American workman today with the strength of 200 men. And with this prodigious, tireless strength came a life of bright new dimensions of leisure, pleasure and opportunity. This lamp, flourishing in the hospitable climate of enlightened free enterprise, produced the envied phenomenon of America—the strongest nation on earth, the freest and the most rewarding to its people. Out of this same lamp, now, comes the promise of a yet more wonderful era to come, as wizards of the electrical age move on to harness the limitless energies of the atom and the sun.

On this diamond jubilee of the invention of the incandescent lamp, Collier's salutes the great industry which has been built, by the dynamics of American freedom, on the foundation laid by Thomas A. Edison, and pays its respects to his memory. Viewed alongside this flesh-and-blood American, Aladdin was a very ordinary lad, indeed.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